SKIN ODOURS

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her companion returning. Daisy had her hand tucked confidingly through Reggy's arm. Jake intended to let them pass as he had before but set his teeth and lifted his face defiantly as he saw them turn from the road and come toward him. He set the blocks carefully, swung the carriage lever over, watched till the saw began biting its way through the log, then turned to face the approaching couple

"Howdy Jake." Daisy spoke somewhat condescendingly. "We thought we would come by and——"

She did not finish the sentence. There was a crash of metal behind Jake and the whir of gears suddenly released from their load. The large circular saw had broken. Jake threw carriage and shaft out of gear and stood dazedly looking at the wreck. The foreman of the mill came running up. He was angered that the son of the mill owner should have witnessed the disaster and determined to lay all the blame on Jake.

"You brainless idiot," be bellowed, "don't you know how to run a saw? If you can't run a saw 'thout tearin' up the mill then get out and let somebody that can. You'll pay for this, you damned greenhorn. I'll make——

The foreman had no chance to further divulge his intentions.

"That'll be enough of that." Jake said sternly as he took a menacing step toward the foreman. "There is a lady hearin' yuh swear. Yes, Jim Burton, someone that mebby knows how to run a saw is goin' to have a chance at runnin' this one. I've done quit sawmillin.'

"Reckon yuh have changed your mind since morin,' haint yuh?

"Member how when I asked yuh to let me lay off today 'cause I wa'nt feelin' well, yuh said yuh couldn't get any one to take my place.

"Yuh know it wasn't my fault that saw broke. I told yuh time and again that saw had a flaw in it. Now yuh can get a new saw and a new sawyer I'm done."

Jake turned and began picking up his coat and hat.

Daisy's checks flamed with indignation at the foreman's words and her eyes shone with approval at Jake's reply.

"Ah, behold, the young hero vents his righteous indignation by quitting the job." she heard a sneering voice at her side.

In a flash she saw her two suitors in contrast; the one strong, straightforward, manly, a worker; the other sneering, hypocritical, a parasite.

"He done just right." she started to reply hotly but the words froze upon her lips and instead there issued a scream of terror.

The men looked in the direction her eyes were fixed and saw coming along the road the horror of the hills, a mad dog. The poor beast was in the last stages of the disease. One eye had already burst from its socket; the other bulged frightfully. The crazed creature snapped constantly with its frothing mouth at the flies which swarmed about its head—and toddling with out-stretched arms to meet the dog was little two year old Mary Welker, Daisy's idolized baby sister.

"Pitty doddie, tummin play wi' baby" they heard her say.

The foreman stood on the mill platform frozen with horror.

"Climb on the platform." Reggy cried to Daisy. Gone were his pretty ways. He sprang up to safety beside the foreman without offering to help Daisy.

Daisy, however, was not seeking the safety of the mill platform. She sprang toward her sister. Her foot caught on a slab and sent her sprawling. Before she touched the ground a form shot over her. When she raised her face the hands of the toddler were less than a yard from those horrible frothing snapping jaws. Then Jake Harmon's powerful form struck the brute and man and dog were down in a heap at the side of road. She saw the muscles of his bare arms heave and swell as with set face he struggled with the dog. She could do nothing but pray, and pray she did, though perhaps not in strictly orthodox fashion.

"O God," she cried, "don't let him get bit. He's the best man on earth, Don't let it bite him. Please, God don't let him be killed. O, please don't God."

Slowly the dog ceased its struggles and when at last Jake rose to his feet it lay still.

Daisy leaped to her feet and ran to him. The child thoroughly frightened by the struggle stood in the road screaming frantically. Jake swung the child to his arms.

"O Jake, Jake, did it bite you?" Daisy cried.

"There, there Little Sister, Jake's got yuh an' nothin' can't hurt yuh now." Jake soothed the child, then to Daisy—"Naw, it didn't have no chance to bite me. I got it by the throat the first grab."

"O, I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad, Jake." Daisy repeated hysterically.

"Come on, Daisy. Let us go to the house." Reggy called from the mill platform.

"You go on. I'm comin' with Jake." she answered, then she turned to Jake.

"I've been a fool an' don't deserve it," she said, "but if you still want to, I wish you would rent that cottage you was talkin' about last night."

MY COUNTRY—MY PRAYER

Where shines the sun the fairest? Tell me brother,
On Canada, our Canada, our land.
Of all the lands there is not any other,
Like Canada, our Canada, so grand.

Men! Listen to the thunder of the serf
Upon her coast,
Then you'll know it is no wonder that Canadians should boast.
Of the flag they're living under when
They make to it a toast.

For it flies above a land
Which is grand
And will stand
To the end of time a work divine
From God's own hand.

Where blows the breeze the freest? Tell me brother,
In Canada, our Canada, our land.
Do you think that you could find another mother,
Like Canada, our Canada, so grand.

When you smell the sweet aroma of her great majestic pines,
When you see the glowing sunset as upon her lakes it shines,
Then all that's good within you with the great outdoors combines.

To improve your pulsing heart
To impart
And to start
A greater love for God above
And nature's art.

Where thrives the mind the greatest? Tell me brother,
In Canada, our Canada, our land.
No thought that's good within her bounds need smother,
Thank Canada, our Canada, so grand.

She's as free as air and water, from Prince Rupert to Cape Race,
Not within her far flung boundaries will you ever find a place,
Where liberty and love and light don't set for her the pace.

For she is a land that's free
As can be
And may she
Guard my ways all the days
I shall see.

—David Siddal.

An Ancient Race

An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries. "Ah, weel," said Sandy, "they toor down an auld castle in Scotland and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was known there hoondreds o' years ago." "Well," said Pat, "they toor down an old castle in Oireland, and there was no wires found undher it, which shows they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds av years ago."

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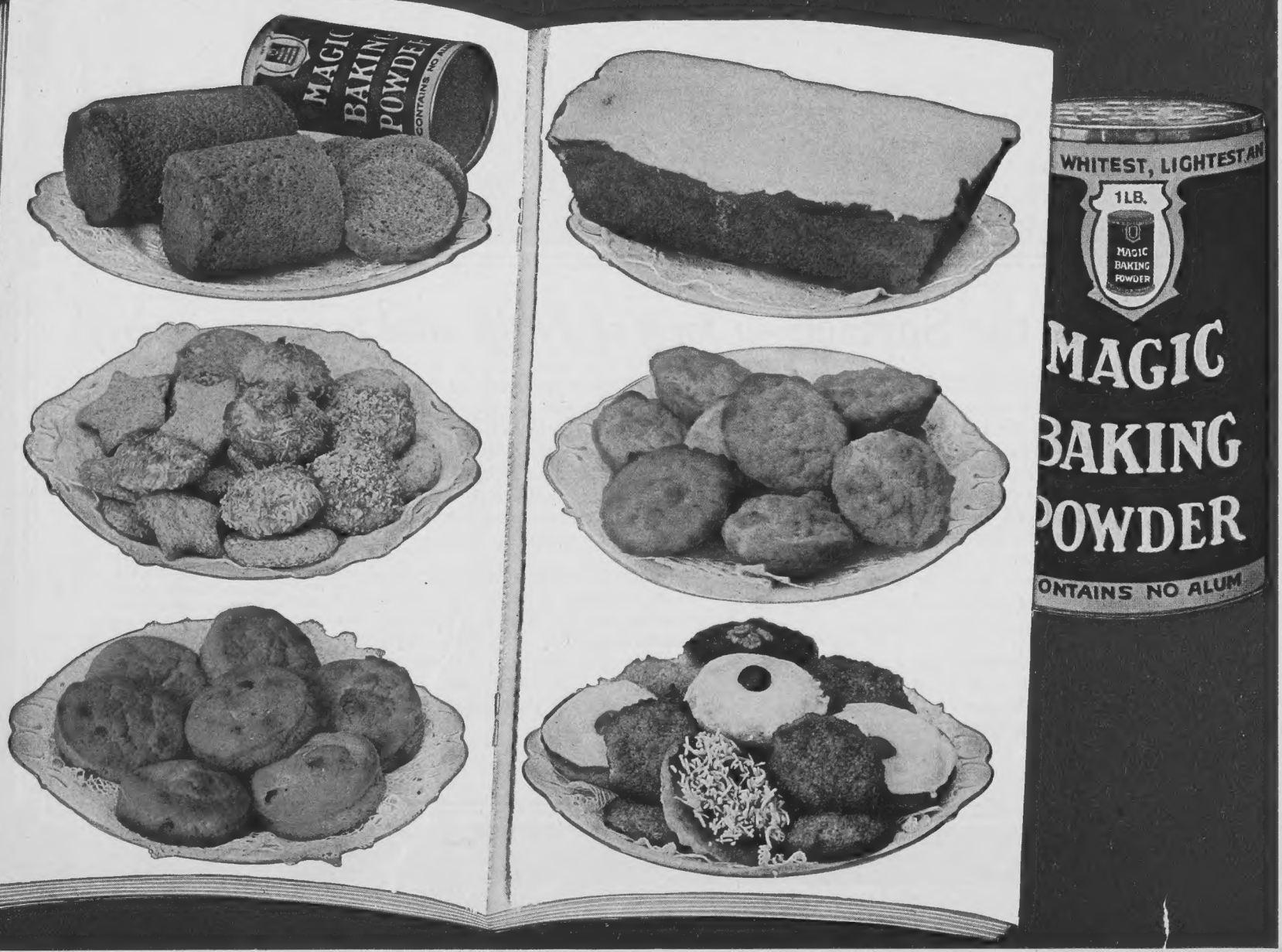

and chaste, heart-rending, yet soft, which can weep, sigh, and lament, chant pray and muse, or burst forth into joyous accents as none other can do."

Mendelssohn's Affections

Mendelssohn was one of the most lovable of men, gentle as his music, pure as the mountain stream. He had nothing Bohemian about him. Weaknesses he had, no doubt, but they were lovable, too. He had little coaxing ways with his friends, which made them love him with something of a child's love. When in company with Edward Devrient he would sometimes pronounce his name with an affectionate and lingering drawl, "Ed-e-ward," apropos of nothing in particular. He retained thru his life something of the impulsiveness and the simplicity of a child. He had a passion for cake and sweetmeats. Next to his own countrymen he loved the English. Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were among his warmest admirers, and the story is told how the Queen once sang some songs to his accompaniment at Buckingham Palace. She was not satisfied with her performance and said to Mendelssohn: "I can do better—ask Lablache (her singing master) if I can't. But I am afraid of you." She asked Mendelssohn how she was to thank him for accompanying her. He said he would like to see her sleeping children, and when this was granted, he kissed them, thinking, we may be sure of his own children at home.

Musical Notes

The Louisiana State Department of Education recently passed a resolution which provides that high school pupils studying music according to prescribed regulations under a certified teacher shall be eligible for school credits toward graduation.

Last year there were imported into South Africa 906 organs and harmoniums. Of these, 535 were sent from the United States, 177 from Canada, and 173 from Great Britain. Of the 4,064 pianos imported, Germany shipped 1,879, the United States 1,145, Great Britian 758, and Canada 163.

By the provisions of the new California school law the study of music will be required of all public school pupils from the age of six years until the completion of the high school term.

A boy's band is being formed among the Trail Rangers and Tuxis Boys' clubs of Windsor, Ont.

South Africa imported $367,730. worth of gramaphones last year. The largest share of this business went to Great Britain. Canada's share amounted to $2,180.

In a single recent month Canada imported sheet music to the value of $45, 408, mostly from the United States.

Toronto musicians have formed a Chamber Music Society.

A writer in The London Times says that the performance each day of a musical masterpiece—say, at the end of the morning school assembly—would assist pupils to acquire a sense of music almost unconsciously.

Patriotism of Chopins Music

Chopin's early Polish life is reflected in his "polonaise." The "polonaise" is a typical Polish dance measure. Rather in fact it is a music composed for one of those semi-barbaric, wholly magnificent, processionals in which the Polish nobility used to show their splendor and their grace at those famous revelries in their castles. It was a dance and a procession in one—a sort of modernized Theoria, a winding chain of chivalry and beauty, in which knight and lady, paired in glittering couples, wended their way to music and laughter through the halls and grounds of some Polish noble's ancestral castle.

It was also a semi-military measure, and the crash of arms, the gallop of horses, and the shout of the army are always to be heard in it. The "Military Polonaise" can only be rightly played by a great Chopinist.

Chopin's early life is also reflected in his "Scherzos." The word Scherzo means "jest," but Chopin's Scherzo are bitter jests indeed. One of them interprets the overflowing of an ardent spirit chained to a frail body, crying out in tone his love for his bleeding native land, his Poland, which he could not express in deeds of battle, Chopin saw his Poland torn and bleeding, though we to-day see her once more free.

This Polish nobility, this deathless patriotism and national feeling that is everywhere in Chopin's music must be appreciated by all who could love Chopin aright.

Musical Notes from England

According to a London dispatch, the Princes of Wales took with him on his trip to India four specially-built snare and bass drums. The Prince is said to be an expert "Jazz" artist, having received lessons in London.

A musical lecturer is touring England giving addresses on "Folk songs of many lands," and illustrating his lecture by using gramophone records.

The organ in Christ Church, Newgate Street, London, is being renovated. It was built by Renatus in 1690 and remodelled in 1885. On this organ Mendelssohn played and Samuel Wesley gave his last recital. The church occupies part of the cite of the famous Grey Friars Church to which Dick Whittington gave a library.

The British popular song writers, says an English music publisher, are in a bad way, being unable, says the critic, to compete with their American cousins in either quality or quantity. He wants British songsters to get away from "rag-time" stuff and give good British songs like in the past.

More than ever English people are taking to the violin, which has considerably advanced in popularity within the past ten years.

The Church Music Committee of the Winchester diocese at a recent conference arrived at the conclusion that if music is to justify its pre-eminent place in church, the sense must always be supreme over sound.

An Evening With a Girl's Musical Club

It isn't anything new to hear of a group of highschool girls banding themselves together for the purpose of holding social evenings occasionally during the winter months, but it isn't often we hear of a number of girls getting together regularly every month for the serious study of music. This, however, is the case in a small town down in New Brunswick.

Seven girls of this town, all students of some particular musical instrument, take turns every Friday evening visiting each others' homes. Here, they get right down to business, as far as the study of music goes. This, it will perhaps be agreed, is rather remarkable in view of the fact that when girls meet in a clique, serious reflection often gives way to discussions of a lighter vein—for instance, discussions re clothes, fashions, dancing, boy friends, etc.

Each night one girl is responsible for the club's programme. She may conduct the "music study hour," as it is called, any way she sees fit.

The president of the group at an introductory meeting (which was of general nature) desirous of getting away to a good start, stated that she would be responsible for the first meeting. She decided to make the evening a sort of guessing contest. Each member was warned to come prepared to give a general outline of the life of some eminent composer, and to give it in such a way that, although it would be intelligible, yet would obscure, to a certain degree, the name of the composer. A copy of a musical history, it was announced, would be given to the one guessing the most names.

The president led off with the following story, which will serve to show the manner in which the descriptions were given: This man lived many years ago in a foreign country. We first hear of him as an orphan, with not much in the world but a violin, which he played sometimes when his brother was not around. Then we hear of a long journey he took for a certain purpose, and after that he became an organist himself and a composer. He married and moved to the city, where he was a teacher in a boys' school. He wrote a great many cantatas for these boys, some of whom were choir boys in a church nearby—he also wrote pieces for his wife to play and some for his children to practice.

He was not a good business man and he was also quite independent of royalty and publicity. He died poor and for many years his music was entirely forgotten, until an enthusiastic young German composer revived one of his greatest choral works. Today you see his name on nearly every concert program. Who was he? Answer—(Bach).

A group of girls in any community might well follow the line of musical study as here outlined.

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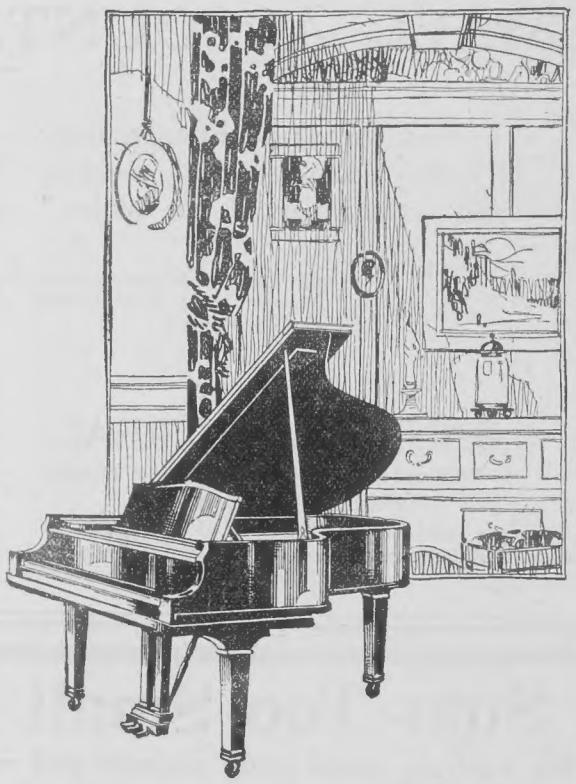

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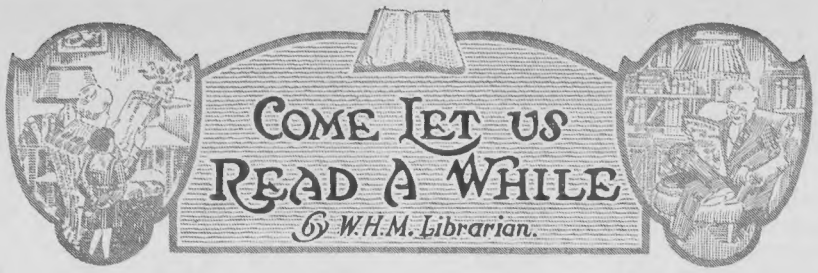

APRIL! Spring! The re-birth of the world beginning once again. No wonder we feel light-hearted despite work and cares and heavy griefs. Sometimes we smile at the poets because they draw such constant inspiration from this season of the year. Laughingly we excuse those friends of ours who break into verse. It is just the Spring, we say, they can't help it. Of course, they can't anymore than we can help that "happy feeling," that feeling as if something very nice was going to happen, that desire to sing at our work, that joy in merely being alive and able to swing down the road taking deep breaths of the invigorating air. Once or twice I have wondered why the books published in the late autumn are often so much happier, jollier, than those that come to reviewers at this time of the year. Thinking of this again, just as I began my monthly chat with you, all you readers of The Western Home Monthly! the idea came to me that just now, this very month, with Spring in the air, there are perhaps hundreds of authors planning the novels that will be published about next October. In other words, Spring novels are in the making although we do not reap the harvest until the prairies have been robbed of their golden grain. Nothing to wonder at then, that the fruit that falls from the literary trees in the harvest of the year should have a flavour of joyousness, gaiety, and bouyant love not to be found in novels written in the depth of winter.

If there were no exceptions to this generalization, the reader would be most unfortunate. For certainly few there are who want a melancholy, tragic tale to read when the trees are rich with buds, the new grass a vivid green, and the shy anenomes are heralding the pageant of flowers to which the prairies, year by year, are magnificent hostesses. Since my last talk with you there have been many rather depressing novels but also, I am glad to report a few that act as a tonic for tired nerves.

Two Unusual Girls

ONE never knows, nowadays what girls may do for a living. Gone is the time when definite lines of demarcation set the limit to her sphere of activity. To-day, the whole world is her working-ground—and she turns up in unexpected quarters. We find her, for instance, owning, writing, and printing a newspaper in a unique and jovial tale entitled "Their Friendly Enemy" by Gardener Hunting (published in Toronto by The Macmillan Company.) Two girls, chums, buy the "Clarion" and make a most successful paper of it until they run counter to the interests of the wealthiest man in town. Then trouble begins and grows to alarming proportions. You'll enjoy reading how these two girls met their editorial responsibilities.

"Beggar's Gold."

This is the challenging title that Ernest Poole has chosen for his latest publication. This is not an "amusing" novel but despite the warning of Spring to laugh and be merry, I want to tell you of the existence of this new novel because I count Ernest Poole among the few great novelists of the day. He is so artistic that it is a joy to read his books even though the plots may not always appeal to us, or the solutions to his problems, satisfy us. In "Beggar's Gold" we meet a charming couple, young and filled with ambitions and yearning dreams. Peter and Kate are, on the surface, like many another young married couple struggling "to make two ends meet." But beneath the surface they are quite different—read "Beggar's Gold" and you'll see what I mean. It is published in Canada by The Macmillan Company.

Springtime and Dreams!

THERE is a young man by the name of Ralph Stock whose waking h urs were given over to a delicious dream of the day when he would own his own vessel and go a-sailing in the Southern seas. There seemed no possibility of this dream ever being realized. Ships cost much money and Ralph had little. But after the war, when the kindly hospital released him healed of his wound, Ralph did not relinquish his dream. "Everything comes to those who wait" our mothers have often told us trying to cool a childish impatience. Perhaps this old adage should be qualified thus: everything comes to those who wait and who are not afraid to seize the first opportunity that presents itself. In a most delightful Springtime book, Ralph Stock tells the true story of how he came into possession of his Dream Ship and he narrates the wonderful voyage he took with his sister and a chum as the entire crew and how they entirely ignorant and far from wealthy sailed to the South Sea Islands like princes who inherited the world! Surley this book "The Cruise of the Dream Ship" by Ralph Stock is most suitable for reading at this season of the year when it is so easy to roam on the wings of fancy to the most entrancing spots. So come aboard the Dream Ship, you'll find the crew most hospitable and the glimpses you'll get of the most fascinating islands in the world will make lovely memory pictures for you next winter when the whole world seems rather a monotonous stretch of impassive snow. "The Cruise of the Dream Ship" is published in Canada by S. B. Gundy.

Romance of Spring.

THE Cornhill Publishing Co., of Boston has lately published a novel by John Frederick Herbin entitled "Jen of the Marshes." Mr. Herbin has told a very charming love story set in romantic, historic Acadia where the smell of apples is heavy and sweet during the hot summer days and where Jen finds that a certain Englishman's drawl is very pleasant to her Acadian ears! "Jen of the Marshes" is a delightful story of nice people and nasty ones; good and bad; heroes and villains each coming into the life of the other in the most interesting and thrilling manner.

Trouble—The House.

A QUAINT title and a unique novel. "Trouble - The House" by Kate Jordan (F. D. Goodchild, Toronto) is a most refreshing, sparkling, witty, appealing story of a funny little girl who has a snub nose and a vivid imagination. Susy is truly a treat and though her mother calls her "Trouble-the-House" she is really much more interesting than her good little sister. How you will laugh over the incident when Trouble-the-House steals a baby in order to have the joy of "rolling" him in a pram for an entire afternoon. It is rather more tragic than funny when the

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

It Keeps Steadily on Its Round.

Scientists say that this old world of ours hasn't varied more than a second or two since recorded time in making its annual trip around the sun. Considering the trouble and turmoil it has carried along, the record is remarkable.—Ottawa Citizen.

Tailors and Builders.

Complaint was made at the retail merchant tailors' convention in Toronto that Canadians were reluctant to learn tailoring. The same lament is heard in the building line. Why should Canadian youths turn up their noses at two of the best skilled trades.—Stratford Beacon.

The Woes of Wilhelm.

Ex-Emperor Wilhelm has had to discharge ten of his servants and hire a cheaper head gardener. That man's pitiful straits will yet wring the hearts of his former enemies, and before long we'll be asked to put our names down on a subscription list for him.—Kansas City Star.

Canada's Vast Store of Raw Materials.

Unless we master all that is to be known regarding the nature and possibilities of our vast supplies of varied raw materials, Canadians must ultimately find themselves at the mercy of foreigners who know how to prepare our riches for purposes of commerce.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Rum-runners Across the Border.

Rum-running to the Canadian border has been facilitated by the recent court decision that transportation for export is legal, and consequently the guards along the boundary must be increased and strengthened. That "one hundred years of unfortified frontier" has passed into history.—Springfield Republican.

The Doukhobors and Their Taxes.

The Doukhobors have mastered the theory of the "bluff," but their practice is still far from perfect. They will have to get a more credible threat than that they would slaughter their children and old people in protest against what they proclaim to be oppressive taxation, to move the hearts of the Canadian people or the Canadian tax-gatherers.—Regina Leader.

The Militarists in Japan.

The military terrorism that exists in Japan is once more illustrated by the official admission that a plot to kill Prince Tokugawa on his return from the Washington Conference has been discovered. The foes of disarmament in Japan seem to regard assassination, as a conclusive argument.—St. John Telegraph.

Motion Picture Morality.

In support of the allegation of general immorality among motion picture people is advanced the questionable character of some of the pictures they produce. Pictures of that kind would not be produced if the public did not want them. We don't know whether the motion picture people like to act such pictures, but we do know that there is always a demand for them.—Ottawa Journal.

To Set the Balance Right.

So soon as there should be not less than half the population working the land, most of the economic troubles that now beset the Dominion would disappear. Food would become abundant; unemployment disappear and discontent, much to the horror of the professional agitator, be a thing of the past.—Toronto Star.

The Lesson of Russia.

The world has before it the spectacle of a vast, rich, fertile country peopled by more than a hundred million beings who are unable to make the country produce enough to support them, even in a most primitive fashion. Russia is an example to the world of what passion and confused thinking can bring forth.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Russia's Lack of Transportation.

Grain being brought into the Volga district of Russia for seeding purposes will have to be carried in many cases, two or three hundred miles on the back of a man to reach its destination. This reveals a backward state of civilization in a part of Europe that is difficult to visualize in this country.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The Basic Industry.

If the price of wheat fell and the farmer were a business man what would he do? He would behave like a woolen company and stop work. He would let his fields lie idle. Not being a business man, what does he do? He growls a bit louder and plows a bit deeper and works his wife a good deal harder, and so somehow you get your food.—Galt Reporter.

To Increase Understanding.

The more Americans come to England and the more Englishmen go to America, the better for both. But as it is impossible for more than an extremely small percentage of each people to create by this means a genuine mutual comprehension of each by the other, the next best thing is for each to learn as much as it can about the history of the other.—London Spectator.

British Emigration to Australia.

The very general impression that a large British emigration is going to Australia appears to have no foundation in actual fact. Australian papers report Premier Hughes as making complaint that the Commonwealth and the Australian states, after spending over a million dollars in promoting immigration had only received 10,000 immigrants during the preceding nine months.—Vancouver World.

The Passing of the City Horse.

It may be that horse drawn traffic is destined to become extinct in this country. But that time has not yet come. The great arterial roads undoubtedly must be made for mechanically propelled traffic mainly, and we hope that in the near future the use of horses in the crowded thoroughfares of Central London and similar districts in provincial towns will be prohibited in the interests of the horses themselves.—London Daily Chronicle.

Justice Quick, Sure, Effective.

Our neighbor, Canada, sets us a good example in the administration of law. When a criminal is convicted and sentenced there, his case is ended. No appeals, no commutations, no pardons. And the penalties run twice as heavy as in the United States. Result: A wholesome respect for law in Canada, while in our own beloved land the offender has contempt for it.—Seattle Argus.

The Interdependence of Nations.

Reginald McKenna, now a great banker and formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, illustrated the interdependence of the nations by this illustration in a recent speech: "If Russia fails to buy tea in China or India, our Eastern market for cottons is narrowed, the United States sells less raw cotton to us, and our shipping, banking and insurance business is impaired." The world is inextricably bound together for good or evil; but this is the hardest of all lessons for the nations to learn.—Vancouver Province.

The Ear for Music.

The suggestion was made at a meeting of the British Association, the other day, that children are naturally musical. A formidable list could be made out of distinguished men who seem to have been born without this gift, and who would have endorsed the Frenchman's definition of music "as the only noise you had to pay for hearing." Macauley was known to have recognized only one tune in his life. Lamb was another heretic in matters musical. More than one poet has had the faculty of writing musical verse, whilst almost, or entirely, without comprehension of music.—London Daily Mail.

Victims of Alcohol.

Most thinking people must have been distressed by the recent poisonings in New York, when over a hundred victims were struck down by alcoholic concoctions they had sampled. Yet in pre-prohibition days, five times that number of deaths from ordinary alcoholism were taken quite for granted. Thus, in 1917, the deaths in New York City from alcoholism numbered 560 with several times that number in which it must have been the secondary cause. It should therefore seem that the chief difference between "good" and "bad" liquor is that the latter kills them quicker. Providence Journal.

Education.

Unfortunately there is an idea abroad that education is merely a preparation for success in life. The daily bread has to be earned, of course, but to consider the children of the State merely as potential bread winners is hardly a worthy view. Education is for life. A rich humanism should colour all teaching. We need citizens who are not only efficient for the duties which they are called upon to fulfill, but able to draw from the streams of intellectual and spiritual enjoyment all that they need to enrich and sweeten their life of toil. —Cape (South Africa) Argus.

Sufficient Distinction.

A cable despatch says that Mr. P. C. Larkin, the new Canadian high commissioner, can have a knighthood if the Canadian government is willing to allow him to accept it. Mr. Larkin, apart altogether from the fact that he is high commissioner, would wear a knighthood well, and certainly he has earned one more than some knights we wot of. But we don't believe that Mr. Larkin would want to accept a knighthood when he knows that there is in Canada a very pronounced feeling against such distinctions being conferred upon Canadians. It is pointed out in the cable that Mr. Larkin will be "the only high commissioner in London without a title." It seems to us that gives him quite sufficient distinction.—Vancouver Sun.

The Coming of the Robins.

It would probably go hard with the birds if their case were left to be decided upon argument alone. But robins are their own best advocates. They come in the spring—vandals that they are—and start a deeply planned campaign to cultivate everybody's friendship. The deep woods knows them not; they never skulk in the bushes, nor flee the presence of man. Instead they choose the lawn for a hunting ground, build their nests even on porches and window-sills, and never let the sun go down without a song delivered from the most conspicuous perch on the place. The robin's cheerfulness is irresistible; his neighborliness compelling. It is absolutely impossible not to like him when he offers such convincing proofs every day that he likes men.—Calgary Albertan.

Autocratic Minority Rule.

A local Communist says Russia is the only country in which the people control the Government. Most of us have the impression that it is the only white country controlled by a small faction.—Hamilton Spectator.

Get Rich Quick Swindles

If every allowance be made for unavoidable and unforeseeable losses, if it be admitted freely that wise and thoroughly informed investors are misled at times, it still remains true that the fool and his money are soon parted, and that a sucker is born every minute.

Through the closest mesh of the most conceivably effective governmental machinery these victims of their own ignorance or cupidity will still pour in a countless multitude.—Journal of Commerce.

Mother

It will hardly be disputed that the mothers of most of our great men have known little Latin and less Greek, like Mr. William Shakespeare. They have looked at the stars without telescopes. The ocean has never impressed itself on them as a source of so many grains of gold to a hundred thousand tons of sea water, nor the prairie as an ultimate source of food for millions. But in stars and ocean and prairie, consciously or unconsciously, they have felt the poetry of infinity, self has been reduced to its real perspective, and loving sacrifice has become a habit of their existence.—Calgary Albertan.

Brief and to the Point

General Byng, hero of Vimy and now Governor-General of Canada, talks as he fought, without wasting time, but with a direct punch that carries weight. In sixteen words he sent an Armistice message to the Canadian people that means more than pages of oratory: "My message to the people of Canada is, Honor the dead by helping the living." Armistice Day is past and gone, but today, and tomorrow and every day we all have a splendid opportunity of following the sterling advice of Byng of Vimy.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

The House of Windsor

King George the Fifth is a monarch of democratic tendencies and undoubtedly of exalted patriotism. He has abandoned several of the ancient privileges and prerogatives of the British Kings. He has cut loose from the German family connection by replacing the name of Hanover with that of Windsor as that of his house. He seeks, and possesses in abundance, the sympathy and liking of the British people. If his son and heir were to choose a young Englishwoman as his future Queen, he would undoubtedly increase still further the popularity of the royal family.—Boston Transcript.

The Krupp Factories

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks" says the Good Book, and Germany, taking a leaf out of prophecy, has turned the crucibles of the Krupps to casting such peaceful products as cash registers, talking machines and motion picture apparatus, to mention only a few of the newly diversified products of Essen, which is reported as furnishing employment for twelve thousand more workers than the cannon factory employed prior to the war. If the rest of Isaiah's prophecy shall come true the world will be content.—Montreal Star.

A Worse Than Foolish Census Method.

Here, let us say, are a Swede and his wife who came to Canada fifteen years ago or so. They have a family who are Canadian - born Canadians. But along comes the census taker, and says, 'No', they must be registered in our national Canadian register not as Canadians, but as Swedes. If one of the sons, when he grows up, marries a girl born in Scotland of Scottish parents, or even grandparents, their children are, according to this method of census-taking, what? Either Swedes or Scottish—but not Canadians! About how long will it take to build up a strong and healthy Canadian sentiment and national feeling under such absurd and grotesque methods? Think of the effect of that foolishness, and worse than foolishness, on the new Canadians!—Kingston Whig.

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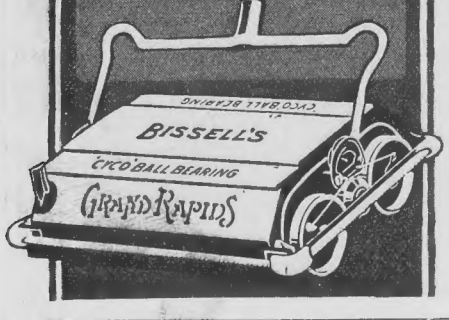

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year, or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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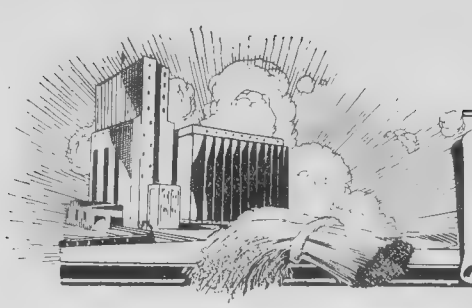

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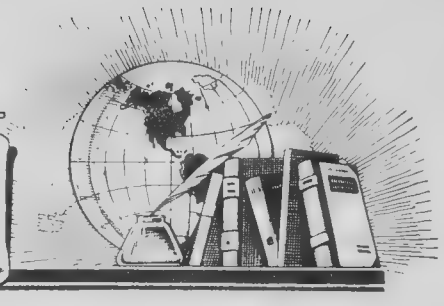


Germany Over All.

ONE never knows when and how the pan-German rally cry will be sounded. In a volume recently issued at Berlin by the statistical secretary of the Reich there is a chapter on Germanism in Europe. It gives a quiet enumeration of the Germans "outside the Reich." It says for example that 3,500,000 Germans were by the war placed under foreign domination. This refers to Alsace-Lorraine, Austria, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, and etc.

The final conclusion is that in all Europe there are in round numbers 81,000,000 Germans. Only 60,000-000 live in the Reich. The remaining 20,000,000 constitute "the Germanism outside the Reich." And the Berlin statistician significantly remarks that some 16,-000,000 Germans are in countries which immediately border on the Reich.

There is no direct incitement to the spirit of revenge, no intimation that the Germans adjoining Germany should seek to reunite themselves with the Reich. But the emphasis upon Grossdeutschtum is unmistakable. Only cold figures are printed, but a heated patriotic appeal lies close beneath their surface. It is to this kind of manifestation of the old German temper that France points in justification of her resolve to make certain of her security against possible German aggression in the future.

Ore Divining Rod.

IN the olden days men with a pronged stick walked over the earth and located springs of water. At least, so it was claimed. To-day men walk over the hills and with a little instrument locate precious minerals with certainty. The detector which has already been used to detect nickel at Sudbury, gold deposits at Timmins and Kirkland Lake; silver at Cobalt; and copper in Michigan and coal in Pennsylvania consists fundamentally of a wire which picks up electricity from two points of the earth, and of a dry battery which produces another current. When the two currents are forced into a wire they tend to counteract each other and the difference of flow is indicated by a needle. It is impossible to detect pure ores because from them no electric action originates, but it will work wherever chemical action is not dead. It is not then necessary to waste money in drilling at the wrong place. It may be that the device will be of use in exploring the hinterland of Manitoba and the mountains of British Columbia. It will be of no use in locating bituminous coal; but bituminous coal is a non-conductor.

Flappers

NOTHING could be more disgustingly immodest than the habit of young girls and sometimes girls with wisdom teeth, who insist upon walking the streets with goloshes unbuttoned. The origin of the thing seems to have been to call attention to the legs. The light coloured stockings, or the shredded-silk hose intensify the effect. No wonder that even New York is indignant. Next summer it is expected that girls will go barefoot. There would be at least one virtue in this, it would mean economy. The trouble with flappers is not that they wear unbuckled goloshes, but that they have such an attitude to life and such a craze for copying others that they can indulge in such absurdities as this. If a girl has an attractive face, a sweet smile, a good complexion, everybody wants to look at her. Of course, if she is homely, and if her temper shows in the lines of her face, why perhaps she is justified in directing attention to her goloshes. After this when the flapping of the wings attract you just see if the face of the owner is worth observing.

The Spring Time.

NO ONE is so dependent upon Providence as the man who tills the soil. Between the sowing and the reaping there are many things that may prevent a full return from the labour invested. There may be too much or too little rain, there may be frost or blighting heat, there may be mildew, rust or smut, there may be outbreak of disease among the stock, there may be insects, there may be hail or flood, or prairie fire. All these in addition to the ordinary risks of life.

Yet the farmer is a hopeful soul. Four bad seasons he may have but the fifth may be a good one, and so in faith he turns once more to the land and throws away his bread believing that it will return to him after many days. This year he is hoping for a fine return. May the rains of April and the sunshine of June breed fond hopes, and may the hopes be realized in bounteous harvests. And may world conditions so improve that he will receive fair recompense for toil and trouble. To-day as never before the good wishes of the whole population go out to those who live on the land.

Back to God.

HOW often we hear such phrases as "keep your courage up!" "business is improving," "we shall be back to normal." All these are ways we have of trying to lift ourselves by the bootstraps. Wishes and hopes and cheering phrases are good in their place and they certainly do assist in creating a good atmosphere. They cannot, however, in themselves bring about improved conditions. This big world is not a free-moving uncontrolled organism, running without rhyme and reason. It is governed by law, and all law is of God. Sooner or later every violation of law means ruin, every separation of the world from its Creator means disaster. If we would get back to normal, that is to right conditions, we must get back to God. We must follow His guidance, be impelled by his spirit, and depend upon His counsel. If we would find how far we are from stability we need only ascertain how far we are from God,—from truth, from love, from righteousness. Nor can legislation and enterprise and agitation accomplish anything of permanent worth unless beneath all is the sure foundation of Godliness. That is the one lesson for Canada and the world to-day. Leninism, anarchism, and all the other 'isms' of like nature are doomed to failure because they lack the one essential,—they are Godless.

The Church and God.

NOW the very first institution to get back to God is the church. This is meant to include all churches, —Protestant, Catholic, Jewish or whatever other class there may be. It is obvious that in spirit and method they are often out of harmony with the ideals which a church should exemplify.

Getting back to God does not mean getting more ritual, more catechetical instruction, more dogma, more formal worship, but it means more God-likeness in thought and action, more dependence on the Divine and more love to men, more practical action though perhaps less profession and less talking, more tolerance though perhaps less self-assurance.

God is another name for Love, and the church that illustrates this virtue most fully is nearest to the mind of the Master. Nor was the Master wrong when in His analysis of the characteristics of those who belonged to His Kingdom He said—"They shall possess teachable humility; they shall regret that they fall short of their ideal; they will meekly admit their shortcomings; they shall yearn incessantly for truth and righteousness; they shall be kind to those who have fallen short of duty; they shall think good of others and perhaps see God in them; they shall strive to reconcile differences in belief and practice; and they shall suffer mis-representation and abuse willingly if thereby they can make earth a heaven, and add to the character happiness and influence of men." It was indeed a noble ideal that was pictured in the Beatitudes, and a world patterned on that ideal would be close to the heart of the God of Love.

It is fashionable to find fault with the church, and the worst fault-finders are unfortunately within the church itself. The commonest thing is sectarian bitterness. Usually criticism of others is most severe when offered by those who are under strict priestly domination or by those who belong to small independent self-opinionated bodies. The intolerance of the religious orders in India is recognized by all travellers. It is paralleled by the self-assurance of the small sect in the Old Land which in course of time was reduced to two members. A visitor asked one of these if he thought the joys of the Kingdom would be reserved for two precious souls alone. His answer was frank as it was self-satisfying, "Aye-aye! but I'm no' quite sae sure o' Saunders!"

Though fault-finding is common it is not justified by the facts. Those who really belong to the church, and this does not include those who are affiliated socially or otherwise, are the salt of the earth. In all cases of emergency it is the Christian Spirit that is to be relied upon. The world depends upon "the foolishness of preaching." Yet the church can get closer to God than it is, and get closer it must if this old world is to be restored to order and peace.

Getting back to God means getting Love into the hearts of men, Love into all organization, Love behind all efforts at co-operation. In the pulpits it is not orators and scholars that are required but loving souls. In the pews it is not financial experts and boosters that are required but consecrated self-sacrificing spirits. Church Union may or may not be a good thing, but the community of loving minds and hearts will transform a world. And so, the church may have halls and meeting-houses rather than cathedrals, it may have preachers in fustian rather than robed prelates, it may have services in the open or no public services at all, and yet do magnificently if it is possessed of the Love which hopeth all things, endureth all things, heareth all things. And so, back to God, means back to Love.

The Home and God.

SO, too, must the home get back to God, and this will mean the end of wrangling and divorce and recrimination and suspicion and selfish indulgence. It will mean the reign of kindliness and consideration and courtesy and forbearance and regard for others. A woman to-day need not pay to have a rich husband nor a good-looking one. Let her hope to have a help-meet who is kind and unselfish. A husband need not yearn for a wife who is fashionable, nor for one who is particularly learned. It is enough that she be pure, sweet, self-denying and gracious. There are hundreds of homes here as elsewhere that are Godless,—they are lacking the spirit of Love. Nor will it help matters much to have something formal in the way of prayer introduced. What is chiefly required is performance. Where father and mother have caught the spirit of the Master, where they find their lives in losing them in the service of each other and the family, God will not be far away. Even in the homes of the poorest and humblest He is found, for as Lincoln said, "He surely must love the common people, for He made so many of them."

The home with God in it is a lovely home to live in. It cannot be gloomy for Love is Light. It cannot be unfriendly for God is the Friend of all who will have Him. It cannot be a palace of discord nor a brothel for when Love is there, there can be no Hell.

The conditions of modern life work against the home. Girls and boys leave early to preform duties in the world. Companionship with parents is difficult to secure. This is particularly true in cities and towns. Yet if parents wish it they can make the short reunions a time of great pleasure and profit. It is not urged that there be more formal religion introduced, but that there be more of the Spirit of Service and Unselfishness and Love. It is the life of a home which counts, and it counts in the development of individuals and nations. Surely the home is the fundamental institution of civilization and to use a popular phrase, the slogan of the western home should be "Back to God."

Business and God.

DOES business need to get back to God? There was a time a man's word in this land was as good as his bond. No notes were given nor taken. Every man could be trusted. There was no formal co-operative action, but no one was allowed to starve. Each lived for all. Men of wealth were rare, for there were few of the vulture class. But a change has taken place. Though there is more philanthropy than ever there are more of the predatory class, with the result that there is more poverty, greater class hatred, more cunning and deceit, greater speculation and injustice. In some quarters God has been ruled out by the market as unpractical. If this is not true of local communities it is true of nations. And it is particularly true of international organizations.

In business God means good faith. Employers will give not as little as possible but as much as possible, recognizing that the labourer is worthy of his hire. Employees will do not as little as they can but as much as they can, recognizing that they are most like God when at work—for The Father himself delights in work. The great tragedy of business is, greed has in so many cases triumphed over generosity, and that work has degenerated into hated drudgery. Never will things return to normal until God is enthroned in the factory, the banking-house, the exchange. Back to normal means in the last analysis back to God.

The World's Sacred Books

EVERY great religious system has, or has had, its sacred book. Professor Flinders Petrie, the greatest living authority in Egyptian research and knowledge, gives some interesting characterizations of various books in his Outlook for Civilization. His comments and criticisms are especially valuable on account of their writer's eminence in the world of thinkers and scholars. In regard to the Koran, he writes that it is below other sacred books in "its lack of ideas, its wandering, its casual changes of subject;" and he adds that "this type of book does not favor clear or logical thinking." All Mohammedans are taught to memorize the Koran mechanically— a practice which, he writes, "hampers their intellectual growth." The sacred books of India he rates far higher for their "vigor of thought, continuity and development of character, and moral beauty." Still higher, in regard to thought and logic, are the sacred books of China, though, in his opinion, they lack personality. Then comes his view of the Bible, which "transcends them all, whether in simple magnificence of narrative, vigor of composition, the moral earnestness of the Prophets, or the spiritual vision of the Apostles." The Bible stands at the head of the sacred writings of the world, and the reasons for this, of course, go far beyond those mentioned by Professor Petrie.

NEW RADIUM FIELDS DISCOVERED ON BRITISH COLUMBIA ISLANDS

Altruistic prospector's search rewarded after nine year's search, much hardship and great adventure. His life work the fighting of cancer.

By Francis Dickie

RADIUM, earth's scarcest, most priceless mineral, the boon to mankind given by 20th century scientists, has been discovered in British Columbia, Canada, by a veteran prospector, H. E. Neave, by name, now residing at Esquimalt, British Columbia.

The story of this man's nine-year long search for a new radium bearing field, a search which carried him to the uttermost regions of the earth, from the heart of Africa to central Alaska, is a modern odyssey of hardship, great adventure, countless disappointments, and, finally success, when at last, a few months ago on the south-east end of Valdez Island, at a point named Open Bay, the prospector discovered radio-active rocks extending over a considerable area, his second and most important find in British Columbia in the last eighteen months.

Rush To Stake

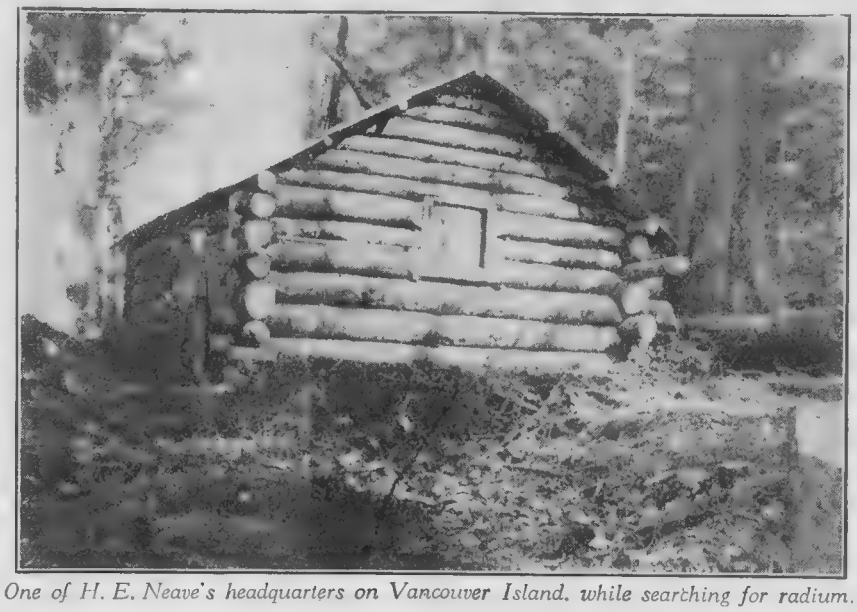
Though the discovery on Valdez Island was made late last summer, it was not until November the story leaked out, when a rush occurred, and all the country adjoining Open Bay was staked by parties travelling from Heriot Bay and Quathiaski Cove, the two nearest points of steamer call and settlement, three and ten miles distant respectively.

Learning the name of the discoverer, your correspondent got in touch a few days ago with Mr. H. E. Neave at Esquimalt, and from him learned full particulars of the radium-bearing fields which the veteran prospector discovered after the most arduous labors and great adventures. Striking as is the tale of his rare find on Valdez and Vancouver Islands, many other things encountered during the search on the lonely and uninhabited West coast, make up a story of real life adventure that puts to shame the best work of the fiction writer.

Mr. H. E. Neave, who discovered radio-active rocks at Open Bay, Valdez Island, B.C., after nine years search for a new radium-bearing field.

New Fields Needed

When the extreme scarcity of radium, and the very few fields producing it in the entire world, is taken into consideration, this finding of radio-active rocks in regions of British Columbia fairly accessible is of world-wide importance.



One of H. E. Neave's headquarters on Vancouver Island, while searching for radium.

A Unique Humanitarian

At his home in Esquimalt, Mr.Neave freely told of his nine year's searching. The man—from journalistic point of view—is quite as interesting as his discovery. Some might call him a hobbyist, though this is almost a misnomer; admitting him to the title, he is the world's strangest one. Some men spend their lives gathering books, old coins, china, armor, paintings and a hundred other things. Mr. Neave's chief desire for these many past years has been to fight cancer. When radium proved successful against cancer a little more than a decade ago, and with the known producing fields so very few and limited of output, Mr. Neave, then a mining engineer of wide experience determined to make it his life work to discover fresh radium-bearing fields. But his means were limited. Still this did not deter him from his humanitarian resolve. For nine years now, aided by sums earned at his profession, and from several gold workings discovered while prospecting for radium, he has maintained himself and family while prosecuting this search in the interests of the race. The man's altruism is unquestionable, for when your correspondent found him, Neave was busy at work getting together some pamphlets urging other men to take up the field work of searching for radium-bearing rock.

He had just received from London, England, the expert assayer's report, confirming the truth of his find, shortly before your correspondent's arrival. Like all men who have devoted much time to some loved task, Mr. Neave talked with eagerness and enthusiasm, and with the assurance of an expert. Asked why he had come to embark upon so Quixotic and unprofitable a labor, he said:

"Nine years ago the published accounts of the frightful and constantly increasing death rate from cancer and also the encouraging results obtained by the use of radium in at least alleviating, if not always curing the disease, indicated the vital necessity for more of the precious metal. There were many splendid scientists devoting their lives to the study of radium and its application as a therapeutic agent, but all were and still are enormously hampered by the actual want of the element. What was greatly needed was more men in the field, men to explore the little known wilds of the earth. Men were, and are still needed who are physically capable of enduring the hardest life known, men who will work the longest hours without pay, and having a little knowledge how to detect radio-activity. That is why nine years ago I took up the search for radium-bearing ground. Little or no help can be expected from the public in general, because they want to see a reasonable and immediate prospect of some return for the money they invest. The Canadian Government have offered a reward of five thousand dollars to the first discoverer of "commercially payable" radium. But how many people are able, even if willing, to first find, and then prove payable a deposit of radium bearing ore? The cost is several times the promised reward—a reward which is only equal to the weekly salary of many a film star."

Story Of The Find

Turning to the story of the find, Mr. Neave said: "It is not difficult to identify a solid vein of pitch-blende, but radium may be in other ores of uranium not so easy to detect. After searching for nine years the net result of my work are two well defined areas of considerable size, showing radio-activity in the rocks. Radio-activity is due to the presence of uranium, thorium, or actinium, or the resultant product of one of these elements by disintegration. Radium is obtained from uranium, the latter metal combined with other elements having been found in a number of minerals the most important known at present being pitch-blende, carotite, and autunite. Radium possesses intense activity and is continually emitting three rays, known as the Alpha, Beta, and Gama. The Alpha (A-Ray) can be detected by means of an instrument called scintilloscope, and it was by means of this instrument that I detected the radio acivity of certain rocks on Valdez and Vancouver Islands. The changes that are taking place in these radio active substances are essentially disintegration of the atoms of which these substances are formed. What is true of the atom is also true of the mass—hence the extraordinary corrosion of rocks near Open Bay. At Open Bay this corrosion is greatly accentuated by the presence of limestone. The corrosion inland north of Open Bay has been so active that in some parts the long low hills are completely honeycombed, and it is necessary to proceed warily to avoid falling into holes of unknown depth. After obtaining results by means of the scintilloscope, another test was employed, namely by utilizing the rays given off by the rocks to obtain radio-graphs of coins keys, etc. through opaque substances, such as light proof paper, on a sensitized photographic plate. Having demonstrated fully that the rocks were radio-active, samples were sent to London, England and submitted to Sir Ernest Rutherford the greatest living authority on radio-activity. This noted scentist's report confirmed the discovery as to the radio-activity in the rocks. The present indications at Open Bay and on Vancouver Island are of great importance and should be followed up. It remains now for money to be raised for development work to locate sufficiently high grade ore to pay to work the fields."

Radium Badly Needed

Noted specialists like Professor Soddy complain bitterly of the shortage of radium for experimental purposes. Thousands are dying in agony because there is not enough radium found in the world to help them. The department of the United States in Bulletin 104 states: One thing regarding radium therapy that has been developed during the past two years is that if the Gama rays of radium are to be successfully applied to the cure of cancer a much larger quantity of radium must be used than is possessed by not more than two or three individual surgeons or hospitals in the United States. The Bureau knows of no individual or hospital that has had the privilege of 'working with so much as a gram of radium that does not report cures in increasing numbers, or that is not able to treat even advanced cases with increasing assurance of success as a knowledge of technique is developed. Also that extent and variety of cures reported and the helpful effect of the Gama rays at depth, are almost in direct proportion to the quantity of radium that can be applied at one time to the patient.

This statement does not mean that radium in comparatively small amounts may not be effective with some forms of cancer, or some malignant growths in their incipiency, but in two American

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Radiographs of key and key-ring, made by radio-active rocks through light-proof paper on ordinary photographic plate. The rocks were discovered by Mr. H. E. Neave at Open Bay, Valdez Island, B.C.

The Land of Howling Dogs

By A. de H. Smith

Northward of Edmonton is the land of howling dogs from Lac La Biche to the shores of the Arctic. At every settlement, trading post and tee-pee the rising moon is greeted with a chorus of discordant highnoted yowls, as the team dogs obey the impulse handed down to them from wolf pack forbears, who roamed the Barrens and the Strong Woods mouthing their hunting cries. To reach the land of Howling Dogs is an easy matter in this year of a chain of communications, consisting of train, steamer and gas boat; no more need the traveller risk his neck in the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca. All that is requisite is to purchase a ticket on the Waterways-Mackenzie route and proceed.

From Edmonton to Lac La Biche the train journeys through a farming and homestead area, but northward from the Lake is the habitat of the Indian, with his trusty and much abused dog. At La Biche the train was wont to halt over night, and here the traveller received his initiation in the music of the north;under his hotel window all night long the huskies of the half-breeds and Indians engaged in individual and co-operative combats, murder being suitably mixed with melody, as the contestants rested from the strife, noted the rising moon and greeted it as their ancestors have done since time immemorial.

Now-a-days the train halts but an hour, but the voyageur has ample leisure to envisage what canine associates he may encounter later. Everyone meets the train at Lac La Biche; collared and metropolitan merchants, slipshod mocassined Indians and half-breeds and the ubiquitous dogs in all

Dog train of Northern Trading Company at Fort Good Hope, N.W.T.

Sticking fish at Fort Rae, on Great Slave Lake N.W.T.

shapes and sizes from the rangy huskie with wolfish snout and ears, to the Airedale of a later generation, but all alike offered on the altar of the Red Gods. With the exception of the police teamdogs all are gaunt and watchful; a raised arm causes them to break and run, they have seldom known kindness, they look for no favors and are entirely sufficient unto themselves.

Despite their outcast appearance and treatment they are a valuable adjunct in a country where no other mode of locomotion is possible; many of the teams used in the north hail from Lac La Biche, and the man intent on a winter journey to the Great Slave Lake or Fond du Lac must be prepared to pay $500 or more for a fair four dog team. Dogs cost more than horses in the north —a good ridable Indian cayuse may be purchased for the modest sum of $15 upward, but any kind of a dog which will pull in harness is saleable at $100. Buying dogs from the Indians or half-breeds is a difficult matter. Provided the fortunate owner is possessed of a few pounds of flour, some bacon and tea, a further outpouring of the Cornucopia means naught to him, so why worry about matters financial? If the native has enough to eat, a hundred or a thousand dollar offer for a dog makes no appreciable difference to the phlegmatic son of the north. To-morrow maybe he will sell a dog, but not to day. Has he not enough flour to make a bannock, and sufficient tea for a tea-dance? "Wah!" says the Indian disgustedly and covers his head in his blanket. To an argument of this description there is but one rejoinder—the would-be owner must return and rejoin the other lounge-lizards in the hotel until such time as Man-who-saw-the--dog-hit-with-the-frying-pan has consumed his last morsel of bannock and cupful of tea. Then the argument may be re-opened with large possibilities of success.

From Lac La Biche to the north many and various are the dogs which travel in the express wagon of the train; whining, biting and snarling in their cramped quarters as they steadily chew the ropes holding them in durance vile and sample the various packages lying within reach. To the harassed expressman they are an abomination but to their owner, anxiously looking them over at every stop, they represent the only means of communication between his trap-line and the outside world, and though he loves them not at all he has a considerable regard for their utility.

A glance into the express car on the Waterways line reveals the fact that the whole life blood of the north depends on the canine. Lashed to the ceiling of the car are sleighs, which will later carry the owner many hundreds of miles over spaces on the map which are at present merely blank. One end of the car is piled high with the mail sacks destined to reach Chipewyan, Fort Norman and the Arctic. Dogs will carry them. Some of the canines occupy each corner of the car, very much ill at ease under such strange circumstances, but despite their warm quarters and unusual food, keenly on the watch for kicks and cuffs, and ready to snap at any hand friendly or otherwise. The huskies take no chances. At various stops mocassined and caribou-skin coated travellers throw out or heave in packs containing their traps, ammunition and other gear, while dogs are unceremoniously loaded or unloaded. Indians likewise headed for the hunting grounds retrieve unsavory bundles, and haul their yelping teams to the ground to be hitched to the cariole.

Queried regarding their destination the trapper will casually remark: —O! I guess I'll hit for Peter Pond's Lake, ninety miles or so east. Grub? Well I guess the caribou are down from the north now, and I figure I'll get enough fish for the dogs.— The casual optimism of the west is surely a large factor in the development of the country.

Passengers on the Waterways line are likewise different, and it is safe to assume that more interesting personages will be met with on this 300 mile long line than on any other railway of similar length in the Dominion. In the cars on this system the traveller will meet with plucky Anglican missionaries from the deadly stillness of the Arctic Winter at Fort McPherson, silent Mounted Policemen fresh from lonely patrols across the Barren Lands, trappers who casually remark that they have "been up the Nahanni river for the last five years." Fur traders from half a hundred posts, and many others who are making history for Canada, and who are pushing back the last frontier of the West. On the waterways line convention is cast to the four winds. The stranger opposite will shortly ask your name and business, and in ten minutes will refer to you as "Bill," "Smithie," or "the guy from Nelson River."

He will share his grub with you, lend you half of his bed roll, split his tobacco and make quite as free with your property as you are expected to do with his. The average northman is a shirtsleeve personage, he dislikes frills exceedingly, and once the train leaves urban centres he gladly casts his white collar from him.

On this train you will hear more true tales of the real north than find their way into all the newspapers of Canada. Here also the car echoes with hearty laughter as the northman returning home recounts the latest stirring "northern drama" vide the movies.

Cheers herald the description of the hero, who in the mid winter of the Arctic plows through the snow in leather boots, knee high. Fang-knashing wolves hauling against a suitable background of pine-trees; beauteous half-breed maidens pursued by fantastic villains, and squads of opportune Mounted Police rescuing everyone within coo-ee, make a singular appeal to the northmen, and could the gifted author of the steam heated flat in "little old New York" but hear the rounds of applause which greet his efforts he would doubtless be highly flattered. The northmen's prayer reads thus:—

"O, Lord, send us one northcountry fakir — just one little irresponsible, ink-spattering, nature-murdering, lie-disseminating anti-Canadian, and let us attend to his needs, tenderly with tears."

From Lac La Biche to the railhead on the Clearwater river, the railway tracks traverse a dreary expanse of marsh country, with occasional strecheses of open rolling, burnt over terrain. In all this wide stretch there are no inhabitants save only roving bands of Indians, and the trappers following their lines. It is the country of the muskrat, the mink and the moose; tee-pees and skin drying racks token latter, while the dogtrains at the various wayside stations — merely a name in the wilderness — wait patiently, curled up in the snow. The railway tracks, aside for their legitimate use, are right of way for ubiquitous huskie; many times you will see dogteams pulled off the grade to allow the train passage, while at every stop, hungry canines scuffle behind the train and follow it for as long as it is in sight, hoping that something edible may fall by the wayside. The huskies are artists at this work, from long and bitter practice; they miss nothing, and no matter how far a piece of bread or scrap of meat may be thrown from the train the poor brute's sixth sense leads him to it.

No one can deny that the dogs of the north are ill-used in many cases. The Indian and halfbreed through sheer inertia fails to feed them — often he is too lazy to go down to the river and catch the fish which swarm there, while his unfortunate dogs literally starve to death. In the summer the canines are allowed to range for themselves. In the winter the native son, requiring the dogs for his business of trapping must of necessity feed them in order to obtain the requisite amount of toil, but judging from the perpetual hunt for scraps on the part of the dogs it is apparent that he gives them no more than will keep body and soul together.

The white trappers and the big fur companies such as Hudson's Bay and the Northern Trading Company handle their dogs scientifically; unlike the Indian animals they are not inbred until the breed is run out, they are fed and looked after, and though they are by no means pets in the main, their existence is much to be preferred to that of the native's animals.

The difference at the posts is very noticeable. At McMurray for example the black team of the Northern Trading Company lay in the sun in the front of the store all day long, were regularly fed and waxed fat, while the

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Dog trains at Fort Resolution N.W.T. Steamer "Northland Trader" pulled up on the bank for winter.

A Message to Western Home Monthly Readers from the Very Eastern Tip of Canada

By Bonnycastle Dale. Illustrated by Laddie with photographs

WELL!! Here we are again in another new station. We have left the tidy wee cottage on the banks of the Tusket River—with its salmon and its trout fishing, and have moved bag and baggage to the outermost tip of Cape Sable Island—which sticks so far out into the Atlantic that it is constantly surrounded by fogs. In the weeks we have been here we have hardly seen the sun and for one week did not know what the surrounding scene was like but we know it now. These are long sand beaches which the exploring Norsemen saw over four centuries before Columbus left his Spanish port of St. Malo. The Norsemen wrote in 1007, in an account of their foray—"continued south-westerly a long time, passing long beaches and deserts and sands." These great sandbanks—cut and scalloped into fantastic hills and billows by the mighty winds—are still a noted sight from passing steamers and ships now—over nine hundred years later, evidently much as they were when Thorfinn Karlsefne and Birone Grimolfsen sailed their rude vessels past them.

We secured a wee twelve by twelve fishbuyers cot right on the shore at "the Hawk"—Outside us across the Eastern Passage stands the wireless station and the great Cape. Sable Island light and foghorn. For two weeks it has rained or blown in great fogs and today it is both rain and fog—so far we have had about one

A Sculpin. These are used for lobster bait.

hour's sunshine—so we begin to wonder just how we will get the photographs to illustrate our stories to you with—rain and fog! rain and fog!!!!

What is it in the soul of man that is quietened by a sight of the restless sea? We have moved again—I hope my Western Home Monthly readers have a bit of kind sympathy for us. Poor Laddie has packed and unpacked these household gods of ours three times in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-one—this time to the very extreme end of Cape Sable Island our wanderings have taken us. The tiny house—of one room and a porch—stands out even further than the lighthouse—we are just thirty feet from the inside tumble of the shingle thrown up by the old ocean. At the moment I write this, huge surf billows are thundering on the rocks so closely that if there was a bit of wind the spray would beat on my window.

Laddie thought we could not move further out to sea than the Hawk—our last resting place, as there was only this Cape Sable Island between us and the mighty Atlantic—but I got a motor boat and it put-putted through the "pea-soup" fog and, as it entered the tideway where the waters ran swiftly in from the sea one of the fishermen's boys aboard yelled; "see the fog-eater!!"

Ahead, about a thick woolly bank of fog gleamed a silvery white bow, just like a rainbow but totally without colour save that gleaming silvery tint. The lad was a false prophet for the wind did not eat up the fog neither did the sun—and the motorboat man put the bow straight for the sands and shingle on "the Cape" and sent her ashore—full tilt! "She's got a hardwood shoe and it don't hurt her." he responded to my inquiry. So off went my boxes and cameras and typewriter and scant furniture onto that lonely strand, and in the midst of it the rising tide took the canoe off, out to sea, in the lowering fogbank and we had to chase it. Then they "put-putted" away and Laddie and I sat down amid our duffle to a simple meal, then off he went for the ox cart. So dense was the fog that several times I thought I saw that ox cart coming and it turned out to be a nodding thistle or a clump of weeds. At last, along it came creaking and rumbling and the General-Assistant Lightkeeper with it. I had given it up and was busily watching the fishermen returning from the open sea in their tiny!! gunning skiffs. These are really a bit smaller than the regular sixteen foot rowboat of the lakes and rivers of mid-continent and quite a bit shallower. One man had twenty-four pollock he caught in "The Rip" and I watched him rowing hard against the tide.

Well! We took that first load up the wireless and lighthouse trail amid the fantastic heaps of sand dunes which lined the way and really when I saw the wee house for the first time I felt like an elephant seeking shelter in a pigeon cote —but we did get the stuff in and I am writing this to you under the old roof. I guess economy of space was in the builders mind, for the chimney only comes down through the roof three feet and is supported on a big pillar in the midst of the room. It was built in olden times as a wee bit schoolroom. Right off the point aims the gramaphone-like opening of the foghorn and it has warned all and sundry steamers off the "Southwest Ledges" which reach like rocky fangs three miles out for the unwary ship—it also warned all sleep from my eyes the first night, as no sooner would I sink in drowsy rest than out blared that awful blast making the house thrill and tremble. However the second night we got a bit of sleep and hope for the best.

I wish you could stand with us at midnight when old ocean is sending in its huge seas crashing on the shingle and that wonderful glass gem of a lens is pouring out its rays. It looks like a huge crystal pineapple from where we stand as it sends out its ghastly revolving beams of white light into the woolly fog—the facets of the lenses sparkled like diamonds and the mystical light of the oilspray mantle gleams like a magician's jewel—and out roars the warning blast of the foghorn—far, far off out at sea we hear the answering call of some unknown steamer we are directing away off from the fangs of the ledges with their fierce currents and roaring tiderips.

Here is another fish to tell you, my readers about. We have at last, after twelve years used up in crossing the continent from Vancouver Island, reached this Cape Sable Island, the furthest outreaching point in southeastern Canada. Right off shore, just among or outside its reefs and rocks and small islands run the schools of pollock and these men go out, usually three to a thirty-five foot motor boat and "jig", for them. They use a thing they call a "slicker" or "jig"—there is a hook on the line and another hook at the bottom of the lead "jig." They bait these with a long strip off a pollocks belly or a squid taken from out of a captured pollock, as these greedy fish contain at times as many as five to ten—yes as high as thirteen squid—so really this fish furnishes its own bait.

Wherever you find the herring or the squid working near the surface there you will find the pollock "breaking water" rising up in the air like a silvery shower of fish and falling "slap" back into the water. This is when the trailed jigger on the now slow moving motor boat gets a fish and often two on the hooks—trailing, or as we say in fresh water "trolling." At other times the pollock are "gilling" that is coming up and only sticking their heads out and then they do not bite well—possibly the fish are well fed at that time.

Three men working fast in the slowly moving boat can haul in about four crates of these fish or about eight hundred pounds. These sell in August (1921) for one dollar a hundred pounds. So just figure—you readers who live inland on good firm solid earth—how my neighbours here can make out a living on the unstable sea when they pay four hundred dollars for a boat and another four for the engine and pay fifty cents a gallon for gasoline and run out best part of day and use up five to ten gallons and receive only eight dollars when they get to the fish buyers wharf. Some times they get a few codfish also and these are only worth $1.75 a hundred pounds in the summer. At times these men are able to pitchfork pollock into their boats, if they had a fork with them as one man did—he actually pitchforked three crates into his motor boat, so thick were the fish.

I want my Western Home Monthly readers to compare their rich prairie acres with "The Hawk," a Cape Sable Island Village scene. Here is what looks like a dried out bog all thickly covered by huge boulders and rocks left here by the Glacial Ice. Wherever a plant can grow you find poison laurel standing thickly. Some wee fields are cleared enough to grow a crop of thick wild hay—and as July and August are the months of fogs with falling rainshowers in them one wonders how they ever get it dried enough to put in the barns. I do not blame them for turning it over if a bit of sun shines out on a Sunday. I see very small patches of potatoes, some are just coming up these late summer days. Not a single apple or fruit tree or bush. They cannot even grow a bit of lettuce or onions or radish in some parts, for the salt and sand driven before the storms stunts and kills it off. To add to their hardships they have not even any wood—these beaches are all picked clean of every tiny bit that drifts in. They pay $17.00 a ton for coal as even the trees here were stunted and they did not last the first generation long for fuel. I see my neighbours bringing their coal into the shore in bags, carrying it in over the low tide rocks and wheeling it up past the thickly strewn rocks to their little barns. A neighbour just passing with his wheelbarrow asked me how we were getting on. I told him we had not had any sun yet to get our photographs and he told me that the whole hay crop, the largest in years, is lying wet and rusting and moulding for want of some sunlight. Later—I am glad to say, they saved all the hay.

Nearly all the motor boats are off to a "wrack." The men were asking me last night about the wrecking laws. I know nothing about them but I asked them just about how many boats would go out and they said, "'bout five hundred." "Bet thar'll be five thousand men on that wrack tomorrer, someone'll get killed most likely. If she is deserted there will be a mighty scene salving the cargo, unless she goes down with full holds hatched. One

The Toadfish with belly pouch full of air, which we saw in the tide channel.

schooner wrecked off here two years ago sank laden and only burst her holds last fall. One man found several hundredweight of butter on the beach and it was so far gone they made soap of it."

The wind is off shore, the foghorns sound almost muted but the great seas are crashing on the long sand beaches on both sides of me as I write. The fishing is deserted in the face of the much greater prize—"it's an ill-wind that blows nobody good."

Laddie comes rushing in to say—"There's another fogeater in the sky, come and see!!!" So I forget and rush out expecting to see some fabled monster at least—what I do see is a great white bow across the heavens right around the retreating

Letting the jelly-like Portugese Man-of-War go afloat again.

fogbank, a silvery white bow without any of the rainbow colours. This is called a "fogeater" by the Cape Sable men, but this one was a fraud for the fog is in thicker than ever now.

Now we get the name of the wrecked steamer—"The Binghampton", Boston to Riga, Russia, general merchandise. Cargo is insured but not the vessel. She was coming in to Sydney for bunker coal. The Captain, "Gilbert", says the thick fog and the tide set him on the Cannet—he ran out quarter length on the reef, then reversed the engines but stuck fast. There was a scene of great activity when all hands lightened her by throwing the cargo over—all 'tween decks went—but she started to pound and made six feet of water in the engine room—so the Cannet is littered with bales of cloth, boxes of shoes canned goods, groceries and hardware that will never see the Bolsheviks of distant Russia.

The sea contains many wondrous things. This Monday in August—the eighth—just after lunch when the fog was thickest, I told Laddie to go down South Beach and take notes of the shore birds. The cold Easter cuts my old body so I stayed home and studied Comstocks Handbook of Nature. It was as dry in as it was wet out and I dozed and studied and studied and dozed. Pretty soon I heard a voice say "Please open the door!" I did and there stood Laddie and his young friend Walter with a board between them on which sat a huge pink jellyfish about the size of a pumpkin. It was just at the edge of the surf they found the marvelous thing called "The Portugese Man-of-War", fishermen call it "the sea squall." The big pink oblong shaped float, as big as a boys pink circus baloon, stood up in the air above the board and a mass of blue jelly-like threads lay below and about it. We got the big camera and made a picture for our readers and then the boys filled a tub with salt water and placed it beside my desk with the strange thing in it and I am now trying to tell you what it looks like.

The blue tentacle threads are hanging down below it in masses—the comical thing is to see this big transparent creature suddenly draw one up like a rope into a captive baloon and draw itself—its big pink bag of air—around the tub. On the top of this bag is the crest all waved and convuluted. And now we see that the streamers hanging below are capable of being stretched and pulled out many feet —ten, twenty, thirty, forty or fifty feet —these are really floating anchors to keep the odd creature on its course. When it wants to "come about" it just lifts its transparent bow up into the air and around it comes. All about these long blue jellylike tentacles or streamers are masses of blue feelers which are for ever

Continued on page 12

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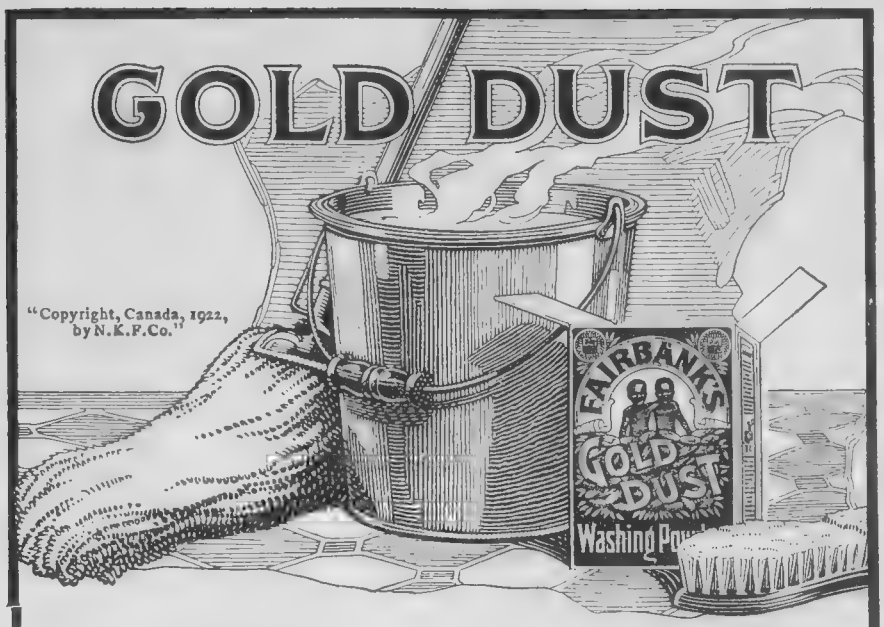

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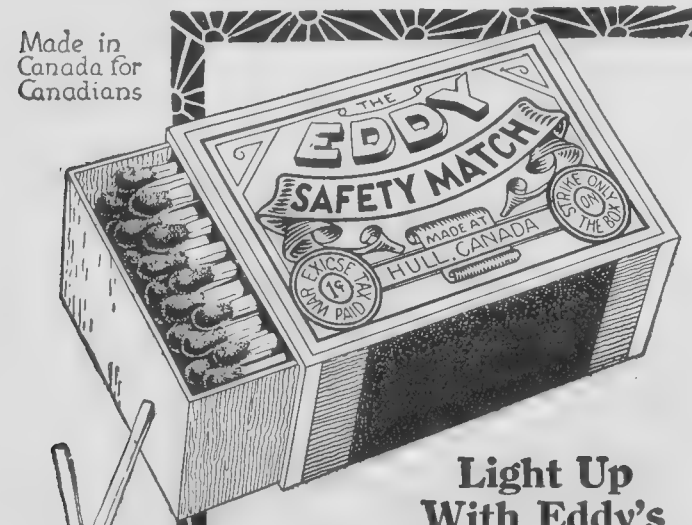

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KREET

A Love Story of the Wild

By H. Mortimer Batten

THE wild March winds had blown themselves out; the wild March hares had ceased to flee in conspicuous folly across the skyline. It was as though the old old world had wearied herself a little,but was rising from her sickbed with hopes renewed—rising bright eyed from her winter langour, renewed with the sense of life prosperity.

The spring had been unsettled, sunshine, wind, and snow; thrice the partridge covies had broken up, thrice the return of the Frost King had compelled them to reunite. All of them were mated now, and Kreet and Horseshoe had been for several weeks. At first it was merely a boy and girl friendship ,so to speak, and I had watched them closely since mid-winter. The covey would rise and fly from one field to the next, then one would see Kreet and Horseshoe wander a little distance from the rest, quite absently so it seemed, but when they thought themselves out of sight they would draw a little closer to each other, and ere very long both would be pecking at the same imaginary grain of corn, their heads at intervals touching.

Why did Kreet and Horseshoe attach themselves to my humble homestead—I who for many autumns past have been among the most active of their foes? Sometimes I wish that they had nested elsewhere, but, in that each of us is a little wiser for each gentle scene that comes our way, I am glad I came to know these birds, which hitherto I had regarded merely as so many flying targets.

Looking from my dressing room window that quiet March morning, I saw Kreet and Horseshoe squatting side by side among some Lillies of the Valley at the garden foot. Over in the elm grove the rooks were calling loudly, their Love Moon already far advanced, and who can deny that the morning and evening notes of these harsh voiced birds are among the brightest music in all the wilderness? Their clamour growing, subsiding, growing, to me the sound has always brought to mind the scent of white violets in a trodden earth. I used often to wonder why, till recently I learnt that far back in my childhood, further than I can remember, there was a wood containing a rookery, which each spring was carpeted with white violets, and in which I used to play. Such are life's impressions, each one adding its portion to life's silver cup till it is brimming with sweetness or bitterness, as ourselves choose.

Kreet, the hen bird, sat with her feathers puffed out, her head coyly turned away from her lord, who, it seemed, was trying to attract her attention to an insect or something at her feet. Apparently she was thinking of something entirely different, so eventually Horseshoe, carrying his mascot of good fortune boldly on his breast, took up the insect, and craning his neck, pushed it under her beak. She turned her head still further, shook herself, uttered a fretful little squeak, but Horseshoe insisted, and so to please him she took the imaginary mite.

The presence of the two birds in that unlikely place seemed to indicate that they were about to nest there, and sure enough the days that followed saw them back in the same place. Sometimes they would sit and rub their heads together, and sometimes Kreet, in the most sentimental manner possible, would recline her head on her husband's shoulder, and there they would sit as though they asked no other joy on earth.

Spring comes slowly in this north country of ours, and even in the sheltered glens it is but one step from winter to summer. We have many compensations, but the long lingering spring of the south is unknown to this land of ours. There followed days of driving mist and howling wind, but an occasional rift in the heavens revealed the majesty of the hills snow-capped and cloud-like beneath their crown of clouds. The bad weather postponed the nesting of Kreet and Horseshoe, though for two or three hours each day they would linger about the garden foot, while meantime the household did the only kindness we humans can do to the wild folk—we left them entirely alone.

But whatever the weather both birds were still full of sunny ambition. Exactly what constitutes ideals of the nest of a partridge I cannot say, but during those stormy days Kreet hollowed out at least a dozen different nesting beds, about the lily patch. She would complete her scraping, sit in it, turn round in it, get up and look at it, sit in it the other way about, then decide with a pettish air that she did not like it. At first Horseshoe regarded these manoeuvers with mingled bewilderment and admiration, but after a while seemed to grasp the general idea. He too would seat himself in the scraping, tuck a lily frond out of the way, and yawn luxuriously. "Why, it is lovely," you could almost hear him say. "Just as comfortable as an unfinished nest could be. Do try it again."

So he would endeavour to coax her back, looking admiringly at the absurd little hollow and pretending that he could hardly resist the temptation to sit in it himself, till at length Kreet would strut independently away and try her luck elsewhere.

Various indications pointed to the fact that Kreet was the elder of the two birds, and that Horseshoe was a chick of last season, but it is refreshing to know that in the wild youth is eternal. In one sense there is no old age—no love unions split asunder by that most cruel blow of inexorable time. The old and young love and marry but it does not matter, for in springtime life for each begins again. And it is well that it should be so, for in this way the wisdom of the old is intermingled with the inexperience of youth.

One day a bright idea occurred to Horseshoe. He himself would make a nest; he himself would succeed where Kreet had failed. He carried the plan into effect, diligently scraping out a hollow, sat on it, and full of bright confidence he coaxed Kreet to come and look at it.

Her contempt was supreme. She did not condescend to sit on it; she merely turned her head away and strutted off. "Think I am going to lay my precious eggs in a thing like that?" she might have said, and Horseshoe, crestfallen and wondering, watched her go.

Evidently he himself thought his nest very beautiful, for all the morning he sprawled over it and yawned, then he scraped earth and lily leaves over it and went to the pump for a drink. It is thus that many human hopes, alas, are buried beneath earth and seeming lily leaves.

Kreet made her choice at last—a hollow exactly like the others she had discarded. We cannot explain her choice; we can only consign it to that sacred category of feminine "uncomprehendibleness." She lined the hollow with grass and lily leaves. Near by a sandpiper had hollowed out a similar, smaller, even simpler nest, close to the frames. Both birds endured my coming and going and would watch bright-eyed till I had finished my task. They did not fear me, but seemed to regard me as a part of the inevitable furnishings of the place.

Kreet laid five eggs, and going next morning, after I had counted them, I found but four. This was mysterious, and I watched the nest closely, fearing cuckoo, snake or most of all brown rat, but there was nothing to suggest a breach in the quietude of the lily patch. Next morning Kreet again visited the nest, and when, an hour or so later, I inspected its contents, there were only three eggs! Determined to get to the bottom of the mystery I lifted them out and examined the nest, and then—the solution!

No one would suspect the blind, subterranean mole of being an enemy to anyone but the insects that he hunts, but it would seem that now and again the mole is an enemy to the little brown bird of the stubble fields. Exactly under Kreet's nest, since she had lined it, a mole had made a tunnel, and the shallow floor of earth giving way, her eggs were falling through as she had laid them.

Thus it came about that there occurred one of those rare occasions when man could be of some real help by interfering with the affairs of the wild folk.

After that, all went well. It was noticeable that while laying her eggs, that is, before the clutch was complete, Kreet resorted to the practice of covering her treasures with dead leaves whenever she left them. They were then so difficult to find that caution was necessary to avoid treading on the nest. Had she not done this, the eggs, though much the same colour as the ground, would have been visible from above, and her keen-eyed enemies, the crows and ravens, would probably have robbed her. But, by the time her clutch was complete—nine eggs in all—the foliage had sprung up now so completely as to envelope the little chamber, and so she conveniently abandoned the now useless practice.

Nothing happened to disturb the peaceful quietude of the days that followed—days of refreshing showers, rainbow lights, and the fragrance of budding leaves and flowers. The delicate perfumes of spring gave way to the fuller, richer scents of summer. The humming of bees filled the garden, the snow went from the heights, and night after night one heard through the open window the piping of the feathered hosts following the silver highway of the river to their summer haunts. Often I saw Horseshoe on the nest. They seemed to take shifts—prompt to the minutes, only Kreet's shifts were much longer. If the other failed to appear when his or her turn came, the bird on the nest would stir uneasily, and finally get up and walk away, whereupon the other would immediately take up the duties.

Horseshoe was an ideal father, and when, at the end of three weeks, seven of the nine eggs chipped and hatched, his watchful anxiety for the little fluffy brood was never relaxing. He and Kreet had their separate parts to play. Kreet would remain with the chicks, while Horseshoe, as a rule, was a few feet away, generally on slightly higher ground than his family. The faintest unfamiliar sound and up would go his head, at which Kreet would flatten down and watch him. Should he give a second warning Kreet would hand it on to the chicks, at which they would scuttle back to her and hide under her wings, or perchance if the danger were imminent, as for example, one day when a peregrine falcon glided high over the house—each tiny ball of fluff would crouch just where it was, resembling a minute clod of earth or a pebble.

Thus they wandered out of the garden and into the paddock, and thereafter I saw less of them. One evening, however, I was in the garden when a commotion over the fence attracted my notice, and looking up I saw what I took to be a little yellow dog chasing a rabbit down the boundary. The day was deepening into dusk, and in the purple twilight the sounds seemed immensely loud on the tense quietude. As the two drew nearer, I discovered that the rabbit was one of the adult partridges, falling head over heels and dragging its wings as though mortally wounded, while just behind it, almost catching the bird at every bound but never quite, the little yellow dog proved itself to be a fox cub of that winter. I watched with interest, till eventually the bird, having somersaulted and tumbled fully ninety yards, rose into the air with a strong burr of wings, made a detour of two fields, then finally circled around towards the top end of the paddock from which it had been disturbed. Then, the danger having been diverted, it joined its mate and chicks, while the deceived young Reynard made its way mystified and crestfallen back towards his native heights.

Yet once again, ere the woolly brood was a-wing, did the parent birds illustrate brave devotion. Very early each morning they were accustomed to crossing the highway to visit the silver birch grove beyond, and one morning when the whole family was in the centre of the road, a motor car suddenly rounded the bend at high speed. Horseshoe at once rose into the air with loud "bicker" and "churr," intent, evidently, on attracting attention to himself, and fluttering along ahead of the car he was evidently satisfied in his success. They were pursuing him which was all that he wanted! As for Kreet—she refused to leave her brood, and the poor little creatures, strugging and falling in the dust, had little chance of succeeding in their attempt to outdistance the vehicle. On it came with screaming brakes, the driver cleverly contriving to drive over the brood without touching them with the wheels, and Kreet, the little devoted mother, let him drive over her too, her little ones bunched around her, knowing that if she rose and flew they would scatter. She emerged unharmed, yet but for a lucky chance she would have given her life for her chicks!

There followed a period of heavy thunder storms which played sad havoc with the game birds all up and down. I put up a coop near to Kreet's nest, hoping that she would avail herself of the shelter of it, but no, she chose to be independent of man, and when I turned in with the humid sultry dusk, a flash of lightning lit for a moment the whole vivid scene. It was like a photographic impression on the mind, and pondering over it after the darkness had again closed in, I recalled having seen Kreet during that momentary flash sitting quite close to the coop with her wings outspread to shelter her chicks.

It was an awful night, and when day came fresh and clear, the gravel paths and the flower beds no longer observed their respective territories. The whole place was a silted quagmire, and Kreet—Kreet was not there!

That morning I found four of her pretty little brood lying where the flood had drifted them, and I feared that the whole family would have perished. But no, later in the day there was Kreet with the pathetic little remnants of her family, caring for the two tiny mites with all her former solicitude, while Horseshoe was watching diligently from a mound near by.

But ere their wing feathers were properly formed, inexorable Nature was to claim yet another of the brood. It was a wet summer, I say, and one day I found the little fellow quite near to where he had been hatched lying dead. Examination revealed the fact that he had been weighed down and exhausted by the little pellets of wet clay clinging to his infant down. The more he had drooped, the more rapidly had the clay accumulated, and thus Kreet and Horseshoe were left but one.

They went out of my life now. Often at sundown I heard them, that cheery, musical "kree-wheat" which seems a very part of the evening quietude. Sometimes I saw Horseshoe standing erect against the crimson skyline, calling, calling, and I knew that his mate and their sole surviving charge were somewhere just below him. How the scene lives in one's memory—the gold and crimson of sunset, the indigo of the distant hills, and that lone, romantic little sentry, standing there amidst the quiet grandeur of it all—calling, calling, that sound so essentially fragrant of the quiet dusks of this land of ours!

And so, the sunsets fading, in fact but never in reality, the weeks drifted by, and the leaves of the rowan borrowed a new splendour from that memory of summer sunsets.

One day, early in September, I was walking up the fallow accompanied by a chum when the dogs came to a set opposite my friend. He was a young man, but what he lacked in experience he absolutely made up in keenness. As he advanced three partridges rose from the grass. The cock bird was the first to rise with the usual wild commotion, closely followed by his wife, and third, a bad third, fluttering on feeble wings, all unworthy of a worthy huntsman's prowess—as are so many young partridges in the early season—came their chick.

The youth raised his gun and fired, and the young bird fell—no longer to adorn the "histie stubble-field"—a mere pulp of gory feathers, of little value to man. He fired again, but the two old birds flew on, sailing, gliding over the dark fallow, glorious in their unfettered freedom. Then I saw the male bird check himself in his flight. I thought at first that he was wounded. He uttered the old "chee-witt" rally call, turned and came back in a sweeping circle, calling as he flew. Straight towards me he flew—he who knew the deadly meaning of the weapon in my hands, and over my head he swerved, a wonderful breast shot, and then pelted on—on and over the bluff, on and over the place where the chick lay dead.

Why did Horseshoe turn back? Why did he choose to risk again that hail of death, dealt with thunder and lightning from afar? Need one wonder? Need one ask? Had all his loving watchfulness been in vain? If so, well might he face once more a peril no greater than he had faced, wittingly unflinching, many times that summer, in order to divert it from those he loved.

He came perhaps to help—perhaps only

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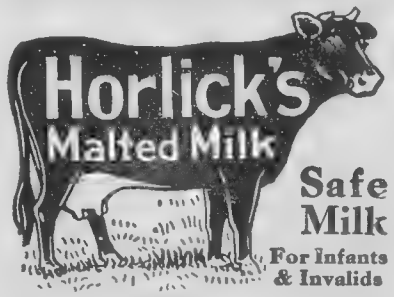

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The Land of Howling Dogs

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Indian dogs scoured the village half-starving, and at night rendered the dark hours hideous with their uncanny howls.

In the train going north on the writer's last visit, we had several Indians heading out for the trapping grounds, and opposite myself sat an ancient specimen of the first lords of the north, who proved an interesting companion. The old man was garbed in an excessively dirty coat, and the usual decrepit pants suspended by a colored waistband, both of which threatened to fall to the ground on the slightest provocation, according to the natives mode of clothing their persons. The old gentleman was very pleased with the world in general; he had succeeded in obtaining credit in Lac La Biche for 20 pounds of flour, some matches, tobacco and tea, and he confided the fact that it was the intention of his family to indulge in the monster tea-dance, once the head of the house returned to the ancestral tee-pee. He was a very wealthy man according to his description. He owned two dogs — very good dogs— they pulled his cariole in the winter and bore packs in the summer. In addition to which he had a cow, a very unusual appendage for an Indian hunter. This cow like-wise appeared to be of general utility as it supplied milk at times, and when the dogs could not be found for moving camp in the open season, the bovine filled the breach and was packed with all the worldy goods of my friend.

As between one gentleman and another travelling north, I tendered the ancient one oranges, crackers, cheese and so on, all of which were cordially accepted. Not to be outdone the old man presently intimated that it was his intention to return the compliment in a suitable manner, and to do so he produced an extremely dirty package. Disrobed of several layers of rags this at length revealed itself as a tin which contained some dark liquid. This the Big Chief proffered with a bland smile as between gentlemen acquainted with the customs of the north, at the same time tokening the fact that it was a rare brew, well matured and seasonable to the occasion. It was tea; that is to say it had originally been tea, with I should say an admixture of onions and cabbage. I would gladly have given $10 to refuse the draught, but with the old gentleman viewing my seeming delight at the quaffing of this ambrosia of the Gods nothing remained but to brave death. I put my lips close together, closed my nostrils and pretended to gulp heavily, then tendered the can to its owner with a beam of amiability. Following this I was informed by the host that the liquid originally hailed from an eating house in Lac La Biche from which he had retrieved it a full week since, and that he was reserving this liquid treasure for the forthcoming tea dance.

Shortly afterwards the train halted to allow the old chap to descend to his camp — to smoke begrimed tee-pees against a setting of spruce trees, with in the foreground a gaunt cow nibbling reflectively at the willow bush. With the arrival of the train his better half galloped forth madly, and on beholding the flour and tea went into what must represent the phlegmatic ecstasies of the Indian. The old pair promptly made for the lodges, and while the engine halted to take water from a creek, voluminous smoke from the cooking fire announced that preparations for the long looked for tea dance were to be at last realized, and that no doubt the family would thoroughly relish the abominable compound from La Biche.

Within ten miles or so from the railhead the scenery changes; instead of the limitless swamps the train runs out on to high burned over ridges and follows the sharp descent along the valley of Deep Creek to Waterways. Eight miles further on is the ancient post of Fort McMurray but for the time being at least Waterways is the end of the world. In expectation of the railway McMurray built and preened itself, but all in vain, and this year the canoes for the trapper, the schooners for the Eskimo, and all the varied freight for the post to the Arctic circle will be unloaded at Waterways. Warehouses are building on the waterfront for the various transportation companies; the H.B.C. has recently built there the largest storehouse in the north, and everything points to the fact that the town will be a hive of activity in the spring.

Ten miles from Waterways—leaving open rolling country for river bottom. New grade completed last season.

Waterways is situated on a wide river flat covered with dense timber; each building site must be cleared before a house can be erected, and there are many drawbacks, but the fact remains that it is situated on navigable water for the steamers, which will be loaded direct from cars. Now there is war in the north, the old conflict of town versus town. It is a dangerous subject and as per chance the writer will be visiting those parts in the near future, a suitable silence were best for a man who perchance may need a dog team or a canoe in a hurry.

At the present time Waterways boasts of 20 log buildings more or less. There is a pool room, a lady barber, a jeweller and other essentials of modern civilization in addition to the ubiquitous dog. As the train pulled in and the Mackinaw clad populace gave the hearty and friendly northern greeting to friends and strangers alike, the mail dog train owned by the Northern Trading Company pulled in with a jingle of bells, was shortly loaded with the precious letters for all posts as far north as the Arctic circle, and with a casual and low-spoken "Mushon" was swallowed up in the twilight. The dogs from Waterways or McMurray carry the mail to fort Smith on the Alberta boundry, and from there to the Arctic circle fresh relays are picked up at every post. In front of the team goes the "fore-runner" breaking the trail for the

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New Radium Bearing Fields Discovered

Conuinued from page 3

hospitals that have 500 or more milligrams of radium, results are being obtained daily that unquestionably will not be duplicated elsewhere until equal quantities are available."

Dr. Alexander S. Russelll, says in his book, "The Industry of Radio-Active Substances, 1918:" The results obtained by treating cancer with radium have been astonishingly successful. In all cases the condition of the patient is relieved. In the worst cases radioactive preparations when applied to the diseased part, have acted as local anaesthetic in removing the pain. In several cases every sign of the cancer has been completely removed. Experiments have been in progress for a short time only, and therefore a considerable time must be allowed to elapse before even the most successfully treated case can be described as a cure."

Considerabe controversy has arisen among medical men as to whether radium does actually cure. On both sides of the argument are many eminent names; leaving this entirely out of cosideration here, the fact remains that radium, at least has done so much to relieve suffering of people with cancer that a need for a greater production is unquestionable.

Development Work Must Be Done

At the present writing no estimate of the possible radium yield of the newly discovered British Columbia fields can be made. Although the radio-active rocks occur over considerable area, development work must be done to establish the value of the find. Four grammes of radium represent the output of the Czecho-Slovakian Government mine for a year, and no less than 300 tons of uranium are required to produce one gramme of radium. Under these circumstances a lot of British Columbia rock will have to be handled to ascertain the exact value of the field However, when it is remembered tha 2 grammes of radium are worth in tne neighborhood of $350,000, the developing of the new fields has immense possibilities. Particularly is this true because radium fields are so few and limited of output. At present in the entire world the following places are yield ing radium: Cornwall England. Uranium ore has been worked for some time. Joachunathal, Bohemia. One of the most important districts yielding uranium ores. Gilpin County, Colorado. Ores from this district are not plentiful but unusually radio-active. Although low-grade, this is now the principal source of radium in the United States.

Mr. Neave's Odyssey led him to traverse on the North American continent not only miles of the coast of the mainland and adjoining islands, but the regions ajoining Roseland, Kaslo, Goat River, Cranbrook and Fort Steele in the interior. He covered the mountainous regions of Montana, Idaho and Washington State on foot. These labors occupied nearly four years. Going north he spent two years in Alaska and the Yukon.

Much Adventure—

A complete relation of the adventures he encountered, and the many odd things seen by the way is impossible in the limited scope of an article, nothing short of a two volume work would do justice to the facts. A few incidents are however chosen from the many and here set forth.

Mr. Neave's first attempt at finding radium on the coast of British Columbia was made on Cape Cook, Brooks Peninsula, the most inaccessible part of the West coast of Vancouver Island. The Peninsula is a rectangular stretch nine mile long and five miles in width projecting southward into the Pacific. It is surrounded by rocky shores rising abruptly to at least two thousand feet. Extending seaward are most dangerous reefs, and black rocky fangs can be seen miles from shore surrounded by foam. The whole peninsula is a series of mountains and deep valleys almost impossible to explore so dense is the vegetation and rugged the rocks. The full force of the Pacific breaks on these shores and as is to be expected the backbone of the peninsula is of a particularly hard igneous rock or it would have disappeared long ago. Passing steamers give this shore a wide berth. and those desirous of visiting Cape Cook must land by dory brought up on the "Maquinna" the one passenger steamer plying regularly along this caost. Only occasionally is it possible to land at all, and then the dory must be handled by experienced men. The region is quite uninhabited. Stores had to be taken off the Maquinna when steamer plying regularly along this coast. weather permitted. As a rule the coast ing steamer on the up trip would pass where the prospector and his companions were camped about three or four in the morning and would whistle when two or three miles off.

"We would be sleeping warm and comfortable at the time, then some one of us hearing the whistle, would shout "Steamer!" Then out we had to get, and run for the dory, taking our waterproof mail bag with us. To ensure the safety of the dory it had to be dragged a quarter of a mile up a creek. For weeks at a time the weather would be so bad the steamer would pass miles out to ea and not attempt to communicate with us. When we did go to meet her the dory had to be dragged down the shallow creek, a long wading through icy water, then an almost equal length of pushing through the surf until she was well afloat, then a row through tossing waves a mile or more to the steamer. Transferring the mails and taking on stores was a life-risking operation in the heavy swell as the ship's guard rail had to be avoided, or it would have pushed the dory under. One minute it would be up in the air beyond our reach, then down it would would come and go under water. Transferring had to be done quickly when the steamer was about half way, or on an even keel. Then came the long row back through tier after tier of reefs and breakers, in the winter mornings the phosphorescence of the foam the only light to guide us. The beach near where the prospector lived was a veritable wonder spot, a beachcomber's paradise, without any beachcombers. Wreckage gathered by the great Japan Current and local ones, or from ships which had broken up on the beach, lined the shore for several miles. The variety of things washed up was remarkable. Broken boats, thousands of feet of good lumber red wood ties from California, gasoline drums, empty and full, large pieces of cod fish, bitten in two by the sea lions on Solander Island, oars, spars, anchors (Mr. Neave found two each weighing nearly a ton) chain cable, yards of cast iron, brass lined pumps, railway bridges and rails, barrels of pork, cases of tinned salmon and countless strange nuts and roots brought from the tropics by the Japan current.

Several great caves were found, some too far in to explore as the prospectors had not suitable lights. In one cave near Cape Cook, and nearly opposite Solander Island, the remains of a woman were found, the bones much scattered by animals, but long hair and a number four, stylish, high-heeled boot were still there to indicate a modern woman. In the centre of the floor of the cave was a large heap of periwinkle and mussel shells, the only food she could get. On the hill above the cave two poles were fastened together in the shape of a cross to attract attention. No more dreadful suffering can be imagined than that which this solitary shipwrecked woman must have endured on this uninhabited, rockbound shore as she slowly starved to death within sound, and sometimes doubtless in sight of, passing steamers.

A most peculiar thing in connection with the region was the unusual vegetation. The hemlock trees in particular were afflicted with most unsightly branches, being tapered the wrong way, that is the branches gradually increased in size as they left the trunk, and ended in enormus masses of rootlike branches, bearing normal twigs and foliage. This was not here and there but whole forests of them. Other trees and shrubs occasionally exhibited the same peculiarity, noticeably the huckleberry. Two or three new plants were discovered. The wild pea-vine grows to such a size

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MILDRED HARRIS

ALICE BRADY

VIOLA DANA

CORINNE GRIFFITH

ANITA STEWART

BETTY COMPSON

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright. Fresh-Looking Hair

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

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It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly — always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any pharmacy or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations—be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

MAKES YOUR HAIR BEAUTIFUL

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
TRADE MARK
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
MADE IN CANADA

Wishing for sleep is a poor way to get it

A LITTLE wisdom in the daytime is a better assurance of rest than any amount of anxious wishing when nerves are a-jangle at night.

What you do at noon often has more influence on sleep than what you want and hope for, at midnight.

Tea and coffee's drug element, caffeine, whips up the nerves, and when its use is continued there's usually a penalty which no amount of mental effort can avoid.

The part of wisdom, as so many thousands have found, is to turn away from nerve-stimulation and adopt rich, delicious Postum as the mealtime drink. Postum delights the taste, but brings no disturbance to nerves or digestion. Even the little children can share in the enjoyment of Postum at any meal.

It's better to anticipate warnings than to be driven by them.

It's better to encourage and preserve sound nerves and complete health than to listen to the clock ticks at night and say, "I wish!"

You can get Postum wherever good food or drink is sold and served. An order today may be the beginning, for you, of the great satisfaction and comfort which so many others have found in Postum.

Your grocer has both forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum *for* Health

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ESTABLISHED 1883

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Whether it is Piano, Player-Piano, Phonograph, Organ or lesser instrument such as Violin, Saxophone, Cornet, etc., that you require, the House of McLean has made provisions for easy payments. You can enjoy the instrument of your desire, paying for it while you play.

Write, stating the instrument you are interested in, and we will send particulars, prices and terms.

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THE HOME OF THE HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO AND THE VICTROLA
329 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG

Vanity is a Healthy Sign

By E. G. Bayne

Where is the centre of woman's vanity —in the head, the feet or the heart? The milliners say the head, the shoemakers the feet and mankind in general declares the heart the guilty organ.

"Have you ever watched a woman trying to squeeze a number five foot into a number three shoe?" asks the clerk in the footware department of a large store.

Then he tells you that Canadian women are noted for their small feet but even where a woman whose pedals are tooting for the minimum size sets out to buy shoes she insists on a tight fit of a misses' shoe with the low heel replaced by a smart high one, or else she purchases a narrow number two and stuffs the toe wih wadding. The oldest form of vanity the world knows has feet for its basis yet much of the scorn of large feet has died due no doubt, in part, to the athletic life many women lead nowadays.

But the happy possession of a small foot need not, necessarily, argue an overweening vanity, and in any case give ear to the milliners:

"A woman may get careless with her feet and still take a healthy interest in what goes on her head." was the opinion of one. "Though really," she added, "with such short skirts as have been the vogue you don't see many badly-run-down shoes, now do you?"

"When a woman doesn't care what she puts on her head," said another, a woman of 20 years' experience in hat selling, "then it's time she was buried!"

"Be vain and you will be happy." declared a third, and this one coined an epigram.

It's our vanity that keeps us alive, men and women alike. Did anyone imagine we were going to omit the men in this little treatise on vanity?

From primitive ages up man has been animated by what we may call show-off instincts. He has been engaged in a more or less constant search for a chance to strut, and many men have never recovered from this impulse. Nose-rings and savage head-dress were among the first manifestations. In due course came powdered wigs. The modern lodge and secret society is a kind of outlet for the ego, a throw-back to the days when men adorned themselves with feathers and gold braid and went forth to be kow-towed to and in this dolling up as Grand Exalted Chief or Lord High Mucky-Muck. Man gratifies the vanity that was born in him with Adam. Wives should regard lodge night as a blessing for without the safety-valve it provides life with their liege lords would be unlivable.

Trace the course of this instinct from its earliest beginnings. These are its consecutive phases:

The small boy who wants to be a policeman when he grows up, who glories in wiggling his ears—this calls for talent and sets him apart from and above his fellows—and who delights in dressing up in paint and feathers and playing Indian Chief. The first pair of long pants and the first down on the lip. The progression to drum-beater in the village band marks the next step. Running for mayor. Buying a car that perhaps he can't afford. Or there's the man who always tries to occupy the centre seat in a group photo, the man who gets up at a revival meeting and boasts of a dark past, the man who wears a dress suit when he'd rather not for fear people might think he didn't own one. Some men's vanity displays itself in over-coats with fur collars such as a certain type of actors favour, or in diamonds as large as the headlights on a locomotive. A curious twist in man's vanity makes him proud to wheel a double-sized go-cart containing twins, where he'd feel half ashamed to be thus seen with one baby! Yet, is it incomprehensible? No, because the source of his satisfaction and pride lies in the fact that only one man in twenty thousand owns twins.

Vanity thrives luxuriantly in such offices as head church usher, second-lieutenancies, third-assistant-vice-presidencies. It is also seen in the craving for titles, for a little brief authority, and in the vulgar display of affluence of some men grown suddenly rich.

But passing on and away from man himself we find vanity expressing itself in man's possessions. He cuts the ears of one breed of dog, the tail of another. He bobs his horse's tail. He hangs jewelry on his wife and daughter. He glories in his ability to keep his women folk stylish and idle. His car he decorates with pennants. He travels with trunks and valises very much be-labelled.

Even should he lose his mind the vanity inborn in him persists in the form of hallucinations. He fancies himself Napoleon, the Emperor Nero or Alexander. He imagines people conspiring against him.

And even in death—the handsome casket, the solemn pomp, and later the impressive monument, needless and unlovely! From the cradle to the grave all is vanity.

Our vanities make us take ourselves so seriously at times that we don't know how funny we are. Not everyone is as modest as he appears to be. Let us not be fooled. Each of us has his weak spot in an apparently solid armour. And it's not a bad thing, after all, for without our little vanities life wouldn't be worth the living. Vanity dwells not in feet nor in head but in the heart. Have we not deduced that much at least?

A Message to Western Home Monthly Readers

Continued from page 6

reaching out catching and straining the invisible masses of food with which sea water is crowded. A group of these things which look like grapes shows the stomach and another similar set are the organs of reproduction—marvelous indeed is this blind-looking, sunset pink mass which journeys over the unfathomable leagues. There it encounters food and all the tiny blue threads wave and creep. There—it meets some unknown enemy and all the stinging threads work swiftly among the blue masses to defend it—afloat alone on the boundless ocean—an ocean vibrant with screeching winds and roaring waves, and this seemingly defenseless mass lives on—to prove the power of the Creator. At rest it seems to lie upon its side, but Laddie counterfeited the ocean winds and blew upon it and it promptly raised itself upright as if to resent the warm current of air. There it floats in its miniature sea of salt water and we bipeds sit wondering at it. Luckily a fisherman comes in who tells me that he has seen them floating along out at sea and a friend of his who was with him put his hand down and picked up one of the odd pink floating things and they had to bring him ashore he was poisoned so badly—but like all these jelly contained poisons he was free from pain within a few hours. I know of a school or colony of these strange sea creatures being swept ashore among a merry group of swimmers and they poisoned the whole crowd and laid them up—usually in 12 hours the suffering ceased.

Laddie tells me that a heavy surf was rushing in on the beach and he wondered how the fragile thing came ashore without being pounded to fragments—No! there it sat in its bed of sand as seemingly comfortable as if it was a few thousand miles off shore. It is wonderful to see it lower the crest and lay on its side and then by simply shrinking one side, erect the big rose pink air vessel—and the wondrous mystery-ship is ready again for sea. By holding the ear very close you can hear a crinkling sound as the airbag changes its shape—again it shrinks to half its length and rests comfortably upon its delicate side—and the young naturalists carry the tub out and I bid goodbye to this marvelous living creature—as unsubstantial as a soap bubble.

Too Late

Of stories about Whistler there is no end.

Lady Butler tells in an English weekly of the time when a duke commissioned him to paint his wife and infant son. Whistler began the portrait and after a while announced that no more sittings were necessary, and that the finished work would be sent home in a few days; but days, weeks, months, years passed, and still the duke could not get his picture. When at last he met Whistler in Pall Mall one afternoon the artist said:

"I find that one more sitting is necessary. If the duchess will bring the baby to my studio some day next week —"

"The duchess," the duke interrupted, "will be most happy to give you another sitting. The baby, however, is in the Guards."

A TALE OF MARY ELLEN

By Elmer Mills

"MARY ELLEN," young Mrs. Elton looked out from the back porch where she was ironing, "If you pick up that little chicken again, I shall shut you up in the turkey pen. So remember."

Mary Ellen, aged five, dropped the chicken with a bang. For three days now, this same identical chicken had been a stumbling block for Mary Ellen's straight and narrow path. Evidently it had eaten something injurious to its small fowl system—Mary Ellen had hinted feeding it dried currants—for it had loped around with drooping head and tiny sagging wings, under everyone's feet, and as a sure proof of it's indisposition, it hadn't energy enough to seek the shelter of the berry patch with the other chicks when Mary Ellen appeared in the back yard. In the berry patch the low hanging stalks formed a safe retreat for the refugees, for Mary Ellen had discovered that although the berry patch was not forbidden ground, it was prickly.

The chicken, finding itself on the ground again, slowly regained an upright position, and let forth a series of pathetic peeps. Then it closed it's eyes and sagged over to one side.

Mary Ellen looked at it in disgust. Mary Ellen with the primitive ideas of the survival of the fittest still in her untaught little mind, openly admired any display of strength and energy, and just as openly detested any such a manifestation of frailty and lifelessness as this.

She looked up towards the back porch; Mrs. Elton had just gone into the kitchen to change irons. Mary Ellen bent over with fingers outstretched.

"Mary Ellen," the screen door slammed. "What did I say?"

Mary Ellen straightened up immediately.

"You'd better come up here, Mary Ellen," Mrs. Elton warned, going back to the ironing board. "If you stay there, that chicken will surely get you into trouble."

Mrs. Elton did not value the chicken only as it stood for an object lesson in an episode of her small daughter's moral training. The chicken was an undersized, weak, little mite, anyway, she told herself as she ironed the creases out of her best waist, and it would save her much trouble if it saw fit to die now, but she had no intention of allowing Mary Ellen to be it's executioner.

Mary Ellen kept an eye upon her mother. Very carefully, so carefully in fact, that the movement was scarcely perceptible, her small stubby toed shoe approached the chicken, ever so slowly gaining ground and courage simultaneously, she pushed it along the gravel. At first it moved obediently and apparently indifferently, but it soon toppled over with a feeble little cheep.

Mrs. Elton had a good sense of hearing, and her sight was of the best. In the popular phrase, she had taken it all in. Mary Ellen heard the porch door swing to, and instinct warned her what to anticipate.

"Poor 'ittle ticken," she bent down and stroked the tiny tail with a chubby finger.

Mrs. Elton caught her by the shoulder.

"Oh, your sudden awakened sympathy won't save you Mary Ellen. I saw your foot tormenting that poor chicken ,and you knew very well what was in store for you. Now you will keep Mr. Gobbler company for forty minutes."

Mary Ellen walked beside her mother without hesitation towards the big wire enclosure, reserved for the use of the pet turkey. Stoically she knew she was receiving what she deserved, and must make the best of it. Mary Ellen was never rebellious, her sense of justice could not tolerate rebelliousness. Her parents had impressed that lesson on the little mind as soon as it could grasp things understandingly. If she disobeyed, then the just result must be inexorable. She even opened the wire door for herself and walked in.

"Did you know, Mary Ellen," Mrs. Elton slid the little wooden bar in place. "that this is the third time this week that you have been in here. And today's only Wednesday? You'll miss Grandma Radcliffe's visit, too, for she isn't going to stop very long this afternoon, and of course she wouldn't like to see you here. You won't get any tea cakes, either. And I made spice ones, too this morning."

Mrs. Elton never ended these maternal little remarks with 'now aren't you ashamed of yourself, Mary Ellen?, for she knew it would be wrong, because Mary Ellen wouldn't be ashamed, and would say she wasn't. Mary Ellen was frank, and below the childish strain of primitiveness was a loving tender nature. Mrs. Elton would be patient, and in a few days after, most unexpectedly Mary Ellen would tell her that she had been a naughty girl to have done it. This was the child's way of repenting, and her parents were content with her way.

Mary Ellen watched her mother go up the path. The syringa bush cut off her view from the screened part of the porch, so it was only in the intervals when her mother changed irons that glimpses of each other could be caught.

The shade of the big horse-chestnut tree made it pleasantly cool, and the grass was invitingly green and soft. If Mary Ellen had been a story book child she would have laid down and had a nice afternoon nap, but Mary Ellen went to bed every night at promptly seven o'clock, and slept soundly bang up until six the next morning, and never felt sleepy in mid-afternoon.

She turned her attention to Mr. Gobbler. In the course of the summer, Mr. Gobbler had become familiar with having a fellow prisoner. The hole in which he had buried himself was cool and comfortable. He probably saw no reason why he sould force himself into her attention. So he ignored her completely.

But Mary Ellen was otherwise inclined. The glossy, green-black neck of the turkey fascinated her. What a long neck it was. She idly wondered if his legs were as long as his neck. She shoved him with her hands. Mr. Gobbler refused to budge, he didn't even open his eyes.

Mary Ellen though she wasn't a good example herself, always liked obedience in others, and insisted upon it when she could. "Shoo—Shoo."

Mr. Gobbler stood up and shook the dirt from his feathers. Then he deliberatley picked a tender blade of young grass, swallowed it and gobbled.

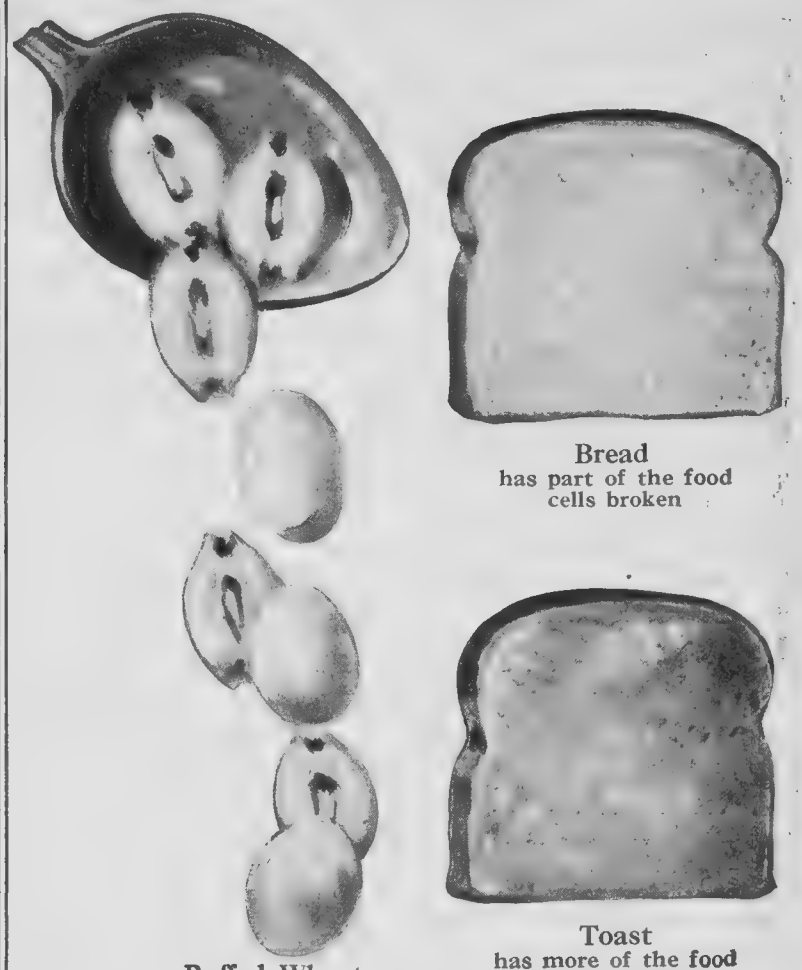
His gobble wasn't very well developed yet; it was more like a frog croak than a healthy full sized turkey gobble. Still, he was proud of it, and felt everyone should be impressed by it.

Mary Ellen wasn't impressed. She didn't even know he expected it of her. But it would not have been any difference if she had. Mary Ellen was natural.

His whole attitude of general listlessness and lifelessness exasperated her. The idea of a five months old turkey gobbler being so lacking in energy as he! She clapped her hands and waved her dress at him, and rushed towards him. He retreated a few steps, then turned and looked at her foolishly and gobbled.

Mary Ellen clapped her hands again, and waved her dress. Mr. Gobbler this time showed no fright, but leisurely scratched his head with his foot.

It was too much . Mary Ellen made a sudden dash and caught the bronze neck in a tight grasp. Mr. Gobbler struggled, but Mary Ellen took after her New England ancestors for her grip, and held on, nothing further from her mind than the thought that she might possibly injure him; but she wanted him to cease struggling, it was a sign of rebelliousness, and Mary Ellen was obstinate enough to squeeze his



Puffed Wheat
has all of the food cells broken

Bread
has part of the food cells broken

Toast
has more of the food cells broken

Why We Explode

every food cell in Puffed Grains

Over 125 million food cells exist in a grain of wheat. All must be broken to digest.

In bread you break part of them—in toast you break more. But Puffed Wheat alone breaks them all.

Grains shot from guns

Prof. A. P. Anderson studied for years to make whole grains wholly digestible.

He did it at last by sealing the grains in guns, then supplying an hour of fearful heat. Thus the moisture in each food cell is changed to super-heated steam.

When the guns are shot, every food cell explodes. All become available as food.

More than cereal tidbits

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are delightful dainties. You never tasted cereals so good. They are bubble grains, airy, flimsy and toasted as flavory as nuts. They seem like food confections.

But they are also whole grains, supplying 16 needed elements. Every element is fitted to feed. The greatest food you can serve a child is Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk. But serve them Puffed Rice also. That is the morning dish.

Puffed Rice
Whole rice puffed to bubbles

PuffedWheat
Whole wheat steam exploded. Puffed to 8 times normal size

Puffed Rice
With cream and sugar is the finest breakfast dainty children ever get.

The Quaker Oats Company *Sole Makers*

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Fairy acknowledges no rival.

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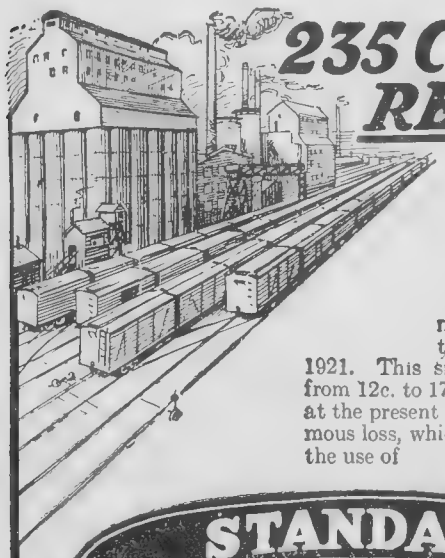

235 Cars of Wheat REJECTED — on account of SMUT

This is the report of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange for the three months ending Nov. 30th, 1921. This smutted wheat was discounted from 12c. to 17c. a bushel on the market, and at the present low prices, represents an enormous loss, which could have been avoided by the use of

STANDARD FORMALDEHYDE KILLS SMUT

In the corresponding period in 1920—only 135 cars were rejected. The increased loss in 1921 is accounted for by the fact that only 5/8 as much Standard Formaldehyde was used in 1921 as was used in 1920. Farmers who sought to economize, by not using formaldehyde lost many times its cost, in smutted crops.

Take no unnecessary chances this year. Get a 2 lb., 5 lb or 10 lb. jug of Standard Formaldehyde from your dealer. 1 lb. will treat 40 bus. of seed grain, and guarantee freedom from **Smut.**

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20

neck until he found out the uselessness of struggling. Pretty soon he grew quieter, but Mary Ellen thought it wise to be sure his lesson was well taught. She squeezed him a little tighter.

"Mary Ellen Elton!" Grandma Radcliffe, a stout middle-aged lady, in an afternoon gown of lavender, stood not a yard away, waving a parasol in horror. "What are you doing, you terrible child? Strangling the turkey? Drop it at once."

Mr. Gobbler fell to the ground with a dull thud. He lay very peacefully where he fell. Mary Ellen wasn't exactly afraid of her Grandmother Radcliffe, but she had cause to realize from experience that Mrs. Radcliffe was a personage to be respectfully obeyed. She stood up and looked at her relative without any expression of emotion on her face.

"Mary Ellen don't look at me in that blank fashion," Mrs. Radcliffe said sharply. "Don't you know what you've done? You've strangled your father's pet turkey and goodness knows what he'll do to you. If you were mine, I know what I'd do. Now pick up that turkey at once, and bring it to the kitchen."

Mary Ellen picked up the motionless bird and trudged up the path behind her grandmother. She wasn't thinking about what would happen to her when her father got home, but thoughts of how lonesome she'd be without the clumsy young gobbler following her every step, made her a little sad.

Mrs. Radcliffe stopped outside the back porch.

"Let me take it," she demanded briskly. "I guess you made a thorough job of it, all right," she said grimly, as she took it gingerly and examined it, "and there's nothing more to do but to pick it, as I see. The sooner its plucked, the better. "Mary Ellen," she turned to her granddaughter, "you sit right down on this step and sit there until I come out. I am fetching your mother."

But she met Mrs. Elton in the kitchen doorway. Mrs. Elton had finished ironing and had changed from her house dress into a cool summery afternoon frock. She followed Mrs. Radcliffe out on the porch.

"There," Mrs. Radcliffe pointed to the turkey, and then at Mary Ellen with an accusing finger.

"Mother—Why Mary Ellen, what have you been doing?" Mrs. Elton stood in amazement.

"Ole Mister Gobbler dead." Mary Ellen's pathetic tone had tears in it.

"Mister Gobbler dead!" Mrs. Elton hurried out and inspected the still, motionless bird upon the step, jabbing it with her finger. "Why Mary Ellen, how did it happen? Do you think it was the sun, mother?" turning to Mrs. Radcliffe anxiously.

"The sun!" the elder lady sniffed significantly. "Using a foolish pun, I should say it was the daughter. When I reached the wire coop where you keep it, I found Mary Ellen just about finishing him by strangulation."

"Mary Ellen strangled him? Whatever did you do that for Mary Ellen?"

Mrs. Radcliffe sniffed again, this time indignantly. "Now, Eleanor, I don't want to interfere with your method of bringing up your child, of course, but if she was mine, I wouldn't ask her why she did things. A child of that age doesn't ever have any particular reason for doing things; it just does them out of sheer love of cruelty and maliciousness—I know—I've had children."

Mrs. Elton laughed: "And you also were a child, mother. I remember of hearing grandmother tell of you putting a kitten in a stovepipe once, and it was only that night that you were saying your prayers that you confessed."

"But the kitten didn't die," Mrs. Radcliffe declared emphatically.

"If there had been a fire in the stove it would have though." Mrs. Elton bent over the prostrate heap of feathers and jabbed her fingers into them. "But perhaps Mr. Gobbler isn't really dead—"

"Mr. Gobbler!" Mrs. Radcliffe sniffed disapprovingly. "You and Robert exasperate me so by adopting all Mary Ellen's pet titles. Mr. Gobbler! Dead? Of course its dead. You never saw a live turkey in such a position, did you, with his neck hanging loosely down like that?"

"Mister Gobbler were a lazy, lazy turkey," Mary Ellen suddenly explained

"Oh, that's the difficulty, eh, Mary Ellen?" Mrs. Elton brightened considerably. "Mr. Gobbler didn't show sufficient energy to please you, so you strangled him to teach him a lesson?"

"Eleanor, if you intend to use this fowl, you'll have to pick it, and put it upon ice, immediately," Mrs. Radcliffe began energetically. "You hand me an apron and I'll pick it."

"But mother, I always scald fowls first."

"And I never scald them at all," firmly. "I'm doing this now, so I'll do it the best way. It picks a little harder, but it looks better after its done."

Mrs. Elton hurried to the kitchen and brought out an apron.

Mr Gobbler blinked he eyes!" Mary Ellen suddenly informed them. Mary Ellen had been a close observer of everything, and she had sharp eyes.

Mrs. Radcliffe ignored her. Putting the apron on, she placed Mr. Gobbler with a little thump upon the top step and commenced plucking him. She was short work of it.

"He leg moved" Mary Ellen exclaimed, pointing to the guilty limb.

Mrs. Radcliffe rubbed the smooth surface of the fowls back with her right hand:

"There, Eleanor, don't tell me that could be done better if it had been scalded first. It's too bad it's dead, of course, but you'll have a fine Sunday dinner."

"And poor Robert doted so much on that lone turkey," Mrs. Elton said with a look of regret. "He sent away for ten eggs to set ,and this one was the only one to survive."

"He leg moved!" Mary Ellen sang out, dancing in her eagerness. "He leg moved. And he eye blunked again."

Just then the front door bell rang long and loudly.

"It's Bob," exclaimed Mrs. Elton. "He's home early today. I'll go and let him in."

"And I must be going," Mrs. Radcliffe declared, untying her apron. "Take this fowl, Eleanor, and put it in the ice box, you can singe it when you heat water for tea." Then she bent over Mary Ellen.

Mary Ellen meekly put up her face for her grandmather to kiss. It was a formality she had to observe at such times. She rather liked to be kissed by her grandmother, though, for that lady was very fastidious about cleaning her teeth before she went calling, and she used a highly scented powder which Mary Ellen adored. Mary Ellen, herself, had to use a powder that had no odor.

Mrs Elton with the turkey followed her mother into the kitchen.

Mary Ellen heard the ice box door slam. She knew the next time she would see Mr. Gobbler would be on Sunday's dinner table. She would demand the piece of meat with the most bones, as usual, because she liked to pick them up in her fingers and make a lot of noise sucking them. But she knew that she would receive some white meat or a drumstick as she always did.

She heard voices in the front hall, coming to the back. She recognized the voices, and she had a good idea of what the subject of their conversation would be, and didn't stand when they came out. She turned her head in an opposite direction.

"Mary Ellen," Robert Elton, showing tiny humorous lines around his boyish eyes, pulled up his trouser legs, revealing green silk socks above his cordovan shoe tops, and sat down on the top step. He was very young, in years, in optimism, and in his general viewpoint of life. And he reflected youthfulness. He was successful in his profession, too, and happy in his home life. and he radiated content.

"Mary Ellen," he repeated, looking into the little face that was upturned regarding him, "what's this I hear about you providing our Sunday dinner? Tell me all about it, please."

"I was bad, for I teased the 'ittle ticken who didn't move and I was shut up with Mr. Gobbler, and," Mary Ellen began the recital frankly, "and ole Mr. Gobbler he lay in the hole and dig dirt, and I—"

A clatter of things falling, in a smothered way, was heard coming from the pantry.

Mrs. Elton grasped her mother's arm: "It came from the ice-box, mother. You don't suppose—"

"Nonsense. You didn't put it on the shelf securely," Mrs. Radcliffe led the way to the ice-box, and flung open the door decisively. "There, you see" she began, and looked into the box herself—"Well, I never—""

Hunched over, nearly double, stood Mr. Gobbler. The frigid temperature had revived him, and he had allowed his neck to forage around as far as possible in his cramped position. The remains of his foraging lay at his feet.

Robert Elton picked up Mary Ellen and buried his face under her chin:

"There mother, there Eleanor, if you had listened to her when she told you that she saw life in Mr. Gobbler, he wouldn't have to go minus his feathers for the next two months. What a villainous looking object he is now, isn't he?" as the turkey without haste or fright stepped to the floor, and in characteristic turkey fashion began to stratch his head.

"Well now, isn't that providential?" Mrs. Radcliffe suddenly exclaimed. "I have just finished knitting my first sweater, and I find it was so small no child, even, let alone a woman of my size, could ever wear it. Mary Ellen, you come home with me and get it. It'll just about fit that turkey, I think. And I made some cookies today, Mary Ellen, too. Spice ones."

Mary Ellen, with a smile all her own, clasped the gloved hand, and danced off down the path beside her grandmother.

New Radium Bearing Fields Discovered

Continued from page 11

that the peas were used as food, being quite as large as ordinary garden ones. Mink, marten, cougar, elk, bear and smaller deer inhabited the region. Fish abounded and an hour's fishing often brought the prospector a couple of two hundred pound halibut. In one lagoon the prospector found very ancient remains of peculiar fish traps made of stone, possibly the work of a long departed people different from the Indians of the present day.

The Good Launch "Repentance"—

Here is a description of the prospector's return to civilization after two years spent in this region, told almost as he described it. A gas-boat had come to take him back. Shortly after embarking on this a storm came up: "but as there was absolutely no shelter we had to keep on. The seas were now rising and the following storm blotted out the little remaining light of the setting sun. Plunging into a stretch of seething water, skirting rocks and whirlpools it looked hopeless to try to get through. The seas were running high, and in the trough black-jagged rocks appeared Yet we missed them each time, apparently by inches. The old launch wallowed along answering her helm very sluggishly until it started to miss-fire, then stopped. Evidently water had got into the wiring or the gasoline. Recognizing that if we were once broached to, nothing could save us, my son and I ran forward and dragged up the remnants of a tattered sail thereby giving her headway to steer by. Returning to the engine we found the cheerful idiot, the owner, striking matches near the carburetor to see what was wrong, as it was now quite dark. The bilge simply reeked with gasoline, from the numerous leaks in the gas pipes and tank. Yet strange to say the boat had not caught fire, and the man actually got the old engine running again. The things men do with gas boats of ancient lineage on stormy seas equals the miracles of old.

By this time foam was flying over from stem to stern, but driven by wind and gasoline we made around the Cape and presently into calmer water, making our port, Quatsino Wharf, by morning. Then the old launch having done so much, suddenly gave in, started to sink without warning . We pulled on the lines and ragged her on the beach just as she settled. Later on in the day I found the stern so entirely rotten that I could pick pieces out and powder the wood up in my hands. The owner gave the stem a good pull, and the whole stern down to the keel came away in his hands. The name of this launch was "Repentance," and when I think of the storm she carried us through I no longer say anything is impossible of happening in this strange world."

Some years later in 1920, Mr. Neave found the first indications of radio-activity in his long search, on Tahish Inlet on the west coast of Vancouver island. During his stay there he came came upon a strange Indian named Doctor Jim, and his wife, both living in banishment forever from their tribe, the Nootka Indians. The story of Doctor Jim, as told by Mr. Neave, is one unique and highly interesting to students of enthology, for these happenings took place in the present century within a hundred miles of a modern city. "Dr." Jim and his wife were living alone far from any other people. He had formerly been in practice among the Nootka Indians, but was not very well up in anatomy. One young woman having a tickling in her throat called in "Doctor" Jim. The Doctor, not having any surgical instruments, took out his knife and performed an operation to remove a red spot on her throat. But while digging around, the woman's jugular vein got in the way and she died in a few minutes. The other Indians were very much annoyed and said things to cause "Doctor" Jim to throw up his practice. Then a few weeks later "Doctor" Jim's wife committed the heinous crime of giving birth to twins, the punishment for this terrible action among the Nootka Indians being death for both mother and children. But some white men happening to be there at the time they managed to save the woman's life. The woman was however, banished from the tribe. "Doctor" Jim was kept in confinement for some time for his share in the "crime", but finally released through the efforts of the white men, and joined his "wicked" wife at the head of the Inlet where the prospector found them while searching for radium. In searching for radium an electroscope is one instrument used. This is extremely expensive and delicate. In order to continue his work Mr. Neave, not being in possession of one at the time, set about inventing a substitute which he succeeded in manufacturing. It proved highly satisfactory. It consisted of a small glass jar with a rubber cork, through which passed a metal rod. On the rod and inside the bottle a piece of gold leaf was suspended by the centre. The rod and gold leaf were charged with electricity generated by rubbing a piece of ebonite with a silk handkerchief and this causes the two ends of gold leaf to fly apart. In a little time the gold leaf slowly drops to its original position, but if a radio-active rock is brought near the instrument, the gold-leaf drops suddenly.

Brief History of Radium

The Canadian Province of British Columbia has proven a treasure trove in a great variety of mineral wealth. The finding of radium-bearing rock now opens up possibilities of a still more brilliant future.

The following is a brief history of radium: This 20th century discovery, isolated with extreme difficulty from its ore compounds, is worth about $3,200,000 an ounce, with at the present time only some three ounces in the entire world. New York State recently purchased about one-twelfth of the available supply of pure radium at the price of $225,000. This is for the use of surgeons of that state in the treatment of cancer and other diseases. In New York a national radium bank has been established, whose "capital" is an infinitesimal amount of radium, which the bank loans out for a fair sum to responsible medical men. Radium was discovered by Henri

Continued on page 56

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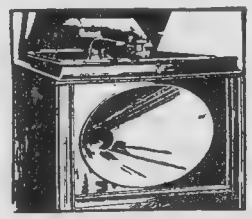

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A Maiden's Sacrifice

By Mrs. Alexander Webber.

THE story of the noble Indian maiden the beautiful dark-eyed Malabam, can never die. Whenever hearts are brave and the blood tingles with tales of courage, this story of devotion will be related. Over five hundred years ago, on the bank of the Ouangondy, now the St. John River, in New Brunswick, stood a large Indian village of the warlike Malicite Indians. From below came the roar of the Great Falls, where the river leaped over a rocky precipice full eighty feet in height. It was summer and peace reigned on every side. Fields of maize waved in the breeze, and children played around the doors of the wigwams. Warriors lolled in the shade while their wives performed the simple work around the camps. The time of warfare was over, for peace had been made with their old enemy, the Mohawks and the hatchet had been buried. There were beautiful maidens in the village, but none could compare in gracefulness of form, perfection of feature, and clearness of eye with Malabeam, daughter of the noted warrior, the strong Sakotis. In every lodge she was a welcome guest, and the young braves vied with one another in their efforts to win her affection. One day Sakotis and his daughter pushed their canoe little into the Ouangondy, stepped lightly aboard, and paddled slowly up the stream against the swift current. When several miles from the village they came to an island where they went ashore to spend the day.

THE Sun was shining brightly, their hearts were happy, and no sense of fear had they as they sat under the shade of a large tree or picked the wild berries which grew on the island. Suddenly, without a note of warning the warhoops of the Mohawks fell upon their ears. Sakotis sprang forward to face the foe and protect his daughter. He had taken only a few steps, however, ere a sharp flint-tipped arrow pierced his breast and he fell head long upon the ground. Malabeam was by his side in an instant. She partly raised him from the earth, she looked into his eyes and called to him to speak to her. But her pleadings were in vain, for the deadly arrow head too surely performed its task, and Sakotis was dead.

Leaping to her feet the maiden turned toward the murderers as they came bounding forth through the forest. Horrible were they in their war-paint and terrible were their yells of victory. With savage delight they surrounded Malabeam and then bound her fast lest she should escape. Thus, throughout that long summer day, the maiden remained by her dead father in the midst of the cruel enemy. Her heart was very heavy, for she well realized that the Mohawks were on their way to the Malicite village above the Great Falls. When the sun had set, she knew, they would advance and fall upon her unsuspecting people. She pictured the fearful slaughter which would take place and what horrible things the morning sun would reveal. Among the Mohawks was a warrior who knew the language of the Malicites. Approaching Malabeam, he said, "the Mohawks wish to go to your father's town as soon as the sun sinks beyond the tops of the trees. They have never been there, so they wish the Malicite maiden to lead the way in her bark canoe. If she does this her life will be spared, and she shall have a Mohawk brave for her husband, but if she refuses she will either be tortured or, what is worse, she will be made a slave."

The captive's eyes flashed with a dangerous light and her heart beat rapidly as she listened to the warrior's words. But her voice was calm as she replied: "Malabeam does not wish to become a slave, so she will guide the warriors to her father's village and she will wed a Mohawk brave. But the river is swift and rough, so keep the canoes together and Malabeam will show the way."

When night fell, three Mohawk warriors launched out upon the swift Ouangondy. Their canoes were all fastened together, and the warrior who knew Malabeam's language wielded the forward paddle in her canoe.

CHANTING their war-song the Indians swept onward into the night, and stealthily they advanced upon the silent village. When the great falls were but a mile away a strange, ominous sound fell upon their ears, and, questioningly they turned to Malabeam to ascertain its meaning. "It is only a rushing stream," she replied, "which joins the Ouangondy some distance beyond." Thus reassured, they bent to their paddles and continued on their way. But louder and louder grew the sounds ahead, the river raced like a mill-sluice and white foam-wreaths lined the shore.

Then Malabeam sprang to her feet, and steady herself in the reeling canoe, cried triumphantly to the Indians around her; "Listen, you Mohawks warriors, you are speeding forward on death's dark tide. Never shall your wives weep over your graves, never shall the earth cover your bodies. Come to your doom, you Mohawks and Malabeam will lead the way." Seizing her paddle she drove it into the water, and with a tremendous bound her canoe pleaped over the Great Falls into the seething death below. Following her came the three hundred Mohawk warriors, who, when it was too late, realized how they had been led by this maiden, not to victory but to destruction.

Next morning many bodies of the Mohawks were seen by the Malicites, strewn along the shore below the Great Falls. But of Malabeam no trace was ever found. Her grave was the dark, swift water of the Ouangondy. Although over five hundred years have passed since then, the Malicites still tell, around their camp fires, the story of Malabeam's sacrifice, and hearts thrill, as of old, as all listen to the tale of the brave maiden who gave up her life to save her people.

The Land of Howling Dogs

Continued from page 10

huskies; all day long the hike, with but short stops for boiling the kettle and "smoke-ohs." At night the dogs get their ration of fish, and if they be the genuine huskie will curl up in the snow indepedent of all creature comforts, but if of more civilized strain will during the night crouch near the campfire and endeavor to encroach on the blankets of their masters, likewise sleeping in the open.

All day long they trot steadily forward, the one link of communication in all the great Lone Land. With bells jingling and whips cracking they enter the scattered posts to be received with acclamation by the trader, and with snaps and snarls from their fellow canines. All down the bleak reaches of the frozen Mackenzie they travel steadily day after day, paying but scant need to the wolf cries of their cousins of the woods and Barrens; their one aim in life is to keep going until sundown when they know that a frozen fish awaits them after 30 or 40 miles travel.

Every post announces their arrival with a chorus of mournful notes; going and coming their movements are signalled by sounds which clearly convey the message of "This is the Land of Howling Dogs."

Double Check

The fallacy known as "arguing in a circle" is not restricted to logic, as the following story from the Evening Post indicates.

An astronomer who was erecting a telescope in Egypt learned that a gun was fired every day at noon. Desiring to know how accurately the gun was fired, he asked the gunner how he knew just when to give the signal.

"Oh, I look at my watch," replied the gunner.

"And how do you correct your watch?"

"I take it to the watchmaker in Cairo, and he tells me the error."

When the astronomer asked the watchmaker how he kept his own time right the man replied, "I always get the correct time from the gun."

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Cottage Wanted

By John Leroy Carter

HAINT yuh goin' to marry me. Daisy? Yuh promised yuh would." There was pleading in Jake Herron's eyes as well as his voice as he spoke. For three years the stalwart young head sawyer at Lawton's mill and Daisy Welker, the pretty daughter of one of Lawton's mill hands, had been sweethearts; but now something had come between them.

That something was Reggy Lawton, the mill owner's son. Reggy was home from college for the summer vacation and was whiling away his time at one of his father's mills. He boarded with Old Jim Welker and his pretty ways quite turned Daisy's head when he began paying her attention.

Jake sensing that all was not going well was urging Daisy to marry him as she had promised. Daisy sought to put him off.

"Yuh aint got no house ready fur me, Jake," she objected.

"Yuh know Old Lawton'll have one built for me any time yuh want it," he encountered.

"I aint goin' to marry no mill hand and live in one of Old Lawton's shacks," she flashed back.

"Daisy, yuh been livin' in one of Lawton's shacks all your life." Jake reminded her. "Anyway yuh know I aint goin' to stay around the sawmill much longer. Yuh know I've about finished that course in automobile repairin' I've been takin' by mail. I've got so I fixed up nearly all of Lawton's lumber trucks now; and when I get through the course I aim to go over to Mountain View and work awhile for Jud Sutherlin till I get some more practice. Then I'll start a shop of my own. I've got enough money saved up to do it too. Yuh know I get good wages for head sawin' an' I've been savin' every cent I could for a long time now.

"Honey," he pleaded, "if yuh'll just marry me yuh won't have to live in a mill shack at all, so yuh won't. Jud told me I could begin workin' for him any time I wanted, an' we'll go right over to Mountain View an' set up housekeepin' in a cottage I saw for rent there. Won't yuh go with me, honey?"

But his pleadings were in vain. Daisy had visions higher than the simple cottage Jake could provide in the little county seat town. She remained obdurate in spite of his pleadings and her promise.

Jake went back to his boarding house with his head bowed. He loved Daisy and her words stung him deeply. With bitterness he reflected that she had never asked anything better of him than a mill shack before Reggy Lawton began boarding at the Welkers.

"It wouldn't be so bad if she really loved him," he told himself fiercely. "But she don't; she loves me; I know she does. A girl like Daisy couldn't ever love that yellow skunk. He ain't a man like his dad. He's just a dictionary of pretty words sorta done up in a man's shape, an' a girl like Daisy couldn't no ways near be happy with him in spite of his dad's money."

Jake slept little that night and felt little like going to work the next morning. However he yielded to the foreman's entreaties and took his accustomed place in the mill.

That afternoon when Reggy suggested to Daisy that they go walking Daisy with deliberate cruelty manoeuvred that they should pass near where Jake was working.

"Howdy Jake." She called as they passed near him.

Jake pretended neither to see nor hear them as he fiercely swung a lever over and sent the log against the saw.

"Think's she's smart showing off that way." he ground out between clenched teeth. But when they were past him he looked lovingly at the girl.

"Gosh, aint she got a pretty figger." he muttered. "An' she loves me too, but I reckon she's goin' to marry that he doll 'count of his pretty ways."

Two hours later Jake saw Daisy and

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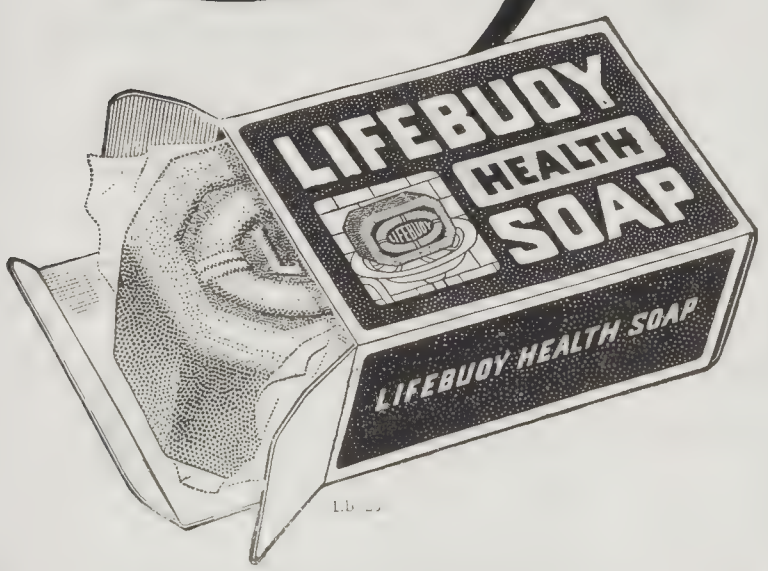

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her companion returning. Daisy had her hand tucked confidingly through Reggy's arm. Jake intended to let them pass as he had before but set his teeth and lifted his face defiantly as he saw them turn from the road and come toward him. He set the blocks carefully, swung the carriage lever over, watched till the saw began biting its way through the log, then turned to face the approaching couple

"Howdy Jake." Daisy spoke somewhat condescendingly. "We thought we would come by and——"

She did not finish the sentence. There was a crash of metal behind Jake and the whir of gears suddenly released from their load. The large circular saw had broken. Jake threw carriage and shaft out of gear and stood dazedly looking at the wreck. The foreman of the mill came running up. He was angered that the son of the mill owner should have witnessed the disaster and determined to lay all the blame on Jake.

"You brainless idiot," be bellowed "don't you know how to run a saw? If you can't run a saw 'thout tearin' up the mill then get out and let somebody that can. You'll pay for this, you damned greenhorn. I'll make——

The foreman had no chance to further divulge his intentions.

"That'll be enough of that." Jake said sternly as he took a menacing step toward the foreman. "There is a lady hearin' yuh swear. Yes, Jim Burton, someone that mebby knows how to run a saw is goin' to have a chance at runnin' this one. I've done quit sawmillin.'

"Reckon yuh have changed your mind since morin,' haint yuh?

"Member how when I asked yuh to let me lay off today 'cause I wa'nt feelin' well, yuh said yuh couldn't get any one to take my place.

"Yuh know it wasn't my fault that saw broke. I told yuh time and again that saw had a flaw in it. Now yuh can get a new saw and a new sawyer I'm done."

Jake turned and began picking up his coat and hat.

Daisy's cheeks flamed with indignation at the foreman's words and her eyes shone with approval at Jake's reply.

"Ah, behold, the young hero vents his righteous indignation by quitting the job." she heard a sneering voice at her side.

In a flash she saw her two suitors in contrast; the one strong, straightforward, manly, a worker; the other sneering, hypocritical, a parasite.

"He done just right." she started to reply hotly but the words froze upon her lips and instead there issued a scream of terror.

The men looked in the direction her eyes were fixed and saw coming along the road the horror of the hills, a mad dog. The poor beast was in the last stages of the disease. One eye had already burst from its socket; the other bulged frightfully. The crazed creature snapped constantly with its frothing mouth at the flies which swarmed about its head—and toddling with out-stretched arms to meet the dog was little two year old Mary Welker, Daisy's idolized baby sister.

"Pitty doddie, tummin play wi' baby" they heard her say.

The foreman stood on the mill platform frozen with horror.

"Climb on the platform." Reggy cried to Daisy. Gone were his pretty ways. He sprang up to safety beside the foreman without offering to help Daisy.

Daisy, however, was not seeking the safety of the mill platform. She sprang toward her sister. Her foot caught on a slab and sent her sprawling. Before she touched the ground a form shot over her. When she raised her face the hands of the toddler were less than a yard from those horrible frothing snapping jaws. Then Jake Harmon's powerful form struck the brute and man and dog were down in a heap at the side of road. She saw the muscles of his bare arms heave and swell as with set face he struggled with the dog. She could do nothing but pray, and pray she did, though perhaps not in strictly orthodox fashion.

"O God," she cried, "don't let him get bit. He's the best man on earth, Don't let it bite him. Please, God don't let him be killed. O, please don't God."

Slowly the dog ceased its struggles and when at last Jake rose to his feet it lay still.

Daisy leaped to her feet and ran to him. The child thoroughly frightened by the struggle stood in the road screaming frantically. Jake swung the child to his arms.

"O Jake, Jake, did it bite you?" Daisy cried.

"There, there Little Sister, Jake's got yuh an' nothin' can't hurt yuh now." Jake soothed the child, then to Daisy—"Naw, it didn't have no chance to bite me. I got it by the throat the first grab."

"O, I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad, Jake." Daisy repeated hysterically.

"Come on, Daisy. Let us go to the house." Reggy called from the mill platform.

"You go on. I'm comin' with Jake." she answered, then she turned to Jake.

"I've been a fool an' don't deserve it," she said, "but if you still want to, I wish you would rent that cottage you was talkin' about last night."

MY COUNTRY—MY PRAYER

Where shines the sun the fairest? Tell me brother.
On Canada, our Canada, our land.
Of all the lands there is not any other.
Like Canada, our Canada, so grand.

Men! Listen to the thunder of the serf
Upon her coast,
Then you'll know it is no wonder that
Canadians should boast.
Of the flag they're living under when
They make to it a toast.

For it flies above a land
Which is grand
And will stand
To the end of time a work divine
From God's own hand.

Where blows the breeze the freest? Tell me brother,
In Canada, our Canada, our land.
Do you think that you could find another mother,
Like Canada, our Canada, so grand.

When you smell the sweet aroma of her great majestic pines,
When you see the glowing sunset as upon her lakes it shines,
Then all that's good within you with the great outdoors combines.

To improve your pulsing heart
To impart
And to start
A greater love for God above
And nature's art.

Where thrives the mind the greatest? Tell me brother,
In Canada, our Canada, our land.
No thought that's good within her bounds need smother,
Thank Canada, our Canada, so grand.

She's as free as air and water, from Prince Rupert to Cape Race,
Not within her far flung boundaries will you ever find a place,
Where liberty and love and light don't set for her the pace.

For she is a land that's free
As can be
And may she
Guard my ways all the days
I shall see.

David Siddal.

An Ancient Race

An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries. "Ah, weel," said Sandy, "they toor down an auld castle in Scotland and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was known there hoondreds o' years ago." "Well," said Pat, "they toor down an old castle in Oireland, and there was no wires found undher it, which shows they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds av years ago."

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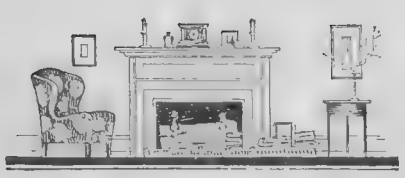
How We Made Over The Old House

By Bertha Lee



WE HAD always encouraged our children to bring their playmates home so that we might know for ourselves the kind of friends they were making. And now that they had attained the age where they were being entertained at the homes of their boy and girl friends—and desired to return the hospitality—they were taking more notice of things around the house, and on more than one occasion Betty, at least, had spoken of something as being "dreadfully old-fashioned". I had been thinking the matter over for some time, and the conclusion reached was that very soon we would have to endeavour to remodel the old home. It had taken all our small surplus to keep the children neatly dressed and give them the education we desired them to have, without spending more than absolutely necessary on ourselves and the house.

The climax came the evening 15-year-old Betty returned from a party given at the home of Dorothy Misner, one of her high-school friends. The Misners were not well off, but were known to have a very tastefully furnished home. While Betty was undressing, I sat on the side of her bed and listened to the girlish chatter of the glorious time they had been having.

"And oh, mother!" she said, "We had such a lovely time. They have the prettiest little home. There is nothing wonderful about it, but everything is so fresh and dainty. And the floors! Oh, mummy, I just slid around all over, although I tried to act as if I had been brought up on polished floors. Dorothy told me that her dad and brother scraped and re-finished the floors themselves, and that it cost them next to nothing. She said the floors were in very poor shape when they moved in." Then, a little wistfully: "I wish we could do something to fix up this old place. Everything looks so dull and shabby."

WHEN young people begin to criticize the old home, it is time for parents to look around and try to see things through the children's eyes. They must be made happy and content if we want to keep them with us at the home fireside. With this remark of Betty's I realized that our little girl was not just as proud of her home as she might be, and this would never do. more close figuring in order to fix up more close figuring in order to gx up the house and keep our little family satisfied with their home.

We had often talked of our dream house and the nice home we were going to buy when the children grew up. But business had not been very promising for the past two or three years and we could not pick up and buy a new home at a moment's notice. Still there were a great many things that could be done to make the old place more attractive. On talking the matter over with daddy the following day, we decided that we could spare a little money for this purpose, and by doing the work ourselves—if our plans did not miscarry—our money would go further and great things would be accomplished. But it would mean a good deal of hard work.

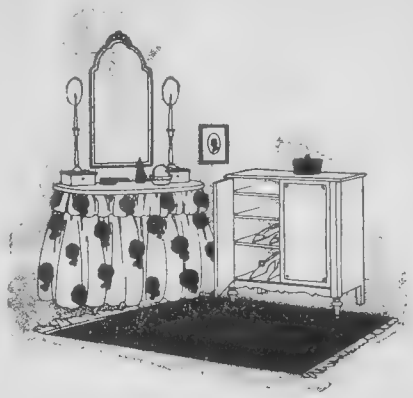
Betty and our 16-year-old son, Tommy, were wild over the idea, and promised to do all they could to help. So with three able-bodied helpers I felt quite hopeful of results.

The Renovatng Commences.

AS THE living-room is the most "lived in" room of the house, we started with it. The walls had been tinted green the last time they had been done, and had never been very attractive. So we set to work and washed them off thoroughly, leaving the walls as clean as possible. Any cracks that appeared were filled with plaster, and, after sizing the walls, we painted them with a soft tan toned flat wall paint. The roof we finished in a deep cream. The woodwork was sandpapered, washed, and revarnished.

Then came the floor. Fortunately it was a hardwood floor, but it was badly in need of varnishing. We washed it thoroughly with a weak solution of ammonia and clear cold water to remove all the dirt and grease. It was then sandpapered with fine sandpaper, and here I might mention that we were told to rub straight and with the grain, as a circular or cross-grain motion would show through the finishing coat, Then a fresh coat of varnish was applied. When this had hardened, the floor was waxed, and we could hardly believe our eyes at the change we had wrought. We treated the hall in the same manner. I don't think any of us will ever forget the time and labour spent on the stairway, but it was certainly worth it. The kitchen walls were washed down and redone in a cream flat paint, which could easily be washed off when soiled, and the woodwork, which had been painted white, we re-painted and enamelled. The floor was just in its natural state with a covering of oilcloth. The oilcloth was pretty well worn, so we took it up, and after scrubbing, filling in the cracks with filler, and making as smooth as possible, we painted it a rich grey. I find it very easy to keep this floor clean, as it takes only a few minutes to wipe it off.

The most worn pieces of furniture in the living room and kitchen we sandpapered and revarnished. The other pieces were



given new life with liquid wax and a good deal of elbow grease. The curtains were freshly laundered, and it was surprising the difference the chintz side curtains made to the appearance of the living-room.

When all was finished, we were more than pleased with the result of our efforts.

WE RESTED for a week, and then started on the upstairs. The bedroom walls were washed down, and finish edin different light tints, with cream ceilings. The walls and ceilings were all done in flat wall paint that could be washed easily when soiled. The woodwork was re-enamelled white. The floors, which had previously been covered with well-worn carpets, were stained and waxed, and from the best parts of the carpets we made small rugs. Plain voile curtains combined with dainty chintz overdrapes made the windows most attractive. The bedroom furniture was treated in the same way as the living-room furniture—what we could revarnish and enamel, we did, and what we couldn't manage, we polished up with liquid wax.

The bathroom we finished in white enamel, tinting the walls a pretty delicate blue, and the ceiling ivory. The floor was also stained and waxed. Snowy white muslin curtains completed the transformation of this room.

It all took much longer to do than it takes me to tell of our undertakings, but I will say, as do the children and their daddy, that it was well worth the labour, and we were certainly surprised at the results of our work, being merely amateurs at the job.

In conclusion I would just like to pass on to those of you who may be thinking of decorating a new house, or redecorating the old one, the following rules as a guide:

Interiors

WARM, luminous colours are to be preferred in poorly lighted or north rooms, while the colder tones can be used to advantage in rooms open to sunlight. Of course, the character of the furniture and hangings should largely influence the choice of colors for trim, walls and ceiling. When red predominates in curtains and hangings, for instance, cold colors may well be used, even in a north room, the warmth of the fittings correcting the bleak effect of walls and trim. The contrast of warm and cold tints, if handled with judgment, is sometimes very effective. The combination of mahogany trim with white walls, now so popular, illustrates this.

Admirable effects can be produced by combinations of either contrasting or harmonious colors, but when preparing a colour-scheme based on contrast, beware of extremes, particularly when dealing with the primary colors, red, yellow and blue. If a vivid red and a violent blue are placed side by side, the result is apt to be painful, but this can be corrected by the interposition of some dark neutral shade.

Tha same general rule for modifying apparent size by the use of colors applies to interiors as well as exteriors. Dark colors make a small room look smaller and vice versa, while the bad effect of an exceptionally high ceiling in a small room can be sensibly modified by "dropping the ceiling" or carrying the ceiling tint for a considerable distance down the side walls. On the other hand, by carrying the wall tint right up to the ceiling, the apparent height is increased.

Facts to Bear in Mind.

WOODWORK will be receptive to varnish or stain only when it is dry and warm.

Open-grained wood should be well filled before the varnish is applied, in order that the surface may be even.

Puttying should be done after the first coat. Sandpapering should be done lightly after each coat except the last, in order to keep a perfectly smooth surface.

All varnishing and enameling should be done with the temperature as nearly 70° F., as possible; never when the temperature is below 50°. The temperature should be kept as uniform as may be possible until the varnish has set.

Be careful to have the surface, whether of woodwork or floors, in perfect condition, i.e., dry and level; before varnishing.

If you must be economical, reduce the number of coats of varnish or paint; do not reduce the quality of the material.

Enamel solves the problem of what to do with old woodwork. It is beautiful, lends itself to proper decorative effects, and is easily kept clean.

Before putting the stain on the woodwork or floor it is well to select, if possible, a small board of the wood used; stain and finish it in the manner proposed, in order to be sure that the desired effect may be secured.

In the same way it is well to test the color for walls by painting a small board or panel and comparing it with the woodwork. This will show whether they will harmonize as well as give the effect on the wall. It is easier to modify materials before the work is really begun than to change after they are on the wall or woodwork.

Remember that it is not fair to expect one kind of varnish to do all kinds of work. One varnish is made to withstand the weather, and another to last for a lifetime on parlor or library woodwork. Procure varnish suited to each purpose.

While the floor is being varnished, the doors and windows should be closed and the temperature should be as nearly 70° as possible. Varnish is especially susceptible to chill, and is often ruined because care is not taken when the floor is being finished.

PAINTING THE OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE

FINISHING the house outside and inside, building and grounds, is largely a question of colors—of harmonies and pleasing contrasts. Nature supplies part of the effect and the home-maker must do the remainder.

Having thought out the general plans and considered the relations of house and grounds, much time should be given to working out the details even for a small house and lawn. Some of the most attractive homes are small and inexpensive. As everything else, remember, colors that appear well on one house may be disappointing on another. One house may look well with contrasts in body and trim, while the next should be of one color or at least have but slight differences in the color used. Large or grotesque ornaments and brilliant colors (bright reds, blues, yellows or greens) are out of place in house painting. The color problem, therefore, for exterior as well as interior is important.

Not every popular color can be used; different styles of architecture requiring different color treatment. Good lines, right proportions, proper arrangement—all may be destroyed by freak painting in wrong colors, and what otherwise would have been a joy forever, becomes a daily sorrow to friends and neibors, if not to the owner. Every neighborhood has some illustration of an otherwise excellent house made hideous by somebody's blunders in wrong colors or too many or bad combinations of body and trimming colors.

Certain color principles, therefore, should be remembered whether the painting problem has to do with the exterior or interior.

The primary colors, not including white or black, from standpoint of art, are three—blue, red and yellow. For example, by combining red and yellow, orange in various hues may be formed. Blue and yellow combined give green. Mixing white with colors gives tints. Mixing black with colors gives shades.

A lighter and a darker shade increase in difference when brought together. When a light color is placed next to a dark color, the light appears lighter than it is and the dark color darker. When red and green are placed side by side, the red appears redder than it actually is and the green greener. These differences become greater when seen from a little distance. This must be remembered when painting the exterior, and it explains why sometimes colors look different from what was expected. Shades and colors must seem to belong together. Colors may be inharmonious because they are too bright, and therefore too harsh; for example red and orange, blue and green, yellow and crimson, are bad combinations.

Harmony by gradual graduations of color is the most natural method of securing variety in decoration. The simplest harmony—the point to seek in home decoration—is that of tones of one color—they give a kinship to everything. Browns in shades from light to dark, buff in varying tints, greens in light and dark tones and other colors similarly used give most satisfaction.

Contrasts are often helpful, but care must be taken in choice of colors, as otherwise they will give harsh effects rather than harmony. The colors must be restful or they will really "make us tired." This restfulness is produced by low, dull colors, if contrasted, or harmony of likeness and unity between brighter colors.

The color scheme in general should not be too assertive. Loud colors are always offensive and very bright colors in contrasts are not good on exteriors. White, gray, soft greens and browns of various shades will always harmonize with nature.

Red is bold unless partially screened by planting. Brick is about the only excuse for introducing a red color

Continued on page 32

Save the Surface—*a form of Thrift vital to your property*

CONSERVATION of property is as sound thrift as putting money in the bank, or taking out an insurance policy. The annual property loss from deterioration far exceeds the loss from fire. Fire destroys only one out of every two hundred buildings. Rust and rot attack every building. Are you insured against them? If every owner painted his property when it needs painting, hundreds of millions of dollars would be saved annually to the nation.

The timely application of paint and varnish, in addition to improving appearance and sanitary conditions, extends the life of property almost indefinitely.

Think of the floors that are thirsting for paint and varnish—of the good furniture that is going to pieces for lack of surface protection—of the windows and doors that are warping and buckling, because of the dampness, which paint would keep out—of the cornices and fire escapes and screens that are rusting away!

You know whether or not your property needs painting. Get an estimate on the painting you ought to have done. See your local painter or paint dealer about it. Every day you put off painting costs you money. Do you believe in thrift? Good! Back up your belief. Do something about it.

TO-DAY it costs less to paint than it did. The cost of materials has led in the downward economic trend of manufactured products. But no matter what it costs, the fact remains that it always costs more not to paint than to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them. The logical time to paint and varnish is NOW.

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and chaste, heart-rending, yet soft, which can weep, sigh, and lament, chant pray and muse, or burst forth into joyous accents as none other can do."

Mendelssohn's Affections

Mendelssohn was one of the most lovable of men, gentle as his music, pure as the mountain stream. He had nothing Bohemian about him. Weaknesses he had, no doubt, but they were lovable, too. He had little coaxing ways with his friends, which made them love him with something of a child's love. When in company with Edward Devrient he would sometimes pronounce his name with an affectionate and lingering drawl, "Ed-e-ward," apropos of nothing in particular. He retained thru his life something of the impulsiveness and the simplicity of a child. He had a passion for cake and sweetmeats. Next to his own countrymen he loved the English. Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were among his warmest admirers, and the story is told how the Queen once sang some songs to his accompaniment at Buckingham Palace. She was not satisfied with her performance and said to Mendelssohn: "I can do better—ask Lablache (her singing master) if I can't. But I am afraid of you." She asked Mendelssohn how she was to thank him for accompanying her. He said he would like to see her sleeping children, and when this was granted, he kissed them, thinking, we may be sure of his own children at home.

Musical Notes

The Louisiana State Department of Education recently passed a resolution which provides that high school pupils studying music according to prescribed regulations under a certified teacher shall be eligible for school credits toward graduation.

Last year there were imported into South Africa 906 organs and harmoniums. Of these, 535 were sent from the United States, 177 from Canada, and 173 from Great Britain. Of the 4,064 pianos imported, Germany shipped 1,879, the United States 1,145, Great Britian 758, and Canada 163.

By the provisions of the new California school law the study of music will be required of all public school pupils from the age of six years until the completion of the high school term.

A boy's band is being formed among the Trail Rangers and Tuxis Boys' clubs of Windsor, Ont.

South Africa imported $367,730. worth of gramaphones last year. The largest share of this business went to Great Britain. Canada's share amounted to $2,180.

In a single recent month Canada imported sheet music to the value of $45,408, mostly from the United States.

Toronto musicians have formed a Chamber Music Society.

A writer in The London Times says that the performance each day of a musical masterpiece—say, at the end of the morning school assembly—would assist pupils to acquire a sense of music almost unconsciously.

Patriotism of Chopins Music

Chopin's early Polish life is reflected in his "polonaise." The "polonaise" is a typical Polish dance measure. Rather in fact it is a music composed for one of those semi-barbaric, wholly magnificent, processionals in which the Polish nobility used to show their splendor and their grace at those famous revelries in their castles. It was a dance and a procession in one—a sort of modernized Theoria, a winding chain of chivalry and beauty, in which knight and lady, paired in glittering couples, wended their way to music and laughter through the halls and grounds of some Polish noble's ancestral castle.

It was also a semi-military measure, and the crash of arms, the gallop of horses, and the shout of the army are always to be heard in it. The "Military Polonaise" can only be rightly played by a great Chopinist.

Chopin's early life is also reflected in his "Scherzos." The word Scherzo means "jest," but Chopin's Scherzo are bitter jests indeed. One of them interprets the overflowing of an ardent spirit chained to a frail body, crying out in tone his love for his bleeding native land, his Poland, which he could not express in deeds of battle, Chopin saw his Poland torn and bleeding, though we to-day see her once more free.

This Polish nobility, this deathless patriotism and national feeling that is everywhere in Chopin's music must be appreciated by all who could love Chopin aright.

Musical Notes from England

According to a London dispatch, the Princes of Wales took with him on his trip to India four specially-built snare and bass drums. The Prince is said to be an expert "Jazz" artist, having received lessons in London.

A musical lecturer is touring England giving addresses on "Folk songs of many lands," and illustrating his lecture by using gramophone records.

The organ in Christ Church, Newgate Street, London, is being renovated. It was built by Renatus in 1690 and remodelled in 1885. On this organ Mendelssohn played and Samuel Wesley gave his last recital. The church occupies part of the cite of the famous Grey Friars Church to which Dick Whittington gave a library.

The British popular song writers, says an English music publisher, are in a bad way, being unable, says the critic, to compete with their American cousins in either quality or quantity. He wants British songsters to get away from "rag-time" stuff and give good British songs like in the past.

More than ever English people are taking to the violin, which has considerably advanced in popularity within the past ten years.

The Church Music Committee of the Winchester diocese at a recent conference arrived at the conclusion that if music is to justify its pre-eminent place in church, the sense must always be supreme over sound.

An Evening With a Girl's Musical Club

It isn't anything new to hear of a group of highschool girls banding themselves together for the purpose of holding social evenings occasionally during the winter months, but it isn't often we hear of a number of girls getting together regularly every month for the serious study of music. This, however, is the case in a small town down in New Brunswick.

Seven girls of this town, all students of some particular musical instrument, take turns every Friday evening visiting each others' homes. Here, they get right down to business, as far as the study of music goes. This, it will perhaps be agreed, is rather remarkable in view of the fact that when girls meet in a clique, serious reflection often gives way to discussions of a lighter vein—for instance, discussions re clothes, fashions, dancing, boy friends, etc.

Each night one girl is responsible for the club's programme. She may conduct the "music study hour," as it is called, any way she sees fit.

The president of the group at an introductory meeting (which was of general nature) desirous of getting away to a good start, stated that she would be responsible for the first meeting. She decided to make the evening a sort of guessing contest. Each member was warned to come prepared to give a general outline of the life of some eminent composer, and to give it in such a way that, although it would be intelligible, yet would obscure, to a certain degree, the name of the composer. A copy of a musical history, it was announced, would be given to the one guessing the most names.

The president led off with the following story, which will serve to show the manner in which the descriptions were given: This man lived many years ago in a foreign country. We first hear of him as an orphan, with not much in the world but a violin, which he played sometimes when his brother was not around. Then we hear of a long journey he took for a certain purpose, and after that he became an organist himself and a composer. He married and moved to the city, where he was a teacher in a boys' school. He wrote a great many cantatas for these boys, some of whom were choir boys in a church nearby—he also wrote pieces for his wife to play and some for his children to practice.

He was not a good business man and he was also quite independent of royalty and publicity. He died poor and for many years his music was entirely forgotten, until an enthusiastic young German composer revived one of his greatest choral works. Today you see his name on nearly every concert program. Who was he? Answer—(Bach).

A group of girls in any community might well follow the line of musical study as here outlined.

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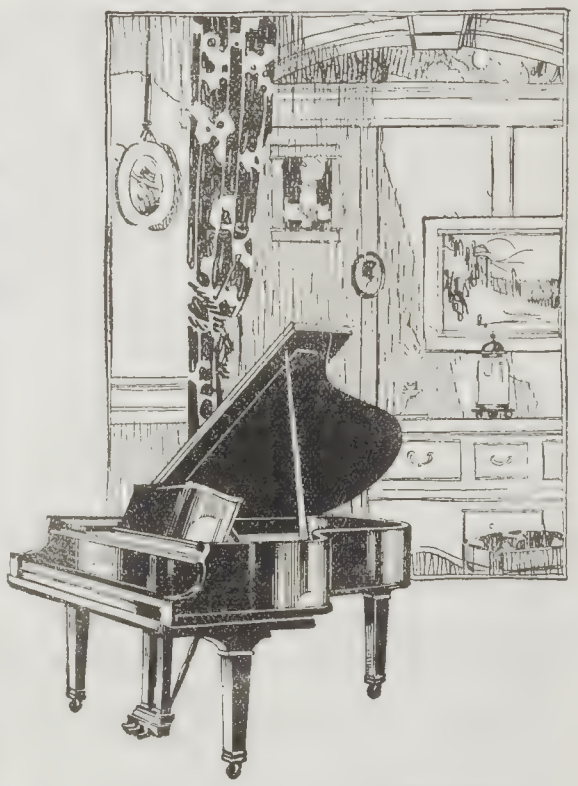

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WE HAVE REACHED THE SIXTH PHASE

Whenever you think of business conditions you naturally think of Roger Babson. Mr. Babson's views on economics are egarly looked for by business men all over the continent. As a life-long student of business and finance he has formed certain very definite conclusions regarding the regular ebb and flow of the tide of business. Mr. Babson believes that there are 12 distinct sections of every business movement. He enumerates them as follows:

1. Every business period begins at the peak of prosperity and is accompanied by large profits in business and high wages to the workers.
2. This is followed by a period of inefficiency, accompanied by a decline in bond prices.
3. Then we have a period of dishonesty and profiteering, accompanied be declining stock prices.
4. Then we have the periodical crime wave with declining commodity prices.
5. Lack of confidence is then everywhere apparent and general unemployment results.
6. This makes it necessary for people to cut down their living expenses, a general trade depression results and land values fall. This is the end of the downward movement and improved conditions usually commence at this point.
7. Thrift becomes more evident and money is more plentiful; interest rates go down; money is available for building and general development purposes. Business begins to get into its stride again.
8. At this stage a by-product of unemployment is plainly noticeable in the form of increased efficiency in the worker. Bond prices begin to increase.
9. People now become more honest in business; fairer prices are asked by both merchants and labor.
10. We can get a dollar in value for every dollar we spend. We are not able to do this in prosperous times.
11. This is followed by great activity in all lines, with labor fully employed.
12. The business period is now at an end. Extravagance and waste now take hold and we are ready to start on a new business period, commencing with section No. 1 outlined above.

When the situation is set out in such simple language we can readily see how accurate the description is. It is obvious that the change from one step to another in each business period is not so clearly traceable as it is in Mr. Babson's description but the broad trend of business is very plain and can be linked up with Mr. Babson's chart. It is generally agreed that we have reached the sixth phase of this business cycle in Western Canada and the seventh phase is just round the corner.

WHAT IS A BUCKET SHOP?

During the past month or so quite a number of stock exchanges from in New York and several in Canada have closed their doors. In addition, considerable publicity has been given to the activities of the "bucket shop" operators in New York and elsewhere.

What is a Bucket Shop? The New York Tribune describes it as follows: "A bucket shop has the outward physical setting of a brokerage office, where securities are bought and sold. But a bucket shop has the appearance without the reality. A man who trades through a bucket shop is ineffective because his agent fails to do what he is intended to do. Bucketing, ancient and modern, is based on the discovery that the average man's judgement of the future trend of market prices is likely to be wrong and the bucketeer unlike the reputable broker, makes all that his customers lose. And since bucketeers are faithless violators of the statutory law and of the ordinary principles of decency, they secretly and cunningly gear up their machinery to heighten the probabilities of loss to the customer. They have nothing to gain if their customers persistently profit and everything to gain if they loose.

Illicit brokerage throws party as a result of the imperfections in the legitimate financial machinery and particularly as a result of the greed of the public. Salvation lies in making the whole business of finance conform more precisely to the requirements of society, and also in education. For the ordinary individual, speculation, even when executed by honest brokers, is usually a profitless adventure, whereas sound investment is a reasonably sure road to the accumulation of the means of staying out of the poor house toward the end of an active life. Speculation involves unusual risk in the hope of making a huge profit. Investment, on the other hand, looks forward only to regular income and safety of principal."

A. D. DUNCAN
New Manager for Imperial Bank

A. D. Duncan has taken charge at Imperial Bank headquarters, Winnipeg, in succession to A. R. B. Hearn, now in command of the Montreal office. Mr. Duncan comes here from Saskatoon, where for twelve years he was Manager of the Bank's branch there. His banking career started in Winnipeg in 1900, and the Imperial Bank has commanded his activities since that date. After years of service as Manager at North Battleford, Medicine Hat, Rosthern, etc., he now returns to the scene of his apprenticeship, to occupy one of the most responsible positions in the gift of the Institution which he has served from boyhood.

Few bankers are more familiar with the West. He brings to his new position a knowledge of conditions which will be of interest and advantage to the Bank and its patrons. Mr. Duncan comes of a well-known Scottish home in Brantford, Ontario, in which city he received his elementary and commercial education, but at an early age he heard the lure of the West, and faced it with its problems and fortunes.

Miss Sarah Jeannette Duncan, the well-known Canadian authoress and playwright, now residing in London, England, is a sister.

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Customer. "Send me up twenty-five cents' worth of boiled ham."

Butcher. "All right, sir. Anything else?"

Customer. "Yes. If my wife isn't at home, tell the boy to put it through the keyhole!"

GOVERNMENT FARM LOANS

The extent to which Manitoba and Saskatchewan have embarked upon government long-term loans to farmers makes this field of activity of increasing importance. Manitoba has advanced over $6,000,000 through its farm loan board and Saskatchewan has advanced over $8,500,000.

The annual report of the Manitoba Farm Loans Association for 1921 shows that during the past year $1,626,000 was paid out to 722 applicants, making 2,348 loans totalling $6,147,650 paid out since the association commenced operations five years ago. Until a year ago the board charged 6% on its loans but at the 1921 session of Manitoba legislature the interest rate was increased to 7%.

Out of $296,000 due as at December 1, 1921, $200,00 has been collected leaving a balance of $96,000 which is being reduced every day.

The Saskatchewan Farm Loans Board report shows that shortage of funds has prevented the board from accepting all the loans applied for. Last June the board advised over 1,800 applicants that its funds were exhausted. It was hoped that collections last fall would have provided funds for many of these new loans, but poor collections destroyed this hope. The books were closed at the end of the year with a bank overdraft of $30,372 "and no money is in sight for future loaning."

When Hon. C. A. Dunning asked the Saskatchewan legislature for $4,000,000 to cover the board's activities during 1922, he asked for an opinion on whether the board should call a halt in its loaning. Harris Turner, member for Saskatoon, said that while the idea behind the loans was an excellent one he was of the opinion the scheme should not be continued and a halt be called at least for the next year. No private business would, he maintained continue making loans under the conditions with which the board was faced. He said he understood collections of interest had fallen down and that 37% of the total amount of interest which had come due since the scheme started was unpaid. Hon. J. A. Maharg asked whether the Government had considered raising the interest rate on farm loan debentures from 5½% to 6% and in reply Mr. Dunning said the matter had been discussed but it would lead to an increase in the rate to the borrower which the government was anxious to avoid. After considerable discussion the $4,000,000 asked for was voted.

The experiences of Saskatchewan and Manitoba in the government farm loan field show that one of the big problems they have had to face is the mental attitude of the borrower. Instead of exercising the greatest degree of loyalty towards the government, many of these borrowers have adopted the attitude that they need not worry about payment on their mortgages. The government does not need the money they cheerfully assure themselves.

THE BIG THREE

February witnessed a three-fold improvement in general business conditions. Sterling exchange reached the highest point it has touched during the past three years and Canadian exchange in New York duplicated this performance. The reduction of the Bank of England rate to 4½% was also announced. This rise in exchange and reduction in the bank rate, coupled with the steady increase in grain prices recorded during the month, indicate the gradual settling down of business conditions which is going on every day although we can hardly notice it. Great Britain is leading the way in the work of restoring confidence. Her trade is making great strides. January reports show that British exports for that month were greater than for any month in 1921. On the other hand the United States is faced with reduced trade, her January exports having dropped $17,215,000 as compared with December. The United States has to contend with many obstacles in building up foreign trade and including the premium on the American dollar and the high tariff on imports.

Anne, Vanessa and Doreen Had Been School Friends Together and when they married they made a compact:

"That Every Month—
For Twenty Years—
Each One—
Should Put Aside—
Ten Dollars—
To be Spent—
At the End of that Time—
On Her Dearest Desire."

Vanessa's Story

(Anne's will appear next month. Watch for it.)

Vanessa—
The Lucky Woman!—
Lived to see her children
Grow up and marry
And thrive—
Without actual need
Of cash.

* * *

But every year
She had paid the whole
Of her savings
Into
A Twenty-Year
Endowment Policy.

* * *

So the day came
When Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (with profits)
Was paid
Right Into Her Hand!

* * *

That night
(Looking at the lined face
Of her husband)
She said: "John.
Wouldn't you like
To take a Trip Abroad?"
Said John: "I'd like it better
Than anything that I know;
But I haven't 'the ready' at present
For anything like that."
"O, I wish we could go," said Vanessa,
"Now that you and I are left alone together.
You always promised me
That you would save
For such a trip."

* * *

"Several times I began to save"
Said John sadly.
"But once.
We needed the money
In the business.
Again—I had to lend it
To Brother Fred.
A third time I had to take it
For that operation—and after that
It didn't seem
Worth while."

* * *

Then Vanessa
Stepping gently behind him,
Slipped her hand
Through his arm.

* * *

"For twenty years,"
She whispered softly,
"I have been weaving
A Magic Carpet
(The travelling pattern!)
For you and me.
For twenty years
You have shared with me
All that you had;
And from what you gave me
(Ungrudgingly!)
I have fashioned
A Second Honeymoon
For us both."

* * *

"Vanessa",
Said John
As they stood together
On the Deck
Of the Great Steamer;
"Did you ever
REALIZE
How excessively clever
I was
In my callow youth?

* * *

"For of all the Young Men
Of my acquaintance
I was
The Only One
Who possessed
The Genius
To win You
For a wife!"

* * *

But Vanessa
Only smiled!

Has this story any meaning for you?

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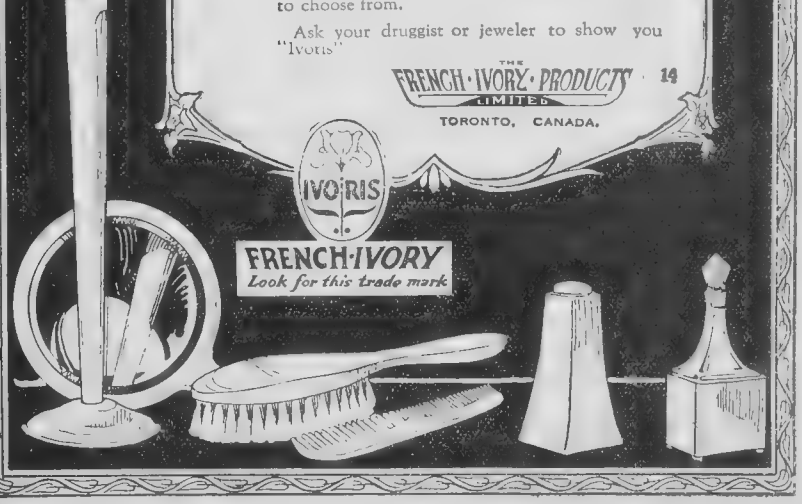

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About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

HORSES AND SPRING WORK

The arrival of spring once more brings with it the usual demand for pulling power from the horse and throughout the country horses will be facing their spring tasks in various stages of fitness and unfitness.

Horses that have been stall fed with boiled feeds until they are "hog fat" will have to be carefully handled, for the fat that has been systematically crowded onto them must be reduced before they are in a perfectly fit condition for a good day's work. Such horses will sweat considerably on a warm day and sore shoulders may be the result unless special care is taken. The conscientious plowman will make periodical halts at the furrow ends, the team backed up on slack traces and the collars slid up on the necks for a few minutes so that air may be allowed to cool the necks. The manes of the team should be kept from getting under the collars, for the cutting propensities of horse hair are well known. The collars must be well fitting.

It stands to reason that if a horse is expected to work hard he should be able to extract full value out of his feed; his teeth should be in good condition otherwise his feed bill will be out of proportion to the work accomplished. A teaspoonful of salt every night with his oat ration and the same quantity of saltpetre once a week is an economical and very necessary conditioner.

A medicine chest in the stable is a wise precaution but its use should be confined to absolute necessity, such as in the event of one of the animals breaking loose at night and stealing a feed of oats.

Watering should be given special attention. Horses vary a great deal in the way they drink. There are some that take a vigorous drink and are satisfied with one pail while others take mouthfuls with frequent pauses. It is very important to see that a horse gets his share of water as he will soon show the effect of the lack of it and it is surely a cheap commodity when it helps to keep them in good flesh. Horses may be brought in at the end of the day's work and given as much water as is wise to allow them in their heated condition and then allowed to have their fill at the time of the evening chores, but even after this some will dispose of a pailful or two if given the opportunity the last thing at night. Especially during the long hours of harvest it is not only a kindness but a paying plan to allow the horses a good drink, making a "half time" in the afternoon. They will step up in the binders all the better for it.

In addition to watering, good grooming is also a first class thing to keep horses in fit condition. It practically amounts to giving them a clean shirt after the sweat of the day have made their old shirts unbearable. In the warm spring evenings it is a far pleasanter way to groom the horses outside the barn than inside. By having iron rings at intervals on the side of the barn the horses may be led out and tied so that they may be groomed where there is unlimited elbow room, the man will be cooler and will not be so choked by the dust, which will float away on the evening breeze instead of making the air of the barn more stifling. If the horses can be induced to take a roll in the dust before they are tied up for grooming that will be ever so much better. The writer who was in the military transport service in South Africa, often used to hear the remark that it was "as good as a feed of oats" for a mule to take a roll in the dust.

A team of young horses should be given in charge of a man who is even tempered. These horses should learn to obey words given in a moderate tone, for, if shouting becomes the established method the team will cease to heed any ordinary tone, which will make them harder to handle.

The Establishing of a Flower Garden

Whether the house be a farm house or town residence, the presence of a flower garden gives it a pleasing distinctiveness that is well worth the task involved. It is a task that should not be rushed but should be handled as a pleasing recreation in such a spirit as an amateur artist would undertake the creation of a beautiful picture. One must picture in his mind's eye the color effect that will materialize in due course in response to the careful selection of the different varieties.

Fort Simpson, on McKenzie River

A good assortment of perennials saves a deal of uncertain planning and experimenting but in the first place they should be placed in position after careful consideration. The object would be to have permanent groups that would give a rotation of bloom; these in turn may be supplemented with annuals that would blend with their surroundings. It is far better to have an assortment of striking plant groups that give an air of distinction through harmonious beauty than to crowd the garden with weedy nonentities that produce a riot of color, or in muscial equivalent "jazz".

The Iris and Peony are two very desirable herbaceous perennials that give magnificent bloom, and are hardy. The Irises could be set out so as to interspace the Peonies, so that after the former had passed out of the blooming stage, the latter could take up the ornamentation as their season just about begins when the Irises blooming season is over. A few tulips, being the annuals that are about the earliest in bloom, could be planted in the fall so as to start the season, then the Irises would come into bloom, followed by the Peonies which would be at their best about the beginning of July. To follow these one might suggest sweet peas as a good hardy annual to provide bloom until the first killing frost.

The Iris, otherwise known as the Flag, is a plant that abounds in beauty of form and color. They may be obtained in a great many varieties of color which is very delicate, and in the case

of some the resemblance to an orchid is very marked. As cut flowers the Irises are very useful as they keep for a considerable time in the house when kept in vases filled with water. They may even be placed in the vases when in bud, the buds readily opening under these conditions.

In the beds they need no winter protection and the early varieties start soon after the snow has gone. These plants succeed in almost any soil and as the roots increase very rapidly they may be divided and the increase planted out in fresh locations. The Japanese varieties are particularly attractive. These are of the "orchid group". The Siberian and German varieties are also hardy.

Some desirable varieties of Iris are appended:

Iris pallida dalmatica.—Rich bluish lavender.

Iris florentina—White, faintly suffused with pale greyish lavender.

Iris germanica Amas (macrantha) Mauve and deep purple.

Iris variegata—pale yellow and white yellow and deep maroon veined with white and edged with yellow.

Iris germanica Black Prince—Very dark purple, edged with lighter shade.

Iris pallida Mandraliscae—Violet.

Iris plicata Madame Chereau—White, edged with lavender.

Iris variegated—Pale yellow and white veined with purple.

The Peony is one of the most magnificent flowers that can be grown. Suggestive of huge roses, the massive blooms give a flame of color to the garden that is strikingly outstanding. These blooms may be cut for indoor decoration, and a bowl full of them is sure to prove a source of pleasure to all who share the house with them. This flower is winning its way with the horticulturists, which is not surprising. There are an immense number of varieties which have been originated by breeders.

Peonies succeed in a great variety of soils, but the soil should be fairly moist though well drained. They prefer sunlight to shady locations. To prepare the ground for planting it should receive a liberal supply of rotted manure dug in. The plants should be given plenty of room as they become very large. They should not be planted within three feet of each other. Set the plants so that the crown is about two inches below the surface. After keeping the soil loose throughout the summer, a top dressing of manure—about four inches in depth—should be applied late in the fall for winter protection. This may be turned under in the spring to enrich the soil.

The following is a list of peonies which are of special merit:

Artimise—Rosy pink, flesh color in centre, faint perfume; very free bloomer.

Berloiz—Rosy red; free bloomer, late.

Charlemagne—Pink, shading to white at edge, sweet scented; very free bloomer.

Festiva Maxima—White. some centre petals tipped with carmine.

Lucrece—Rosy pink, very large; free bloomer.

Madame d'Hour—Flesh color. tipped with carmine; free bloomer.

Madame Lemoinier—Pink, with creamy white centre.

Marie Lemoine—Flesh color, changing to white.

Monsieur Dupont—White, showing yellow beneath; faint fragrance.

Rubra Superba—Purplish crimson; very free bloomer.

In regard to sweet peas, a good way to make a very attractive display is by means of a hedge formed by driving in sticks a good distance apart and running lines of string from stick to stick so that as the sweet peas grow up they will climb up by means of clinging to the strings and form a green hedge sparkling with color.

Sweet peas are easily raised and as they bloom late in the season until the first killing frost they can be utilized in continuing the season of bloom when the perennials are past the stage of blooming. With Irises in front of the garden bed, Peonies a little behind them and a hedge of sweet peas at the back one will have a good rotation of bloom productive of the class of flowers that are very adaptable to house ornamentation as cut flowers. Of course if the above collection seems to have too few varieties in it, a few Antirrhinum and Astors could be dotted here and there. The sweet peas should be picked as much as possible as this ensures plenty of bloom.

Among the different varieties of sweet peas, the following may be recommended:

Captivation Spencer—Red, tinged purple. Hardy.

Nora Unwin—Pure white. Hardy.

Queen Victoria—Primrose. Hardy.

Vermilion Brilliant—Crimson. Hardy. Blooms early and lasts well.

Rose du Barri—Rich rose red. Medium hardy.

Lady Grisel Hamilton—Pale lavender. Long season of bloom. Hardy.

Queen Alexandra—Rich scarlet. Hardy.

Charles Foster—Suffused Pink, mauve and rose. Hardy.

Florence Nightingale—Deep lavender, suffused rose-pink. Hardy.

Mrs. R. Hallan—Rich pink, profusion of bloom. Medium hardy.

Nubian—Marcon. Hardy.

Asta Ohn—Lavender. Hardy.

To make gardening easy, see that there is a place for the gardening tools and the watering can or hose. A good many kinds of labor are irksome owing to the simple fact that it is harder to round up the tools than to preform the work. Keep the weeder going when the weeds appear and see that the surface of the soil is kept in good shape by the use of the rake. It is very important to see that the environment of the flower beds is always neat and tidy for it is certainly a note of discord to have miscellaneous truck in the vicinity of the flower garden and it spoils its appearance of restfulness. A very smart appearance is always maintained by seeing that the edges of the beds are sharply outlined; this may be accomplished by using a sharp spade or turf cutter.

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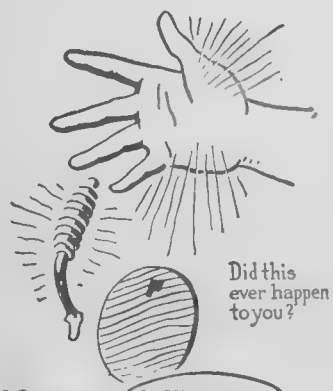

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THE GUIDE

By Edward Barder

WELL I don't know. This is the third one I've lost here in a week. There's somebody round these parts rustling traps, and it's up to me to keep my weather eye open."

The speaker prepared and set another trap; then went on along his trap-line.

"Ah! that's better!" he exclaimed as he reached another trap in which a beautiful mink was held fast, "a few more like this, by gosh! and I shall have done a good day's work."

Again and again this young trapper, for such he was, paused beside his numerous traps, to take from them some specimen of fur-bearing animal which would presently grace some fine lady's shoulders.

It was a hard but healthy life, and if it produced such fine specimens of manhood as Roderick Mears, it was certainly worth following.

Tall, lithe, age not more than twenty-two, with fine black hair and eyes, and dark skin and aquiline features showed a trace of Indian in his blood.

He lived a lone life among the hills and creeks of British Columbia, in winter trapping, and summer acting as guide—and sometimes philosopher—to the many travellers who came to this part of the world.

Of his antecedents neither he nor anybody else knew anything. Some said he had been left at one of the shanties, when a child, by a tribe of Indians who had visited these parts during a certain hard winter.

But, if such were the case, where had he picked up his command of the English language? He could not tell you himself. It just seemed to be natural for him to act and speak like a gentleman.

There's no doubt, however, about the Indian blood, for it showed in the remarkable way in which he could hunt down a moose, handle a canoe, and, above all, live all the time so close to nature seemingly part.

Presently just towards dusk, he reached his shanty, which stood in the midst of beautiful surroundings—a fit place for such a beautiful creature.

This day to him was an eventful one. He did not know, as he left his shanty that morning, whether it was to be his last trip, so it was with a certain amount of—perhaps—wonder that he returned that evening.

Having dressed his pelts and finished his supper, he went to a cupboard, and took from therein a packet of very soiled papers. As he handled this packet his eyes grew dim, for it made him think of the poor toil-worn hands of Joe Richmond, who had handed him this packet as he lay dying a year ago today.

Joe Richmond, the old trapper and frontiersman, who had fathered him since he could remember. Stricken suddenly one day by the premature fall of a big tree he was felling, Joe had lived long enough to say a few words to his foster-child, and to hand him this packet; telling him to open it one year from that day, when he would have reached the age of twenty-two.

It was therefore with feelings of deep emotion that Roderick drew his chair up to the rough table, and proceeded to open the packet. The first thing that was disclosed was a sheet of paper, upon which was written in good English handwriting.

"To the owner of this shanty.

"I am leaving this child in your care, trusting that you are a Christian, and will rear him in a Christian way. I have enclosed enough money to pay for his maintenance for a certain period. When that period is ended (Feb. 18) I wish this young man to proceed to London, England, to the enclosed address, where he will learn further particulars concerning himself. It is my desire that he does not see these papers until that date. May God guide you in your efforts on this child's behalf."

Roderick Mears.

There was just one more paper in the packet, and a sum of money, with directions and the address in London.

Certainly he had not learned much from his perusal. Who was this Roderick Mears? It surely must be his father. Should he go to England? Why should he go? He was perfectly happy and content; this life suited him, it was the only one he knew. What lay ahead of him if he went as directed? However, he had plenty of time to think it over, not until July.....

* * *

It was a beautiful day in May when Lord Edmonton and his daughter Mary arrived at Concrieff, B. C. Lord Edmonton was a great sportsman, and they had come to this place in search for the same.

They rested a few days at the hotel; Lord Edmonton awaiting the arrival from the East of certain articles before going into the mountains.

His daughter Mary was a great angler, and, having heard of some good fishing in that locality, had set out one day alone, to try her skill at Canadian fishing.

After a long walk she arrived at a likely-looking spot on one of the numerous rivers. She was busily engaged at her art, when, glancing up, she saw coming round the bend close to her, a sight which made her pause.

It was a canoe, handled with consummate skill in the treacherous current by a handsome young man, whom she took at first for an Indian, but who she could see later was not. He was stripped to the waist, and she could see the play of his beautiful shoulder muscles as he handled the paddle. He gradually drew nearer.

Mary could not take her eyes from him. It was a wonderful picture, she thought, every movement was full of grace, and what a noble profile he had.

In her eagerness for sport she had managed somehow to get out to a big rock which was nearly in the center of this swiftly flowing stream. So intent had she become at the sight of this native son of Canada, that she did not notice how close she was to the edge of the rock, around which the current eddied.

Suddenly she felt herself slipping, and with a piercing scream she pitched headlong into the river, and was borne quickly away.

She could swim a little, but could do nothing against the current. She remembered that a few hundred yards down stream were some rapids. The horror of this was borne to her as she struggled to make headway. Speedily she became exhausted, and had just given up all hope when she heard a man's voice close, saying:-

"Don't struggle, please, and I will get you to shore."

She thought she could never forget that voice, so full, so gentle. Mary felt herself firmly grasped, and in a few seconds, apparently, was lying on the shore, with the young man—or god, he looked to her—standing beside her.

As he looked down at her he thought he had never seen anything so lovely. Her wonderful hair had become disarranged. It was like rivulets of gold falling about her shoulders. Eyes that were wells of violet blue, a mouth such has he had never dreamt of.

This young Canadian had seen plenty of young women in his capacity of guide, but never such a one as this.

In his rapture he had forgotten her helpless condition; it was only when she, half frightened at the intensity of his look, struggled to rise, that he, with an apology for his seeming rudeness, hastily helped her to rise.

"If you will lean upon me, I will take you back, Miss —."

His English was perfect—so strange for this half-dressed native. She could see now that he was not a pure Indian, in fact, except for his very dark eyes and complexion, his features were those of a well-bred Englishman. The well-chiselled nose and face would have given him distinction anywhere.

"Thank you so much, if you will be so kind. My father, Lord Edmonton, and myself are staying at the B——

Hotel. I will mention to him the fact that you undoubtedly saved my life. I am very grateful to you."

He looked the surprise he felt.

"That's quite all right, Miss. I only did what others would have. I could not watch you drown."

She made no answer, and presently they arrived at the Hotel, where she was made a great deal of fuss over, and Roderick slipped away.

Next day, as he was walking past the hotel on his way to the river, his thoughts full of the wonderful creature of yesterday, he heard a man's voice:-

"Oh, I say, my man! You Indian chappie! By Jove! the fellow's most damnably deaf."

He guessed the call was intended for him, but Roderick was not used to being called to like a dog. He felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to face a middle-aged Englishman, evident by his dress.

"Oh, I say! Didn't you hear me calling you? Must be deaf or something! What? Here's a present for you. It was nervy of you to pull my daughter out of the river yesterday; she has told me all about it, and pointed you out just now.' '

Roderick took no notice of the proffered money, except to bite his lips. Then:-

"I merely did what any other man would have done for one in distress. It calls for no reward."

"Well, just as you like. Deuceddly plucky, though! Oh! by the way, do you know of anybody round here who could act as guide to my daughter and myself? We wish to go through the mountains to Lake L——. I've no doubt you will."

The guide's heart leaped within him—to be with his dream girl, to act as guide, surely this was good.

"Yes, I will act as your guide, if you will have me. I have made the trip dozens of times, and will take you the best route."

"The very thing—that's ripping! We would like to start to-morrow. Is that all right?"

"Quite all right. I will get everything ready by that time."

* * *

"Do take me over to that pretty little spot over there, Roderick. I'm sure there's a wonderful view from there. Won't you, please?"

Who could resist that? Certainly he could not.

"Very well, Miss Hilary. I hope your father will not wake up while we are gone, that's all. He'll give me an awful drilling down if he does."

They had been a month in the mountains now, and Roderick had spent that month in paradise. To be near this vision, to hold her tiny hands as he helped her along, to answer her foolish questions. He was madly, desperately in love—and she, well she just looked upon him as a hired servant.

Certainly he had caught her looking at him in an admiring, wondering fashion, but that meant nothing.

His passion was becoming too strong for him to contain. They must part he thought. She may after all care for him! Why not?

They were climbing up a stiff incline. He had gone ahead, and was standing on a sort of platform, holding out his strong hand to her. She grasped it, and he pulled her up, and as he did so he clasped her in his arms and rained passionate kisses upon her face.

Mary Hilary screamed and struggled in this wonderful man's grasp. It was not that she didn't like it, but how dare he—a mere half-breed guide!

"Loose me this instant! How dare you? I will dismiss you at once. My father shall hear of this, and he will horsewhip you, you—. Oh, keep away! I hate you— I hate you!" She quivered with passion.

"Miss Hilary—Mary—forgive me if I have hurt you. I love you. I want you, and must have you! Do you understand? You are mine—come to me, little dream girl, and let me show you how I can love."

Aghast, Mary staggered back.

You—you dare to talk to me like that—me, a nobleman's daughter—you, a half-breed guide! Your are mad—mad to think of such a thing! How can you expect me to love such as you—you are not the same as us! Don't you realise who I am, and what you are? Take me to my father at once."

Roderick the guide stood like a god of bronze, looking down at this poor, ignorant English girl. His beautiful face never twitched. He just looked at her, pain, surprise, and compassion in his eyes. She wavered before such a look. Never had she beheld the majesty of a real man until now. She covered her face with her hands, and wept as he spoke in his wonderful, full voice. It was stern, and yet it seemed to be soft and gentle.

"You call yourself a nobleman's daughter! Do you know what a nobleman is? Is such to be created by the addition of a few letter to one's name? Nay, little girl. I could show you among the Indians, and—yes, even among the animals that I trap—noblemen, true, noble spirits, who, by every act in their daily life, by, perhaps, their close contact with nature, show to the world that such are not made by titles and riches. You ask who I am? I am Roderick Mears, as you say a half-breed guide, but the blood which flows through me is as pure as yours. I cannot say whether I am a nobleman, that is as it may be, but I can say that every day of my life I have lived, and tried to live, as my Creator intended me. What more can we do? I want not your riches or your titles, it is you, not your father, that I love. Come!"

* * *

"Allow me to congratulate you, Lord Stensel, on your good fortune. I knew your father well and have, I might say, looked forward to seeing you walk into my office. You favour him very much, too."

The speaker, Mr. Angus, senior partner in the firm of Angus and Angus, solicitors, of London, shook our old friend Roderick Mears by the hand.

"Stensel House, my lord, you will find quite ready for your reception. Good-bye."

Roderick came out of the office, his head in a whirl. Events had crowded one upon the other the last few months with a vengance. He was a lord—a real nobleman according to civilization.

He had left Canada as directed in the paper, and had presented himself at the old law office in London, where after a close scrutiny and answering of questions, he had been addressed as Lord Stensel of Stensel House, Bucks.

It appears that his father, during his travels in Canada, had contracted mar-

Keep the story with a KODAK

Today it's a picture of Grandmother reading to the children. Tomorrow it may be Jimmie tiger hunting, with peaceful, old Rover as the tiger, or Aunt Edna at the wheel of her new car or Brother Bill back from college for the week-end or—

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4

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

riage with an Indian maid, who had died giving birth to him. Hoping in some way to keep the matter quiet, he had returned to England, expecting to marry an English girl. She, however, had heard of his marriage, and refused to marry him.

This so embittered the noble lord that he continued his travels, leaving his son in the hands of a trapper whom he believed would take care of him till of age. He hoped that, by living close to nature, his son would have no false pride, and would grow up to be more in the image that God intended man should be.

Here then Roderick, Lord Stensel, found himself, with a big estate and lots of money to keep it up.

He had not forgotten the scene in the mountains with Mary Hilary, and wondered if she met him now what she would say. He loved her still and probably if it had not been for her he would not have troubled to come to England.

He was made a big fuss of by everybody, and quickly won favor by his good nature and free, open heart. He was very soon the mark for mothers with marriageable daughters.

Roderick very soon tired of all this, and closed the big house and took a small place in London, living the quiet life of a bachelor as plain Mr. Luff. He could not hear of Mary. By enquiries, at last he discovered that she and her father had not yet returned to England, and also that her father's place was close to his own in Bucks. He had made friends with a quiet individual, Clifford Marsden, a bachelor too.

Roderick one day had announced his intention of returning to Canada, when Clifford, who had been reading the paper cried:

"Hullo, Rod! I see Lord Edmonton has returned to England. I must introduce you to him, he has travelled a good deal in your country, I believe, and will surely be at the club this week."

Not by a sign did Rod let his friend see he knew anything.

"I shall be very pleased to meet him, Cliff, but it must be as Mr. Luff."

So one evening Rod found himself shaking hands with the man to whom he had acted as guide.

"You two chaps will find much in common." Cliff said.

Rod had no fear of being recognized, for the clothes of civilization made a wonderful difference in his appearance. He looked just like scores of others around him, except that his very dark skin gave him the appearance of having travelled much.

Parting with him, Lord Edmonton had extended a very cordial invitation to spend a week in Bucks.

* * *

Rod rose to his feet as she entered. He mastered his feelings as he took the small hand in his—the same hand that he had clasped on that eventful day in the Rockies.

Mary Hilary started, but quickly regained her composure.

"I almost thought I recognized somebody, but of course I am mistaken."

They talked of Canada—of everything, but the one subject nearest his heart.

He was very glad when the visit came to an end, but he realized more than ever that this dream girl of his had become effectively part of his life. He returned to London, and when the invitation came to spend Christmas with the Hilary's he found he could not refuse.

It was Christmas Eve, and somehow Rod found himself alone with Mary.

"Do you know, Mr. Luff, you are rather a man of mystery? I can get no information concerning you from Clifford Marsden."

"Do you wish to know very much about me, Miss Hilary—Mary?"

He clasped her hands, looking into her eyes. She did not draw away, as he had half expected.

"No, Roderick; it is sufficient that I know you."

"Mary, is it possible that you love me in so short a time?"

She turned away without answering.

"Mary—look at me!"

"Not yet, not yet; give me time to think." She fled from the room.

* * *

It was the night of the Masque Ball on New Year's Eve; the dancing was in full swing. Mary, besieged by admirers, was a vision of beauty—just somebody's dream girl.

Suddenly there was a loud clapping of hands and exclamations on all sides at the entrance of a new-comer. Mary turned in his direction, and she felt as if petrified.

"Who is this coming towards her? Can it be possible! It was the half-breed guide of the far-away rockies.

"My dream girl—I have found you at last! May I be your guide this evening?"

He led her gently away from the throng.

"Mary!"

"Roderick!"

"I have come to offer myself as your guide and protector through life. What will my little dream girl answer?" He removed his mask as he spoke.

"Who are you? Speak!"

"I was Roderick the half-breed, now I am known as Lord Stensel. Answer me am I worthy of you?"

"Roderick—my love—my guide—I believe I have loved you always—it was—that I did not know, until you showed me, what constituted a true nobleman—"My Guide."

Chief Leoiuk laying down the law to his tribe on Herschel Island.

Sunset

Sunset, and the prairie's western edge
Is one vast flame save where the aged peaks
Thrust up their hoary heads into the light,
Reminding me one more day has flown.

Sunset, and the faintly rustling breeze
Is stilled. Now, from the myriad lakes
That dot the prairie like a wreath of gems
Come floating fairy clouds of fleecy mist.

Sunset, and the light is softly fading
But in the dusk beams out my evening star
The light of home is shining down my pathway
And beckons me to happiness and rest.

H. P. Doughty.

Who Must Answer.

(Mr. Arthur Ransome, correspondent of the Manchester Guardian and The New York World in Russia, who has just come out of the famine region, writes that he has taken these stories from the Russian newspapers Pravda and Trud).

A Mother

On the steps of the local Education Department are three little ones, six, seven and eight years old, ragged, dirty-footed, hatless, skin showing the holes in their rags. They have been sitting silent for a long time.

"What do you want, children?"

They are silent.

"Well, why don't you speak?"

They are silent.

"Where have you come from?"

They are silent. Tears etch dirty marks on the little one's cheeks.

"Have you a father, a mother?"

At that the tears of the others overflow also.

"Well, why are you silent, eh?"

They lift their heads and stare and are silent—as much as to say that they do not understand.

Their parents at home in the village have strictly ordered them to say not a word, to pretend that they are not Russian. The Children's Homes are overcrowded already. Some sort of sifting has to be done. And they send the children back to those who have any sort of means, however small, of feeding them. Therefore, so that people should not know where they live, the parents tell the children to be silent, as if they were not Russian and did not understand anything at all.

"Oh, well, Ivan, we shall have to send them"—

"Where?" lisps the little one, lifting wet eyes.

"Now, see, you could have spoken long ago," says the comrade. "Come along. We'll give you something to eat, and something to drink, and you shall live in the Children's Home."

And the children, like geese, one after another, jumping, tell all in a hurry where they come from, about the village, about their father and mother.

And there in the background, behind corners, doors, projections, fifty paces away, hides a woman, dishevelled, bony, with blackened face and blistered feet, ceaselessly watching, never taking her inflamed, greedy eyes from the children as they walk along.

An emaciated, mangy she-wolf?
No. A mother.

WINTER WEATHER

By Alice M. Funk

What brings all the folks out West?
Winter weather!
Johnny, Jane and all the rest,
Winter weather!
Rank and file may laugh and sneer,
Science sagely cups the ear,
Elixir of life, the peer—
Winter weather!

Whence our civilized ambitions?
Winter weather!
Whence our brains? Laud the magican
Winter weather!
With a tropical disease?
Or an insect-pest to tease?
What would most a body please?
Winter weather!

What's the enemy of germs?
Winter weather!
What kills many bugs and worms?
Winter weather!
Would you know the keenest joy
Where no crawling things annoy?
Recipe without alloy—
Winter weather!

What makes Christmas time so cheery?
Winter weather!
What makes children never weary?
Winter weather!
Cheeks with roses all aglow
Spell the coming of the snow,
And our good, old pal, you know
Winter weather!

What promotes most healthful sport?
Winter weather!
What makes games a glad resort?
Winter weather!
Ski-ers on the hills a-sliding,
Joyous parties out a-riding,
Praise the Providence providing
Winter weather!

What brings health and pep and vigor?
Winter weather!
Why are men out West the bigger?
Winter weather!
What makes ozone nip like wine?
What makes folks in haste to dine?
What's our country's grand ensign?
Winter weather!

Even though sometimes we "ker-choo?"
Winter weather!
We'll extoll your every virtue,
Winter weather!
If you excerise our wills,
Tramp each day your snowy hills,
We'll need naught of drugs or pills
Winter weather!

What gives mirage on the prairie?
Winter weather!
Whence Jack Frost, the witching fairy?
Winter weather!

What makes landscapes painted white
And ice-jewels, diamond bright
Holy thoughts and peace invite?
Winter weather!

What makes home the sweetest ever?
Winter weather!
What leads on to high endeavor?
Winter weather!
What's inventions greatest spur?
When does time to read occur?
What makes fortunes in our fur?
Winter weather!

So unto the end of time
Winter weather!
You'll inspire greater rhyme
Winter weather!
We'll forget to temper show
When the mercury's below
And we'll praise on thee bestow
Winter weather!

Before Or After?

OFFICER (as company is temporarily about to vacate trench which has been reported mined). "You two will remain here, and if there is an explosion you will blow a whistle. You understand?"

PRIVATE SPUDS. "Yes, sorr! Will we blow it going up or coming down, sorr?"

The Sin Of Omission

"What are you crying for?" "Te-teacher licked me fo-for something I did-didn't do!" "Something you didn't do! What was it?" "M-m-y lessons!"

Sure!

YOUNG DOCTOR. "What kind of patients do you find hardest to cure?"

OLD DOCTOR. "Those who have nothing the matter with them."

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WITH PAINT AND BRUSH

Continued from page 18

scheme. This is broken in mass by jointing and relieved by contrast at doors and windows; whereas a wooden house painted red is impossible.

The color scheme of all masonry houses is inherent in the materials used and because stone, concrete, cement and brick are products taken from nature in the first place, they will harmonize with natural settings if properly used.

The increasing use of concrete in house building promised for a time to cause a monotony of color until the preparation of concrete and cement coatings gave not only the protection to the material which builders now recognize as essential, but also variety and beauty of color.

It is the frame and shingle houses that require special attention. To preserve the wood, shingle is stained or oiled, clapboard is painted. The deterioration of wood unprotected from the weather is slow but sure and will make the up-keep of an already non-important type of house still greater.

As a rule, all roofs about the house should be one color, and the walls another in harmony. If a combination of building materials is used, as plaster and shingle, or cement and clapboard, the color for each material should be the same wherever used, and these must harmonize with each other. Windows, doors, blinds, porches and cornices may be considered as trimmings and treated as such. Doorways and entrances should have marked and dignified recognition in the color scheme.

It is not wise to judge the effect of colors solely by the paint on the house. Color depends too much upon the nature of the light and the light is influence by the surroundings—trees, shrubbery, shade or side of rocky slope. The same color (of paint) will appear quite different in sunlight and shade, in warm countries and cold, in woods and open plain. Therefore do not use a color merely because it looks well on some house you have seen, or on some samples shown by your dealer or painter. Try it first where it is to be finally used.

Combinations too, affect the appearance of the house. A trimming color darker than the body makes the house look smaller, and one lighter makes it look larger. A plainly built house generally looks best with one color, depending upon the painting of the roof, sash and doors to break the monotony of a single color. The large house may be dark in color. The small house generally should be light with lighter trimming, or none at all. Dividing colors—light for the lower story and dark for the upper—have the effect of making the house seem wider.

The main thing to avoid in house painting is patchiness. Treat the house as a unit, subduing any ornaments and useless bric-a-brac by the color scheme. In general, all portions of one idea should be in one color or tone. For instance in the case of a porch post or column do not paint the base and cap one color and the shaft another. From start to finish it is a column and should be treated as such. In fact the whole porch is one idea and generally should be treated in one color.

It is not necessary to change the color of the painting—either exterior or interior—every few years. Satisfaction is usually found in those houses in which restful colors are chosen at the beginning and continued through years.

A good building in the country or on a large village lot with an abundance of shrubbery may be light rather than dark in color. Among the most satisfactory of these light colors are cream, colonial yelow, sandstone, greenstone, ivory and light buff. These may be used either as solid colors or with trimming of white or dark. Grays and drabs are associated in the mind with slate and stone, and therefore give to any structure painted with them a solid appearance. The best of these include warm gray, pale gray and freestone among the lighter tones and pure gray, silver gray and French gray among the darker. Browns in tones from russet to chocolate are good, particularly for a city building or where soot and dust are present.

Vermilion, cherry red, dark blue, pink and similar colors should be avoided in outside work, not only because of their incongruity, but also because they will not stand the wear of the sun and rain as well as other colors.

The popular bungalow of today generally looks best in browns or dark greens, either in solid color or trimmed with white or ivory. Some shingle houses are painted, though most are stained; in either case browns, grays, maroons and dark greens are most satisfactory.

Suburban houses are often built with clapboard for first story and shingles for second story. Attractive effects for this style are secured by using ivory or a light color for the first story and trim with brown or green stain for the shingles. Colonial houses should be light, either in solid color or with white trimming.

The use of shingles on the sides as well as on the roof of the house is steadily increasing, not only because of its attractiveness, but because of increased warmth. The most satisfactory finish for these is shingle stain which should be used on the roof in all cases because of the added preservation. For best results the shingles should be dipped before they are put on the building, for that not only covers both sides but the wood is saturated with the preservative stain. A brush coat should be given after the shingles are on the building.

The Blue Line

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

Have you ever walked along the seashore and watched the blue line out on the water? Have you ever said: "I shall paddle in and not go far. I shall only go up to that blue line." Then you have taken off your shoes and stockings and paddled into the water. Did you ever reach the blue line? No, never! The nearer you got to it, the further it seemed away. In the end, you walked back to shore. If you were a child, and lucky enough to live at the seaside, you tried this several times. In spite of repeated failure, you felt that, one day, you would reach the coveted blue line.

Our lives are like this. We set ourselves a goal; but as we almost reach it, our aims and ambitions have grown and we want so much more of life than we thought. The goal is never reached, that is, to say, not if we have any spirit in us.

Children enjoy trying to reach the blue line, and it does them good. It adds zest to life. We are lucky always to have a blue line to reach. I would rather have the faith of a child and try to attain the impossible, than sit down, with folded hands, content to get nowhere.

I do not believe in satisfied Ambition. In a world where we stay such a short time, there is so much to do, it would be absurd to say that because we cannot do it all, therefore we shall not try to do anything.

The goal is not always as we see it. It may be only our fancy that paints that blue line which is, for ever, just within reach yet never reached. This does not matter in the least. In trying to reach this imaginary, blue line, we are bound to do some good on the way. I am assuming, of course, that our goal be a good one. We do not aim at reaching black lines! Our aim is

colored blue, which is the color of Hop and the Sun always shines on it, or else we could not see it.

People should have an aim in life. They should not be shiftless, always tossed hither and thither by every breeze that blows. We should encourage children to aim at something big, and if the goal seem further off than ever, we mothers, should not be the ones to make them turn back.

We should like to make the whole world happy. It is our fancy that we can do this. Now, no one with an aim of this kind can fail to do good. If her influence cannot reach the whole world, it can, at least, reach near surroundings and the home, and this is a woman's world. Each of us is the centre of a little world of our own, and we can do good or bad to that world, just as we please. The mother is the centre of the child's world, and surely, if we be worthy of the name "Mother", the child is the centre of ours. In the little world we must begin, until we stretch farther and farther and the individual influences the nation.

If our children's ambitions seem to go beyond the bounds of practicability, far into the realms of fancy, what of that? It is to be expected, especially of girls. We need not smile, in our superior way, because we know the blue line can never be reached. What a dull, prosaic place this old world would be, if we were not allowed to keep a few illusions!

Because your child has not enough money to feed all the poor, would you prevent her having the pleasure of relieving the wants of little girls and boys her own age, when she can?

I like to have a girl cuddle up near me and paint, in glowing colors, all her beautiful ambitions. I like to follow her imagination even when it leads to far off heights. I like her to tell me of the pictures she sees in the fire, even if I cannot see them myself.

Some women are too practical to enjoy life. They are so mater-of-fact that Imagination and Romance are merely words to them. I have heard a woman say: "How stupid you are, trying to see pictures in the fire! There are none really!" She was just the kind of woman who would tell me there is no blue line out at sea. If I went to visit her, she would be so terribly real that I should want to rush back to my children and, gathering them in a circle around me, go off to distant worlds of fancy, just to relieve my feelings!

If children love to see a Fairy hidden in every flower, it does them no harm. Tales of Brownies who do nothing but good may often be used to help illustrate our lessons. I like to wander, hand in hand, with my children in the woods, and imagine the Wood Nymphs and Good Faries dancing in the sunbeams.

"You're no better than a child," I hear you say. Well, if so, I take it as a compliment. Only by being children again with our children, can we mothers live in their world with them, and share their lovely fancies. For the love we bear our children, we must be young with them.

It is the only way to understand the heart of a child.

MORNING PHOENIX

In my body lives a flame,
Flame that burns me all the day,
When a fierce sun does the same,
I am charred away.

Who could keep a smiling wit,
Roasted so in heart and hide,
Turning on the sun's red spit,
Scorched by love inside?

Caves I long for and cold rocks,
Minnow-peopled country brooks,
Blundering gales of equinox,
Sunless valley-nooks.

Daily so I might restore
Calcined heart and shriveled skin.
A morning phoenix with proud roar
Kindled new within.

Robert Graves.

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WHAT DID BETTY BUY?

COPY OF BETTY'S LETTER

Dear Mr. Simpson

You know Clara Green, don't you? WELL SHE WANTED TO BE A NURSE. What do you think of that? OF COURSE SHE WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO APE A SISTER OF MINE. However she left for Toronto taking her maid Topsy to carry her luggage. When they got to the station the train was pulling out. THEY RAN SO FAST TOPSY RUPTURED A BLOOD VESSEL IN HER LEG. However Clara got on the train alright. Then what do you think happened? SHE TUMBLED AND FELL PEL-MEL ON HER BAGGAGE. Isn't that funny? I BET SHE WANTED TO BAN A NASTY ENGINEER FOR JERKING THE TRAIN SO. She soon got herself in order and reached her seat safely. SHE TOOK OUT A BOOK BY CHARLES LAMB READ A PAGE AND FELL ASLEEP. On arriving in Toronto she woke with a start, and hurried off. Her baggage was heavy and looked a burden. A NICE CHAP PLEADED TO HELP HER She refused to let him as he was a stranger. But after walking two blocks she was tired out THEN SHE THOUGHT HERSELF A SIMPLE MONSTER FOR REFUSING HIS HELP. She finally reached the Training School and registered. But she did n't like it a bit. She felt very blue. IN FACT AT HER DINNER SHE ATE A VERY LITTLE. She fought with her room mate. IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY OR ANGER SHE LEFT. However before going home she bought a new dress at Smith's store. When she tried it on it didn't fit. SO SHE TOOK IT TO SMITH'S ALTERATION ROOM FOR CHANGES. Even then it didn't fit, and she wouldn't keep it. SO APPLYING FOR REFUND SHE GOT HER MONEY BACK. Then she took the next train for home. Isn't that an interesting story?

Betty Beatty.

PUZZLE

FIND ABOVE THE NAMES OF 12 ARTICLES SOLD IN A GROCERY STORE

John Simpson was amazed when he read the above letter, which Betty Beatty had handed him. 'Our order is in that letter" said Betty. "I've hidden the name of each article I've come to buy in each of the underlined entences. Puzzle it out and I'll tell you the quantities.' "Well" said Mr. Simpson "I can't find the name of a single article in my store, that is mentioned in your note." "Of course you can't" said Betty. But here's the clue. In each underlined sentence I've hidden one name. It is only the name of a grocery, fruit or vegetable and there is just one thing in each sentence. The letters aren't jumbled and all you have to do is to find the right letter to start on. For instance, if you start on the letter "B" in the fifth word of the first underlined sentence you will quickly see B-E-A-N. That's the name of one of the things I want. There are twelve items altogether, and the name of each one is hidden in one of the underlined sentences. So now what do I want? Find the names and you get the order."

John Simpson puzzled the letter out and got the order. Can you do as well? If you can mail your answers at once Over $2500.00 in prizes and rewards is being given. Remember there are no trade mark name or products of any particular manufacturer In many cases, as in the first underlined sentence, the single name as "Bean" and not the plural "Beans" is used. Be very careful, therefore, if you find the names to spell them exactly as they appear in the sentence.

WIN! $2500.00 in Prizes

THE PRIZES

1st. Prize- Ford, Sedan, Value $990.00
2nd. Prize- Ford Touring, Value $565.00

3rd. Prize - $200.00	14th. Prize - $5.00
4th. Prize - $100.00	15th. Prize - $4.00
5th. Prize - $ 50.00	16th. Prize - $4.00
6th. Prize - $ 25.00	17th. Prize - $4.00
7th. Prize - $ 15.00	18th. Prize - $3.00
8th. Prize - $ 10.00	19th. Prize - $3.00
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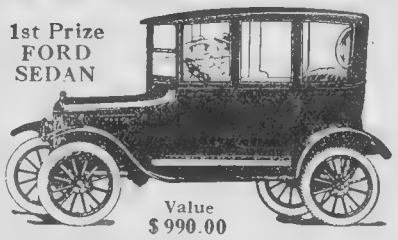

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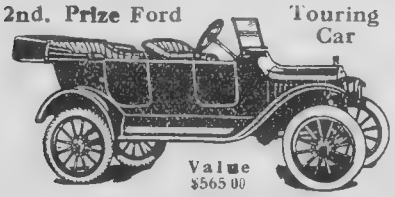

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Three independent judges, having no connection of any kind with this firm, will judge the answers at the close of the Contest, and award the prizes. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions.

In sending your solution use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Master) in the upper left hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers use a seperate sheet of paper.

The answers gaining 240 points will win first prize. You get 110 points if you find all the words correctly(10 points for each correct answer, excepting 1 which is given)and 20 points will be given for general neatness, punctuation and spelling, 10 points for handwriting and 100 points for fulfilling a simple condition of the Contest. This condition is only that you assist in this big advertising campaign by showing a copy of Everywoman's World, Canada's greatest Magazine (which we will send you post paid) to just four friends or neighbors, who will appreciate this really worth while Canadian publication and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time. The Contest will close at 6 p.m. June 30th. 1922. immediately after which the judges will start to judge the answers and award the prizes.

DON'T DELAY - Send your answer today. This announcement may not appear in this paper again. Address The Contest Manager, Department
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PERVERSITY

She came to me
Eyes glowing
Lips in anticipation pursed
Her bosom with encaged emotion heaving
And showing
That at my word her heart would burst
Into a song of love—true—past believing.
Her very soul
So vainly
Brought to me thus without my quest.
Could but arouse a moment's pleasure
And plainly
I, by her mood, was not impressed
Because of that free proffer of her treasure!
Without intent.
She truly
Cheapened what might have been desired,
Had I been compelled to go a-wooing and duly,
Her love in real immodesty attired
Seemed racing in unmaidenly persuing.
My frank repulse
Was surely
Cloaked in unchivalrous excuse,
To make my sport of her the more amusing;
Thus poorly
I built my weak defense of sheer abuse,
Persistently, her honest trust refusing.
And then—Ah me!
Not knowing
Creeping with stealthy, firm, intent;
Somehow, my manner changed. I Fell adoring
And glowing
With passionate response: my will relent
Yielding to her's—a hallowed spirit soaring.
But my appeal
Was sadly
A mere, belated, proffer—tho, sincere,
For someone else had found what I discarded
And madly
I vowed my love; I tried to make her hear
No weakness, now, my eloquence retarded.
Oh, perverse man!
How dearly
That which I had and least admired
Has loomed into a covetous proportion.
And merely
Another's ownership inspired
My wild attempt at agonized extortion.

—Blanche P. Wingert.

Thought Power

"I was out motoring the other day."

"So?"

"Yes; and I came to a river, but could find no means of getting my machine across."

"Well what did you do?"

"Oh, I just sat down and thought it over."

Classified

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENT to sell Dr. Bovel's Toilet Soap Toilet Articles. Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from $25.00 to $75.00 per week. Whole or spare time. Territories allowed. For further particulars apply Bovel Manufacturing Company, Dept., 28, Toronto, Ont. tf

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WANTED—Persons to grow Mushrooms for us at home; from $15 per week upwards can be made by using waste space in Cellars, Yards, Gardens, etc. (start now); illustrated booklet sent free. Address Montreal Supply Company, Montreal. 5-22.

BROTHER—Pleasant Florida root easily, inexpensively overcomes any tobacco habit. Fine for stomach. Send address. Major Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. 4-22.

FLOWER BARGAINS, 40 mixed, Gladioli, 30 named 6 varieties, or 15 named, 8 Phlox, 5 Dahlias, 4 Peonies, named 10 Tuberous Begonias, $1.00 each postpaid, Mornington Gladiolus Gardens, Stratford, Ont. 4-22.

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING attachment, fits any sewing machine, price $2.50. Personal checks 10c. extra. Bridgmans Sales Agency, Box 42, St. Catharines, Ontario. 5-22.

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HUNTINGTON FARM—S.C. White Leghorns and Barred Rocks. Show and contest winners, Box 282, Wetaskiwin, Alta. 5-22.

Poultry Profit

by Helen E. Vialoux.

ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION, is a serious problem to many persons, just at this season of hatching new life into the world of poultrydom. April should be called the Wonder Month in the World of Nature, but counting your chickens before they are hatched is a risky business. Judging from reports, incubators are being used more than ever, in spite of "custom hatching," and the baby chick business, now so large a factor in the trade. The query often comes in; 'How Many Eggs Must be Set to Secure 100 pullets, as Winter Layers?" If the machine is of 150 egg size and it can be filled and three batches secured by May 20th or June 11th, 200 to 250 chicks should result with average luck, under right conditions. On the other hand a machine of the 100 egg size which is easier to get filled in the early part of the season than the large size, supplemented by a dozen good sized hens set in April and May, will bring as many if not more chickens, and the hen mothers can lend a hand, in bringing up the broods.

In an average flock, 50 per cent of the birds, will be pullets, here again luck plays some pranks—a small member of a local Boys' and Girls' Club found she had nine cockerels out of a brood of pure-bred chicks and therefore could not show her trio of birds, at the Club Fair. Chickens vary much in regard to losses, one brood will flourish exceedingly, and another show a heavy death rate. This is specially true of machine hatched birds, a loss of 5 per cent only, in a flock for the season is remarkably good. A cheap incubator is usually a dear one in the end, and there are several good makes. Such expert advice is sent out with each machine now-a-days a novice cannot go very far wrong, if the directions are followed. Old machines, however, need to be cleaned thoroughly and then disinfected. See that the lamps and wicks are clean and good. Test the regulator and that most important instrument, the thermometer, before real incubation time comes. The loss of chicks, dead in the shell, due to uneven temperature may be so large in one hatch even, as to pay for any new equipment needed. A machine that will not run an even temperature should not be used at any time, a large percentage of chicks dead in the shell will result from the use of a poor machine, or one warped out of shape. The testing of eggs in a machine, need not be done until the 6th or 7th day, when some idea of the fertility of the eggs, may be obtained. Then some weak germs, may die during the following week. By the 15th day a good forecast of the coming hatch is given by the second testing, providing the machine is running as it should do. Eggs from the breeding pens mated up properly, say one good male bird to 12 or 15 hens can be used within a week, or ten days, and should show a good percentage of fertility. When a farm flock can run out every day one yearling male will fertilize the eggs of 25 hens.

LATER on in the season—turkey raising is proving such a profitable branch of poultry with a keen demand at all times, both in Canada and south of the line that more turkeys should be raised in our western provinces. If breeding turkeys have been properly housed (not cooped up in a warm hen house) but wintered in a building where they can get plenty of fresh air, and run in and out, the eggs are very fertile and will hatch strong turks. Turkeys must not be related, if strong, vigorous young stock is looked for. Neglect of this important point has caused many farmers to go out of turkeys, owing to losses in the broods of young poults One gobbler should be mated with 12 to 15 females, and there is a single mating for each quota of eggs laid. Geese also, are very profitable when there is a good range on the farm and the home garden is fenced from them. One of the large breeds such as the Toulouse, is a wise choice and the birds commence to lay in February or March, that depends on the locality, and climate. Geese are rarely fed grass and all kinds of vegetables are their natural food. Little grain is needed at breeding time. Do not feed them much corn. A goose will lay about a dozen or 15 eggs, then she will set. Sometimes she will bring out two broods in the season, but in our Western Canada climate that is uncertain. Goslings should be fed dry bread soaked in milk, at first, or small feeds of scalded cracked corn. Corn Meal gives them indigestion. Sand and grit should of course be fed young geese 3 times a day. They are not hard to rear, but, frequently the eggs do not show a high percentage of fertility. The mother must not be disturbed when hatching or she is liable to kill the young.

An Easy Job

Little seven-year-old James came home from shcool the first day with a determined look on his face. He was decided on one point.

"Mother," he cried, "I'm going to quit school and be a school-teacher!"

"Why, James," said his mother laughingly, "how can you? You don't know enough yet."

"Don't know enough?" exclaimed the would-be school-teacher. "You don't have to know anything! All you've got to do is ask questions!"

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WINSOME is entirely British and made in Canada. For years our investigators have been studying the Canadian climate, our varying water supplies, and the different living conditions of Canadians, as they affect the skin and complexion of our people The problem was to make a new soap just right for Canadians—not a foreign soap adapted to Canada.

THIS problem has been wondrously well solved in "Winsome

WITH our associations we are the largest soap makers in the world. Direct from our own plantations in the South Seas, come the very cream of soap-making oils for 'Winsome. "From France and the Orient comes the enticing "Winsome" blend of perfumes Under the care of soap experts comes the "Winsome" tablet itself —exquisitely pure and snowy white. The daily use of "Winsome" is an unrivalled aid in cleansing, and purifying the complexion, and keeping the skin clear, and smooth as silk.

WE could use cheaper and inferior grades of material, and cover these up by adding colour to the soap, thereby saving many dollars in the cost per gross cakes, but the public of Canada know that Vinolia Soaps stand supreme. Our name and reputation the world over is a synonym for quality—hence the whiteness and purity of "Winsome."

ASK your druggist or at the toilet section of your stores for "Winsome" One trial will make you a "Winsome" user always.

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COME LET US READ A WHILE

By W.H.M. Librarian.

APRIL! Spring! The re-birth of the world beginning once again. No wonder we feel light-hearted despite work and cares and heavy griefs. Sometimes we smile at the poets because they draw such constant inspiration from this season of the year. Laughingly we excuse those friends of ours who break into verse. It is just the Spring, we say, they can't help it. Of course, they can't anymore than we can help that "happy feeling," that feeling as if something very nice was going to happen, that desire to sing at our work, that joy in merely being alive and able to swing down the road taking deep breaths of the invigorating air. Once or twice I have wondered why the books published in the late autumn are often so much happier, jollier, than those that come to reviewers at this time of the year. Thinking of this again, just as I began my monthly chat with you, all you readers of The Western Home Monthly! the idea came to me that just now, this very month, with Spring in the air, there are perhaps hundreds of authors planning the novels that will be published about next October. In other words, Spring novels are in the making although we do not reap the harvest until the prairies have been robbed of their golden grain. Nothing to wonder at then, that the fruit that falls from the literary trees in the harvest of the year should have a flavour of joyousness, gaiety, and bouyant love not to be found in novels written in the depth of winter.

If there were no exceptions to this generalization, the reader would be most unfortunate. For certainly few there are who want a melancholy, tragic tale to read when the trees are rich with buds, the new grass a vivid green, and the shy anenomes are heralding the pageant of flowers to which the prairies, year by year, are magnificent hostesses. Since my last talk with you there have been many rather depressing novels but also, I am glad to report a few that act as a tonic for tired nerves.

Two Unusual Girls

ONE never knows, nowadays what girls may do for a living. Gone is the time when definite lines of demarcation set the limit to her sphere of activity. To-day, the whole world is her working-ground—and she turns up in unexpected quarters. We find her, for instance, owning, writing, and printing a newspaper in a unique and jovial tale entitled "Their Friendly Enemy" by Gardener Hunting (published in Toronto by The Macmillan Company.) Two girls, chums, buy the "Clarion" and make a most successful paper of it until they run counter to the interests of the wealthiest man in town. Then trouble begins and grows to alarming proportions. You'll enjoy reading how these two girls met their editorial responsibilities.

"Beggar's Gold."

This is the challenging title that Ernest Poole has chosen for his latest publication. This is not an "amusing" novel but despite the warning of Spring to laugh and be merry, I want to tell you of the existence of this new novel because I count Ernest Poole among the few great novelists of the day. He is so artistic that it is a joy to read his books even though the plots may not always appeal to us, or the solutions to his problems, satisfy us. In "Beggar's Gold" we meet a charming couple, young and filled with ambitions and yearning dreams. Peter and Kate are, on the surface, like many another young married couple struggling "to make two ends meet." But beneath the surface they are quite different—read "Beggar's Gold" and you'll see what I mean. It is published in Canada by The Macmillan Company.

Springtime and Dreams!

THERE is a young man by the name of Ralph Stock whose waking h urs were given over to a delicious dream of the day when he would own his own vessel and go a-sailing in the Southern seas. There seemed no possibility of this dream ever being realized. Ships cost much money and Ralph had little. But after the war, when the kindly hospital released him healed of his wound, Ralph did not relinquish his dream. "Everything comes to those who wait" our mothers have often told us trying to cool a childish impatience. Perhaps this old adage should be qualified thus: everything comes to those who wait and who are not afraid to seize the first opportunity that presents itself. In a most delightful Springtime book, Ralph Stock tells the true story of how he came into possession of his Dream Ship and he narrates the wonderful voyage he took with his sister and a chum as the entire crew and how they entirely ignorant and far from wealthy sailed to the South Sea Islands like princes who inherited the world! Surley this book "The Cruise of the Dream Ship" by Ralph Stock is most suitable for reading at this season of the year when it is so easy to roam on the wings of fancy to the most entrancing spots. So come aboard the Dream Ship, you'll find the crew most hospitable and the glimpses you'll get of the most fascinating islands in the world will make lovely memory pictures for you next winter when the whole world seems rather a monotonous stretch of impassive snow. "The Cruise of the Dream Ship" is published in Canada by S. B. Gundy.

Romance of Spring.

THE Cornhill Publishing Co., of Boston has lately published a novel by John Frederick Herbin entitled "Jen of the Marshes." Mr. Herbin has told a very charming love story set in romantic, historic Acadia where the smell of apples is heavy and sweet during the hot summer days and where Jen finds that a certain Englishman's drawl is very pleasant to her Acadian ears! "Jen of the Marshes" is a delightful story of nice people and nasty ones; good and bad; heroes and villains each coming into the life of the other in the most interesting and thrilling manner.

Trouble—The House.

A QUAINT title and a unique novel. "Trouble - The House" by Kate Jordan (F. D. Goodchild, Toronto) is a most refreshing, sparkling, witty, appealing story of a funny little girl who has a snub nose and a vivid imagination. Susy is truly a treat and though her mother calls her "Trouble-the-House" she is really much more interesting than her good little sister. How you will laugh over the incident when Trouble-the-House steals a baby in order to have the joy of "rolling" him in a pram for an entire afternoon. It is rather more tragic than funny when the

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

It Keeps Steadily on Its Round.

Scientists say that this old world of ours hasn't varied more than a second or two since recorded time in making its annual trip around the sun. Considering the trouble and turmoil it has carried along, the record is remarkable.—Ottawa Citizen.

Tailors and Builders.

Complaint was made at the retail merchant tailors' convention in Toronto that Canadians were reluctant to learn tailoring. The same lament is heard in the building line. Why should Canadian youths turn up their noses at two of the best skilled trades.—Stratford Beacon.

The Woes of Wilhelm.

Ex-Emperor Wilhelm has had to discharge ten of his servants and hire a cheaper head gardener. That man's pitiful straits will yet wring the hearts of his former enemies, and before long we'll be asked to put our names down on a subscription list for him.—Kansas City Star.

Canada's Vast Store of Raw Materials.

Unless we master all that is to be known regarding the nature and possibilities of our vast supplies of varied raw materials, Canadians must ultimately find themselves at the mercy of foreigners who know how to prepare our riches for purposes of commerce.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Rum-runners Across the Border.

Rum-running to the Canadian border has been facilitated by the recent court decision that transportation for export is legal, and consequently the guards along the boundary must be increased and strengthened. That "one hundred years of unfortified frontier" has passed into history.—Springfield Republican.

The Doukhobors and Their Taxes.

The Doukhobors have mastered the theory of the "bluff," but their practice is still far from perfect. They will have to get a more credible threat than that they would slaughter their children and old people in protest against what they proclaim to be oppressive taxation, to move the hearts of the Canadian people or the Canadian tax-gatherers.—Regina Leader.

The Militarists in Japan.

The military terrorism that exists in Japan is once more illustrated by the official admission that a plot to kill Prince Tokugawa on his return from the Washington Conference has been discovered. The foes of disarmament in Japan seem to regard assassination, as a conclusive argument.—St. John Telegraph.

Motion Picture Morality.

In support of the allegation of general immorality among motion picture people is advanced the questionable character of some of the pictures they produce. Pictures of that kind would not be produced if the public did not want them. We don't know whether the motion picture people like to act such pictures, but we do know that there is always a demand for them.—Ottawa Journal.

To Set the Balance Right.

So soon as there should be not less than half the population working the land, most of the economic troubles that now beset the Dominion would disappear. Food would become abundant; unemployment disappear and discontent, much to the horror of the professional agitator, be a thing of the past.—Toronto Star.

The Lesson of Russia.

The world has before it the spectacle of a vast, rich, fertile country peopled by more than a hundred million beings who are unable to make the country produce enough to support them, even in a most primitive fashion. Russia is an example to the world of what passion and confused thinking can bring forth.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Russia's Lack of Transportation.

Grain being brought into the Volga district of Russia for seeding purposes will have to be carried in many cases, two or three hundred miles on the back of a man to reach its destination. This reveals a backward state of civilization in a part of Europe that is difficult to visualize in this country.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The Basic Industry.

If the price of wheat fell and the farmer were a business man what would he do? He would behave like a woolen company and stop work. He would let his fields lie idle. Not being a business man, what does he do? He growls a bit louder and plows a bit deeper and works his wife a good deal harder, and so somehow you get your food.—Galt Reporter.

To Increase Understanding.

The more Americans come to England and the more Englishmen go to America, the better for both. But as it is impossible for more than an extremely small percentage of each people to create by this means a genuine mutual comprehension of each by the other, the next best thing is for each to learn as much as it can about the history of the other.—London Spectator.

British Emigration to Australia.

The very general impression that a large British emigration is going to Australia appears to have no foundation in actual fact. Australian papers report Premier Hughes as making complaint that the Commonwealth and the Australian states, after spending over a million dollars in promoting immigration had only received 10,000 immigrants during the preceding nine months.—Vancouver World.

The Passing of the City Horse.

It may be that horse drawn traffic is destined to become extinct in this country. But that time has not yet come. The great arterial roads undoubtedly must be made for mechanically propelled traffic mainly, and we hope that in the near future the use of horses in the crowded thoroughfares of Central London and similar districts in provincial towns will be prohibited in the interests of the horses themselves.—London Daily Chronicle.

Justice Quick, Sure, Effective.

Our neighbor, Canada, sets us a good example in the administration of law. When a criminal is convicted and sentenced there, his case is ended. No appeals, no commutations, no pardons. And the penalties run twice as heavy as in the United States. Result: A wholesome respect for law in Canada, while in our own beloved land the offender has contempt for it.—Seattle Argus.

The Interdependence of Nations.

Reginald McKenna, now a great banker and formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, illustrated the interdependence of the nations by this illustration in a recent speech: "If Russia fails to buy tea in China or India, our Eastern market for cottons is narrowed, the United States sells less raw cotton to us, and our shipping, banking and insurance business is impaired." The world is inextricably bound together for good or evil; but this is the hardest of all lessons for the nations to learn.—Vancouver Province.

The Ear for Music.

The suggestion was made at a meeting of the British Association, the other day, that children are naturally musical. A formidable list could be made out of distinguished men who seem to have been born without this gift, and who would have endorsed the Frenchman's definition of music "as the only noise you had to pay for hearing." Macauley was known to have recognized only one tune in his life. Lamb was another heretic in matters musical. More than one poet has had the faculty of writing musical verse, whilst almost, or entirely, without comprehension of music.—London Daily Mail.

Victims of Alcohol.

Most thinking people must have been distressed by the recent poisonings in New York, when over a hundred victims were struck down by alcoholic concoctions they had sampled. Yet in pre-prohibition days, five times that number of deaths from ordinary alcoholism were taken quite for granted. Thus, in 1917, the deaths in New York City from alcoholism numbered 560 with several times that number in which it must have been the secondary cause. It should therefore seem that the chief difference between "good" and "bad" liquor is that the latter kills them quicker. Providence Journal.

Education.

Unfortunately there is an idea abroad that education is merely a preparation for success in life. The daily bread has to be earned, of course, but to consider the children of the State merely as potential bread winners is hardly a worthy view. Education is for life. A rich humanism should colour all teaching. We need citizens who are not only efficient for the duties which they are called upon to fulfill, but able to draw from the streams of intellectual and spiritual enjoyment all that they need to enrich and sweeten their life of toil. —Cape (South Africa) Argus.

Sufficient Distinction.

A cable despatch says that Mr. P. C. Larkin, the new Canadian high commissioner, can have a knighthood if the Canadian government is willing to allow him to accept it. Mr. Larkin, apart altogether from the fact that he is high commissioner, would wear a knighthood well, and certainly he has earned one more than some knights we wot of. But we don't believe that Mr. Larkin would want to accept a knighthood when he knows that there is in Canada a very pronounced feeling against such distinctions being conferred upon Canadians. It is pointed out in the cable that Mr. Larkin will be "the only high commissioner in London without a title." It seems to us that gives him quite sufficient distinction.—Vancouver Sun.

The Coming of the Robins.

It would probably go hard with the birds if their case were left to be decided upon argument alone. But robins are their own best advocates. They come in the spring—vandals that they are—and start a deeply planned campaign to cultivate everybody's friendship. The deep woods knows them not; they never skulk in the bushes, nor flee the presence of man. Instead they choose the lawn for a hunting ground, build their 'nests even on porches and window-sills, and never let the sun go down without a song delivered from the most conspicuous perch on the place. The robin's cheerfulness is irresistible; his neighborliness compelling. It is absolutely impossible not to like him when he offers such convincing proofs every day that he likes men.—Calgary Albertan.

Autocratic Minority Rule.

A local Communist says Russia is the only country in which the people control the Government. Most of us have the impression that it is the only white country controlled by a small faction.—Hamilton Spectator.

Get Rich Quick Swindles

If every allowance be made for unavoidable and unforeseeable losses, if it be admitted freely that wise and thoroughly informed investors are misled at times, it still remains true that the fool and his money are soon parted, and that a sucker is born every minute.

Through the closest mesh of the most conceivably effective governmental machinery these victims of their own ignorance or cupidity will still pour in a countless multitude.—Journal of Commerce.

Mother

It will hardly be disputed that the mothers of most of our great men have known little Latin and less Greek, like Mr. William Shakespeare. They have looked at the stars without telescopes. The ocean has never impressed itself on them as a source of so many grains of gold to a hundred thousand tons of sea water, nor the prairie as an ultimate source of food for millions. But in stars and ocean and prairie, consciously or unconsciously, they have felt the poetry of infinity, self has been reduced to its real perspective, and loving sacrifice has become a habit of their existence.—Calgary Albertan.

Brief and to the Point

General Byng, hero of Vimy and now Governor-General of Canada, talks as he fought, without wasting time, but with a direct punch that carries weight. In sixteen words he sent an Armistice message to the Canadian people that means more than pages of oratory: "My message to the people of Canada is, Honor the dead by helping the living." Armistice Day is past and gone, but today, and tomorrow and every day we all have a splendid opportunity of following the sterling advice of Byng of Vimy.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

The House of Windsor

King George the Fifth is a monarch of democratic tendencies and undoubtedly of exalted patriotism. He has abandoned several of the ancient privileges and prerogatives of the British Kings. He has cut loose from the German family connection by replacing the name of Hanover with that of Windsor as that of his house. He seeks, and possesses in abundance, the sympathy and liking of the British people. If his son and heir were to choose a young Englishwoman as his future Queen, he would undoubtedly increase still further the popularity of the royal family.—Boston Transcript.

The Krupp Factories

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks" says the Good Book, and Germany, taking a leaf out of prophecy, has turned the crucibles of the Krupps to casting such peaceful products as cash registers, talking machines and motion picture apparatus, to mention only a few of the newly diversified products of Essen, which is reported as furnishing employment for twelve thousand more workers than the cannon factory employed prior to the war. If the rest of Isaiah's prophecy shall come true the world will be content.—Montreal Star.

A Worse Than Foolish Census Method.

Here, let us say, are a Swede and his wife who came to Canada fifteen years ago or so. They have a family who are Canadian - born Canadians. But along comes the census taker, and says, 'No', they must be registered in our national Canadian register not as Canadians, but as Swedes. If one of the sons, when he grows up, marries a girl born in Scotland of Scottish parents, or even grandparents, their children are, according to this method of census-taking, what? Either Swedes or Scottish—but not Canadians! About how long will it take to build up a strong and healthy Canadian sentiment and national feeling under such absurd and grotesque methods? Think of the effect of that foolishness, and worse than foolishness, on the new Canadians!—Kingston Whig.

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The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

St. John's Technical High School Winnipeg

Monopolies of Knowledge.

THE value of technical and practical knowledge is emphasized strongly in a pamphlet issued recently by the Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research. Monopolies of special branches of technical knowledge, it is said, constitute one of the most powerful trade weapons of to-day.

Secret agreements, combines, trusts, and the ordinary method of "conspiracies in the restraint of trade," become very mild and impotent weapons when compared to such formidable instruments as, for example, a secret chemical formula that might be scribbled on the back of a calling card.

The Bloodless Wars of Trade.

IN the bloodless wars for international trade, it is the armies of the chemists and engineers that must be mobilized, drilled, and directed against the parapets of unknown scientific facts. Export duties, credit leagues, intelligence departments, persuasive salesmanship, and even the magic of a great flag, cannot win or cannot hold, for long, trade for a country whose producers are not armed with scientific knowledge of their work.

A great camera manufacturing concern in the United States is able, it is said, to dominate the field in at least half the world because it knows more scientific secrets of that trade than anyone else.

What Other Nations Do.

FIFTY concerns in the United States, continues the report, retain research departments at costs ranging from twenty-five thousand dollars to two million dollars a year.

In England, France and Germany, the race for technical knowledge for purposes of trade gathers speed.

The mere digger-out of raw material gets the pay of a labourer.

The nation that can furnish its raw material trebles and quadruples its reward.

The question is,—Shall Canada keep reasonably in pace with the modern movement? Shall Canada add to her natural possessions a superior knowledge of how to use them?

Can the needed variety of occupations for ambitious Canadian sons and daughters be maintained unless she does make places for such knowledge and encourages those who extend it?

Can the burdens of Canadian taxation and the evils of unemployment be off-set, if Canada, in her struggle for markets and for good returns on her wares, does not possess herself of the instrument of technical knowledge?

Achievements of Industry.

INDUSTRY and application are two of the essential qualities in the development of any art. Of Handel, his biographer says, "He braved everything, and, by his unaided self, accomplished the work of twelve men."

Haydn, speaking of his art, said, "It consists in taking up a subject and pursuing it." "Work," said Mozart, "is my chief pleasure."

Beethoven's favourite maxim was "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry, 'Thus far and no farther.'" John Sebastian Bach said of himself, "I was industrious; whoever is equally sedulous, will be equally successful."

Of Meyerbeer, Bayle thus wrote from Milan in 1820: "He is a man of some talent, but no genius; he lives solitary, working fifteen hours a day at music."

"You are now at an age," said Lammenais once, addressing a gay youth, "at which a decision must be formed by you; a little later, and you may have to groan within the tomb which yourself have dug, without the power of rolling away the stone. That which the easiest becomes a habit in us is the will. Learn then to will strongly and decisively; thus fix your floating life, and leave it no longer to be carried hither and thither, like a withered leaf, by every wind that blows."

Strong Resolutions.

BUXTON, according to the author Samuel Smiles, held the conviction that a young man might be very much what he pleased, provided he formed a strong resolution and held to it. Writing to one of his own sons, he once said, "You are now at that period of life in which you must make a turn to the right or to the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination and strength of mind; or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory and ineffective young man; and if you once fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again. I am sure that a young man may do very much what he pleases.

In my own case, it was so. Much of my happiness, and all my prosperity in life, have resulted from the change I made at your age. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it that you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination."

Napoleon's aim was glory; Wellington's watchword, like Nelson's, was duty. The former word, continues Smiles, does not once occur in Wellington's despatches; the latter often, but never accompanied by any high-sounding professions. The greatest difficulties could neither embarrass nor intimidate Wellington; his energy invariably rising in proportion to the obstacles to be surmounted. The patience, the firmness, the resolution with which he bore through the maddening vexations and gigantic difficulties of the Peninsular campaigns, is, perhaps, one of the sublimest things to be found in history.

Merchants Back to School.

DURING the early part of March, the fifth annual training school for the merchants of Manitoba was held under the auspices of the University of Manitoba. It is understood that the registration was larger than in any previous year, reaching upwards of two hundred. It is a good sign in the commercial history of our province that our merchants are willing to spend a week at the University, there to pool their ideas and to co-operate with instructors skilled in various departments of industrial life, to the end that the community and the merchant might benefit more abundantly.

The writer had the privilege of attending one or two of the classes and noticed that about fifty per cent., of the members were men well on in years, some of them being in their sixties. Surely this is an object lesson to the young men—that men of affairs and of many years' experience in the practical school of life, are willing to go, as it were, back to school to learn, or to learn anew

One of the speakers, in the course of his address, gave a list of books which he recommended to the attention of merchants generally, as being worthy of a place in their store library and as containing some of the basic principles relating to the better coduct of business. This list is reproduced for the benefit of our merchant readers, particularly for the young men who are working in the stores of Manitoba and who naturally cherish the hope that some day they may have "a business of their own."

1. Handbook of Business English, published by Harpers.
2. Description of Industry, published by Henry Holt and Company.
3. Effective Business Letters, published by Ronald Press Company.
5. The Story of Foods, published by Rand, McNally and Company.
5. Commerce and Industry, Published by Holt and Company.
6. Retail Selling, published by Harper and Brothers.
7. Thoughts of Business, published by Forbes and Company.
8. The Literature of Business, published by Harper and Brothers.
9. Summary of Canadian Commercial Law, published by the Commercial Textbook Company.
10. Salesmanship, published by Lyons and Carnahan.
11. Salesmanship and Business Efficiency, published by Knox Publishing Company.

What is a Scientific Method?

THE word "science" to many people suggests an education and elaborate equipment far beyond the reach of the ordinary man, and yet, according to one writer, science is merely an orderly system of collecting information, and a scientific method is therefore available for even the ordinary occupations of life.

A wastebasket full of facts is meaningless. They should be arranged so that all those which point in one direction are brought together and are offset by those which seem to point to a different solution, very much in the same way as accounting records give a systematic exposition of a large variety of facts which otherwise would be meaningless.

To sum up the matter in simple language, the scientific method as applied to the affairs of everyday life means:

1. Determine just what it is you want to do.
2. Collect all possible information. Make certain that you collect facts, not opinions.
3. Determine on the basis of this information which is the best way to proceed.
4. Then go ahead.
5. Keep careful records to make it possible to check constantly the results obtained, for in no other way can the efficiency of different methods be compared.

Experience Versus Theory.

A FEW weeks ago, I heard a business man remark that if a student could go on a travelling expedition of some weeks' duration he would learn more real geography in that time than during years of study in school.

Like most sweeping statements, this one is in need of modification. It is true that all theory and no practice produces unbalanced results, but it is also true that many people are unable to reason accurately from the things which they see. There are commercial travellers who in one season could cover thousands of miles yet, would be unable to give a simple geographical interpretation of some apparently commonplace fact of nature which they have witnessed hundreds of times.

Consider, for instance, our own Red River. Why does it twist and turn so much when other rivers flow straight ahead? Of the Red River, Whittier wrote:

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long red chain,
Through dusky belts of pineland
And gusty leagues of plain.

Some men, after putting this and other facts together, would arrive at the real geographical reason, which is that, rivers cut their channels through the softest strata, but there are many who would view this phenomenon hundreds of times and yet be unable to assign the real reason.

The fact just quoted has, in combination with facts ascertained in other departments of nature, led to the scientific statement that force acts along the line of least resistance, and this knowledge is, in turn, at the foundation of many important scientific achievements of to-day.

This knowledge is contained in textbooks and is surely an illustration of the oft repeated statement that theory and practice must go hand in hand.

The True Gentleman.

IN delightful and convincing fashion, Cardinal Newman wrote:

"It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him.....

The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast,—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, all suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home.

He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive."

Human Health and Human Progress

HEALTH must be regarded as standing second to none among the most important factors in human progress. Primitive man had to contend for his own and his family's existence against wild beasts; and he still has to contend against parasites and disease germs. In the age-long warfare between humanity and disease germs man has frequently succumbed; whole tribes and even nations have been wiped out by the plague, by cholera, and even by less virulent diseases. The establishment of physical health has been, and is, an essential element in the origination and maintenance of civilization. Without physical health, no high and no permanent civilization is possible. Never before has the importance of physical health been realized as it is realized now. Never before has there been so great a dissemination of knowledge about health. And we are only in the beginning of the era when such knowledge will be more and more widespread and put into operation, for the betterment of humanity. We often think of the difference between our grandfathers' times and our own as consisting mainly in mechanical inventions and the hundred and one ways in which electricity is harnessed in the service of humanity. A greater difference is in the increased practical knowledge now for the maintenance and promotion of physical health. In this alone there is immeasurable ground for hopefulness in regard to human progress.

Gas for Mobs.

The police in the leading cities of the United States have been practising on volunteer squads of their own membership with the use of tear gas as a means of dispersing mobs. The particular gas used is not dangerous, but is disabling. The results of the experiments indicate conclusively its complete effectiveness as a mob disperser. It is usually gas which causes mobs to gather: now gas is to be used to disperse them.—Montreal Gazette.

The THUNDER KING

The story of a boy's love for a horse.

By H. Mortimer Batten

When young Hal Marle told his father of the wonderful mustang which Sama Ree, the Indian, had just brought in from the plains, the ranch owner certainly did not share the boy's enthusiasm. For Peter Marle knew that Hal had long hankered to possess a mustang, and he knew also that the boy's ideal was largely fostered by his own freely voiced aversion to the breed.

"I've never yet seen a mustang which was worth a whoop." the ranch owner asserted. "But anyway. if you want the beast so almighty badly get Sama to make you a present of him. He's far better off than I am, and he certainly doesn't spend his money in soap and clothes!"

The boy laughed aloud at the thought of Sama giving a horse away, for, like most prairie Indians, Sama rejoiced in a good bargain.

"Well, I'd like you to see the Thunder King, dad," said Hal. "Jet black, with white points and a white star on his forehead. I tell you he's the most perfect beast I've ever seen—barring, of course, our own thoroughbreds!" he added discreetly.

Peter Marle, looking for an opportunity to dismiss the subject, saw now his chance. "Very well, then", said he, "you bring the mustang along and put him through his paces." He turned on his heel when a new idea occurred to him. "By the way," he added, "You haven't already tried him, I suppose? You aren't usually slow in trying a new horse."

The boy shook his head. "He wasn't tied when I called at Sama's cabin, just hobbled, and it was near dusk."

"I see," the boy's father interposed, "and the Indian thought it would take you till midnight to halter him! Has Sama ever ridden the brute?"

"Why sure. Sama rode him in. Reckons he improves every time out, but he certainly is a bit wild."

Peter Marle chuckled, and went his way, casting some remark over his shoulder to the effect that Sama was a born dealer.

But Hal Marle had seen at last his ideal, and from the moment that he first set eyes on the Thunder King, closely hobbled fore and aft and surrounded by a high snake fence, round which he tore like the wild thing that he was at the sight of a stranger, he knew that some day, somehow, he would come to possess that horse. For Hal, like many boys of the prairies, was horse mad; he sprang from a long line of forefathers who had lived for their horses, and—their horse pride running riot with their better judgment—had more often than not ruined themselves by their horse.

So that day the boy went back, if only to gaze at the beast of his dreams. He found Sama Ree at home, and ready enough to see him since his return signified the possibility of business.

"You buy?" enquired Sama brightly.

Hal despondently shook his head. "It ain't so easy getting money out of dad these days," he answered. "Especially when the price you ask is more than any wild beast can be worth. But I'll tell you what, Sama. You let me ride the horse so he gets used to me and I'll take him to the ranch to put him through his paces, then maybe dad—will make you an offer."

The Indian hung fire. "No man ever yet ride him but me," he asserted. "Him heap dangerous beast."

But nevertheless, an hour or so later, the boy was leading the mustang off at the end of a halter towards a quiet hollow of the prairie. Thunder King was wild-eyed and snorting, but bit by bit he became used to the quiet stranger, who had insisted on taking him off alone. Well out of sight, with rolling uplands on every side, Hal drew rein, and began to caress and fondle his own cayuse, talking to her in a quiet voice. Soon the wild horse became interested, and the tension on the halter relaxed. Hal took some dainty from his pocket, and gave it to his own thoroughbred. The enticing scent reached the nostrils of the mustang, and soon he too was munching at something snatched nervously from the boy's hand. Hal's fingers touched his nostrils and the animal drew back, snorting. Gently but firmly Hal insisted, and at length Thunder King submitted to the soothing sensation of having his white star rubbed. Then Hal lowered his face and breathed deeply into the mustang's nostrils.

So, that first day, they came to know each other a little, and the wild beast no longer cowered back from the boy's touch.

Hal came every succeeding day, but very gently and persuasive he was with the beast he had loved at first sight, for love can make angels even of boys. So at the end of the week Sama was astounded to see the mustang following Hal into the corral without even a halter between them.

"I reckon I'll ride him tomorrow," remarked the boy, at which Sama was still more surprised, for he imagined that every day Hal had been struggling to master the mustang.

So next day Hal, gently but swiftly, slipped from his saddle on to the bare back of the mustang, and with one snort of terror Thunder King set off across the prairies in a series of broadside leaps, rigid as a table; then down went his head, and—heavens how he bucked! He bucked at full gallop, he bucked standing still, bouncing like a glass marble on stone flags. Still the human leech easily kept his seat, so with a scream Thunder King flung himself down and rolled.

Quick as the horse was, the boy was quicker, though it all seemed so easy and so effortless. For Hal landed on his feet, and quietly stood by while Thunder King rolled, then as the animal leapt up, Hal slipped back to his place, and away they went once more in wild stampede.

The best horses are not easily broken, and many an evening found both boy and horse exhausted when they returned to Sama's corral, but now Hal never led the mustang; he left him to follow, and the animal had learnt to come to the boy's call. For Hal, who loved his own boundless freedom, realized the gnawing tyranny of even a halter to a beast born of the great open ranges.

So, in course of time, Hal turned up at the ranch mounted on Thunder King—still a bit wild, to be sure, and full of unexpected tricks, as he always would be. Peter Marle came out, looked the animal up and down, and told Hal to gallop him. The man watched intently, but somehow there was a shadow upon his face. "He sure is a pretty beast, Hal," he said at length, "quite the prettiest mustang I've ever seen, and he sure can gallop some. But," and his eyes met his sons, "I'm sorry, Hal, but we don't want no doctor's bills to swell our expenses."

The boy laughed—a free, open laugh, like the life he lived. "I reckon if there were ever going to be any doctor's bills,

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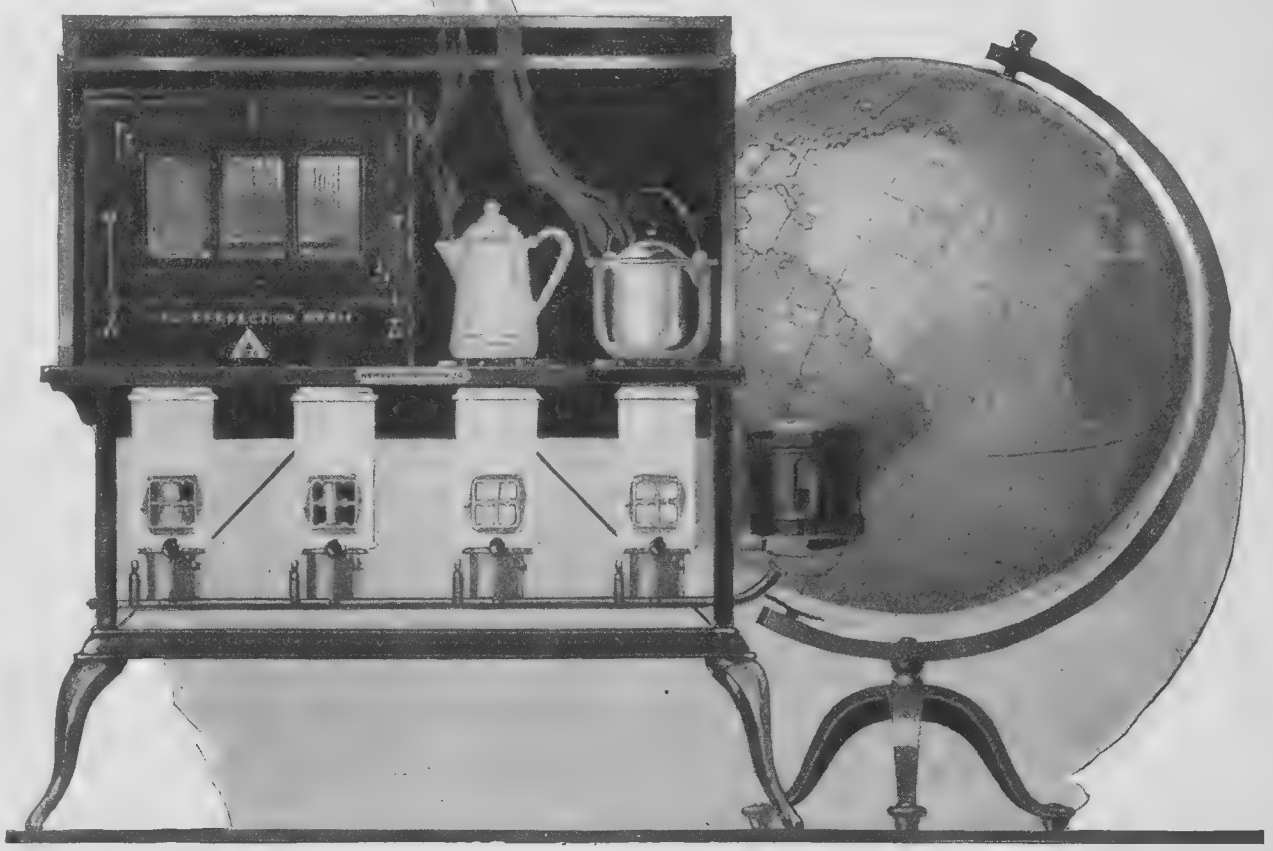

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dad, we'd have had them already," he said. "Why, I've been riding him a whole month past, and at first he just lay down and screamed."

"That so!" The words were uttered without animation, proud as Mr. Marle always was of his son's achievements. That so, Hal! Still I'm afraid it don't help things. Truth is I ain't buying anything just now. It's been a bad season, and things havn't panned out just as they should. Do you get me, Hal?"

He yanked out the linings of his empty breeches pockets to add points to the explanation, but strive as he would Hal could not force his usually ready laugh to his lips. He felt that he had earned the mustang, which he longed to possess as never before had he longed to possess anything, and such was his youth that he still blissfully held the notion that parental power to purchase is unlimited, if parental will accompanies it. He did not see that his father's eyes were sad, or seeing he did not interpret the sign aright, for how was he to know the bitter pinch of the last few months—the pinch of hard times? He himself had been busy with his own schemes and his own ambitions, and surely the purchasing of another horse for their private stud—an entirely unnecessary addition!—was but a small matter when it meant so much to him!

"We're all wanting things, Hal," his father was saying. "Things we can't afford to buy. Doesn't your mother want a new covering for Uncle Albert's grave—doesn't she want a new work-basket and one of them grammer-fones? We've just got to wait, so you ride along back and tell Sama that your father ain't in the market just now. Look slippy, sonny, then we'll see what there is for supper."

Hal went, but—supper! The irony of it smote him under the belt! Work baskets? What was the use of them, anyway? A covering for old Uncle Albert's grave—as though he wasn't firmly enough planted already without any covering! Hal went back by a tortuous route, striving to accept the inevitable, and finding it unacceptable. He could not part with that horse! They were made for one another, and whatever man willed, Thunder King was rightly his!

Sama, however—Sama spoilt by too much wealth, for which he had no earthly use, Sama spoilt by the white race, by a system of morals which bade him abandon the morals of the red while yet unable to grasp the decencies of the white, soon relieved the boy of all such notions. Having heard that the range owner was not to buy, he snatched the horse roughly away, dragging at the bridle, and Hal saw all his careful efforts, aiming at breeding a sense of trust and affection for man in the savage breast of the mustang, shattered to nought by the Indian's rough handling He could have knifed Sama, but instead he bit his lip and said tremulously "Anyway, I've made a better horse of him, and if you handle him properly he should be worth good money when a proper purchaser comes along."

Then, mounted on his own quiet thoroughbred, Hal went his homeward way, his eyes on the streaked and savage glory of the sunset, and he wondered on reaching home why his father and mother were so caressing—why they seemed anxious to pamper his every wish when they had denied him the only one that mattered.

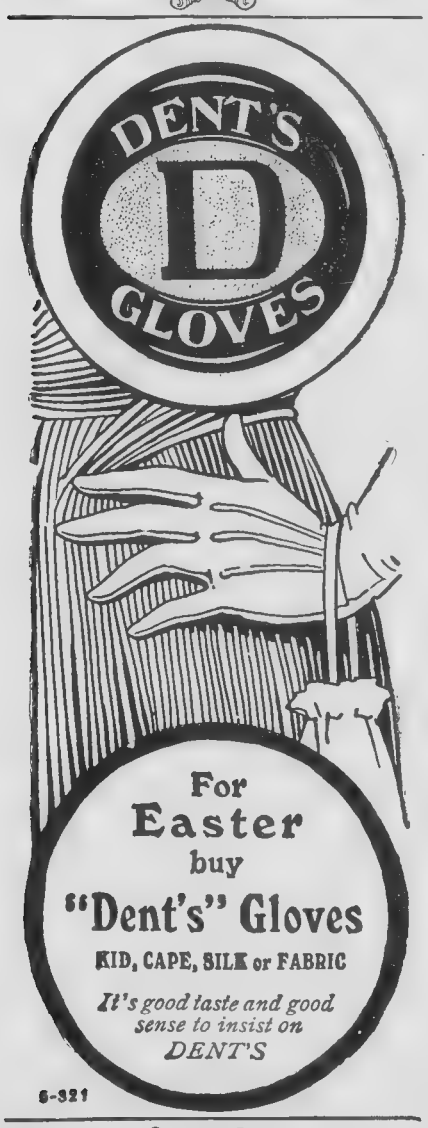
Once or twice during the days that followed Hal met Sama in the range—Sama riding the black mustang, but the man merely gave him a surly nod and went on. Meantime Hal drew black mustangs over his school books, and loyally stuck up for Sama, who had become his hero because he possessed the supreme Thunder King—stuck up for Sama when the other boys told stories about an Indian who got drunk and frightened women—about an Indian who left his horse tethered outside the saloon on a night so cold that any horse but a mustang would have perished! Hal was prepared to swear it was not Sama, but in his own heart he knew that it was true, and that the horse he loved had fallen upon evil days.

That fall Hal left school, and a new phase of his life opened up. How he would have loved it had he been mounted on the Thunder King—the wild rider over the hills, with only space to conquer, the boundless searching and watching which is the lot of those who ride the great ranges. He was in the saddle from dawn till dusk, pausing now to chat with the Indians, now to repair a breach in the wire fence, or riding headlong up and down the slopes to round up a herd of strayed, stampeding cattle. He could shout as loud as any boy willed, for there was only God to hear, and the bark of the stock whip in his hand or the hum of the lariat were music in his ears.

But one evening, at the far end of the range, Hal's cayuse was tobogganing down a steep ascent, all four legs squarely braced, when one of its forelegs slipped into the vertical burrow of a ground squirrel. Hal felt himself being pitched, then he heard the poor beast's imprisoned limb go off like a pistol shot. Two things occurred to him ere he reached the ground thirty feet beyond, to bounce and roll like a rubber ball—the first that he was at the far end of the range, the second that night was near. He rose immediately, dazed, but able to stand. He heard his cayuse screaming, and nerved himself up to do what had to be done ere he had time to think. He drew the six shooter from his belt and he made no mistake about it. To a lover of horses the scream was horrible, but now Hal put his arm about the neck of his departed friend, and felt at his soul the desire to howl, as a dog howls when its master is gone beyond recall.

The job was done anyway, and Hall was utterly alone. Lord, how sick and queer he felt, and how bitter cold it was! He sat beside his dead pony till the cold warned him that it was time to

Sergeant Fitzgerald of the R.N.W.M.P., who after thousands of miles of travel, captured an Eskimo family charged with a serious crime, and in so doing sacrificed his life through his devotion to duty.



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move. There was nothing for it, of course, but to set out on foot, but now, for the life of him, Hal could not grasp his landmarks. Which way had he been heading?—down, of course, but that surely could not be the west? It was, for the sun was setting there—and O the savage, inexorable glory of it!—but having revised his motions so far he could not re-adjust his map, and the effort of will necessary was not at his command. He must have come an awful cropper, and he sat down again with chattering teeth.

When next Hal drew himself together it was about dark, and he could hardly stand. Moreover he thought he had heard something—coyotes, no doubt. Would the coyotes already be in packs? Surely it was early in the season, and yet—no, it could not be buffalo wolves he had heard! Several seasons had elapsed since the last wolves were heard in those ranges, yet Uncle Albert had said—Uncle Albert who wanted a new covering!—that they would certainly come back. Hal had hoped that they would come back, but tonight he would have been quite content to leave them on the other side of the International Boundary.

Hal got up, and staggered away. He would make for a high point, and there strive again to regain his landmarks. But he had not gone twenty paces when he saw something dark lying among the dwarf cactus ahead. It looked like a cast off human garment, and yet—he had dropped nothing? No, all the clothing he had started out with still adorned his person.

Hal stooped over the object, and found himself looking into the face of a dead man! It was all strange and bewildering, dazed as he was, like a dream, here in the half light. And, as he looked into that beaten, sand-covered face, he heard again afar off, the sound he had heard previously—the rally call of buffalo wolves!

Hal stooped and struck a match. The man was an Indian, but his features were almost unrecognizable. It was Sama, Hal thought—yes, it undoubtedly was Sama, for the scar across his protruding cheek bone was unmistakable. Sama, thrown from his mustang, and—dead!

There were hoof marks all round, and Hal saw that the Indian wore spurs which bore dark stains!

Hal was about to pull out, when again he heard that haunting, sinister, cry! It seemed to fill the whole heavens, and he realized with a shudder that it was down wind of him. "It is you they are hunting!" a small voice seemed to say. "They have scented you!"

Hal looked about him. There was no way out. If the wolves were after him it was merely a matter of emptying the chambers of his revolver, then taking pot luck. It did not seem at that moment that his life was worth very much—out there in the purple shadows, so utterly alone!

But—halloa, what was that? Nearer and nearer it came, the thud of hoofs, rapid as the rumble of a kettle drum. In an instant the truth dawned. A horse does not readily leave the vicinity of its dead master, even though it may not have loved him. It hangs about the place, as though fearful of facing the world alone when so accustomed to another choosing the way.

Hal clapped his hands and called—the long, penetrating call he had used for the horse he loved. Again he heard the howling of wolves, and he smiled the gravest of smiles, thinking that if it were Thunder King they were chasing, they had a long, long way to go ere they caught him! Thunder King, with all the unlimited ranges at his whirlwind hoofs!

Again he called, and again and again. He thought the Thunder King was passing by in the deepening purple of the east, then it drew nearer, distinctly nearer.

Thus, through the stunted sage, came the Thunder King—a black wraith of the wind, mane and tail streaming wildly, a child of the deserts, clearly a child of the deserts, rejoicing in his own glorious power for the sounds at his heels bore no menace to him! He had heard Hal's cry, for he came straight up, then he began to circle round, shaking his glorious head and snorting, while nearer, nearer, across the bluff came the hollow, death-like howls of the death hunters.

"Thunder King! Thunder King!" The boy held out his hands, entreating now. Life was very dear to him, and if this were death—this crumpled, sand-covered thing at his feet—then death was very horrible! He might have run out and tried, in his desperation, to catch the mustang, but a life spent among timid horses had taught the uselessness of such tactics. Thunder King must come to him, or his chances were small, and—well, Thunder King was already scared, and in no mood to stand still.

And yet—what was that look in the wild eyes? Was it understanding? Thunder King was standing stock still now, gazing in the direction of the death hounds, snorting softly, and Hall went quietly up to him, quietly but frenziedly clutched the wild mane, and next moment was astride the glossy, silken back. Then—they were off like the wind, saddleless, bridleless, for somehow Thunder King had managed to slip his bridle, as only a wild horse can—faster, faster, the dust clouds rising far behind them.

All through that night Hal, with throbbing head and blurred vision, managed to keep his seat. He rode as naturally as most men lie abed, and without much more effort. When morning came he dismounted and washed at a stream, also he drank a lot and felt better. But this country was new to him, and for as far as he could see there was no sign of human habitation, nothing but the purple infinite sage! In which direction they had been heading all night he had not the least notion, so that he was as completely and entirely lost as could be.

Anyway, there was nothing for it but to keep on riding in the hope that something would turn up. The chance seemed small, for their own ranch was thirty miles from anywhere in particular, and to the west lay unbroken range.

During that morning Hal was obsessed by the notion that Thunder King was making for some definite goal—doubtless his own wild hills, where his old wild kindred lived, which would be about as far from human habitation as it was possible to get. Hal, however, had no say in the matter. If Thunder King knew the way even to nowhere, that was more than Hal knew.

Luckily they were spared the torments of thirst, for the country was broken and well watered—so broken that only a mustang or a wild goat would have tried to cross it. And, if Thunder King was not on a route he knew, why did he cross the rivers so determinedly?

Sundown made things clear, for just as Hal was about to drop from exhaustion the cayuse pulled up, and the boy saw before him a rough cabin, built into a bank—clearly an Indian trick, to save himself the trouble of building a fourth wall! Hal dismounted and knocked. Of course there was no response. He noticed a pan lying by the door—a pan half filled with sand. Some squatter, evidently, washing for dust, so Hal took the pan up. He was astounded at the weight of it, for the sand it contained was not sand at all, but coarse, yellow gold dust!

At this Hal began to pull himself together, and to take a proper interest in things. Not ten yards away was the stream from which the dust had been washed. He went in—the place was well stocked with stores—flour, buckwheat, and the like. On the wall was a belt, a hunting belt adorned with stained porcupine quills—a belt which struck Hal as familiar, for it was suspiciously like one he had often seen Sama wearing. Then there was the hunting knife—yes, with the brass stud, protruding from the fire-blackened handle!

Had Sama, then, come to this place? Was this Sama's cabin—here, back in the wild? Was it here that he spent his time during the long periods that he was absent from civilization—here, washing out gold from the tiny stream about which none but himself knew?

Continued on page 43

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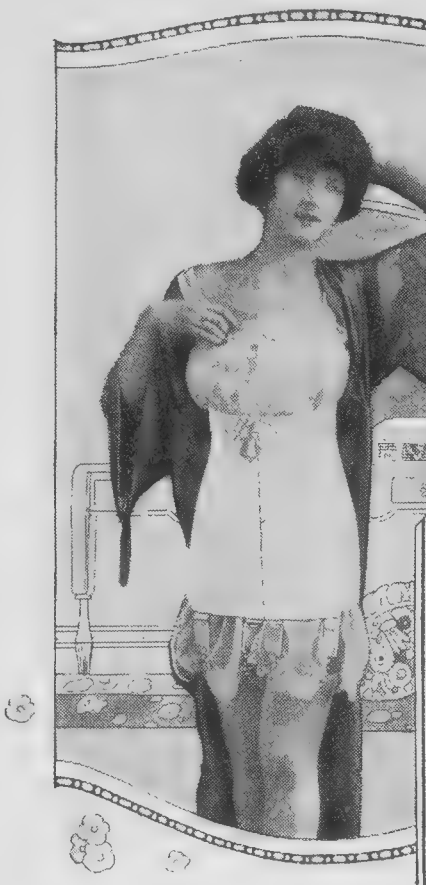

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(18)

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By MARGIE MOORE

Cosy Sweaters for Spring Days for the School Girls.

Size 12 to 14 Years—Monarch Down

6 Balls Copenhagen
1 Ball Camel
1 Pair No. 7 and No. 9 Needles

Back—With Copen. wool cast on 84 sts. Knit 4 ridges, with Camel knit 4 ridges, with Copen. knit 2 ridges, with Camel knit 2 ridges, then knit in pattern as follows:—With Blue. 1st row—Knit 4, purl 2. 2nd row—Knit 2, purl 4. 3rd row—Knit 4, purl 2. 4th row—Knit plain. Repeat these 4 rows till work measures 16 inches, then cast on 12 sts. each end of needle, every row, five times each end. (60 sts. extra each end.) Knit till sleeve measures 4½ inches at cuff end. On following row, cast off 18 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front. Cast on 2 sts. at neck end every other row 6 times Then cast on 12 sts. on neck end. Knit till sleeve measures 9½ inches across cuff end. Then cast off sleeve same way as cast on. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Then put all sts. on one needle. Add a few sts. or decrease a few sts. in centre to make pattern come even. Knit same length as back. Cast off.

Cuffs—With No. 9 needles, right side of work towards you and Blue wool, pick up and knit 1 st, in each st. across sleeve. Knit 2, purl 2, rib knitting for 3 inches, then starting wrong side of work, knit 4 ridges, with Camel 4 ridges, Blue 1 ridge, Camel 1 ridge. Cast off.

Collar—With right side of work towards you, No. 9 needles and Blue wool, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. across neck, Knit 1, purl 1. rib knitting for 2 inches, then knit 8 ridges Blue, 4 Camel. 4 Blue, 4 Camel and while doing these ridges, increase 1 st. each end of needle every ridge. Cast off.

Sew up all seams neatly.

Crochet loops around front of Jumper on both sides and sew two rows of buttons.

Pullover size 12 to 14 years

Size 6 to 8 Years—Monarch Butterfly

5 Balls Pink
1 Ball white
1 Pair No. 7 and No. 9 Needles

Back—Cast on 76 sts, Knit 2, purl 2, for 4 rows. Purl 2, knit 2 for 4 rows. Repeat these 8 rows till work measures 13 inches, then cast on 12 sts. each end of needle every row, 4 times each end (48 sts. extra each end). Knit till work measures 4 inches at cuff end. On following row cast off 16 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front. Knit 4 rows for shoulder. Cast on 16 sts. at neck end. Knit 4 inches, then cast off sleeve same way as cast on. Break wool, répeat same for other front. Then put all sts. on one needle. Knit same length as back. Cast off.

Cuffs—With No. 9 needles, White wool and right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. across sleeve. Knit 2, purl 2, rib knitting for 2½ inches. Cast off.

Pullover size 6 to 8 years

Collar—With White wool and No. 7 needles, wrong side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. across entire neck. Knit in ridges for 3 inches, then in pattern for 2 inches. Cast off.

Sew up all seams neatly. Finish front with cord and pompoms.

Locating The Blame

A man called Jones had the misfortune to get in the way of an automobile driven by a lady. He was taken to a hospital, but his injuries were not serious, so he was immediately removed to the police station, where his assailant was being held. And as soon as Jones got there the lady started in to impress him with the fact that the blame for the accident was all his. "You know, Mr. Jones," she said, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years." "You've got nothing on me, ma'am," said Jones politely. "I've been walking for thirty-four years."

Home Doctor.

Functions of the Skin.

SOME one has called the skin "nature's first line of defense." Its functions are many, yet all or nearly all of them have to do primarily with protecting the body. This outer covering is a strong, fibrous membrane, composed of several layers, in which the sweat glands, the oil glands and the roots of the hair are contained. It serves to maintain the body and the limbs in their proper shape, and acts as a protector of the tissues and the organs beneath.

One most important office that the skin performs is to shield the delicate cells of nerve and muscle from the destructive action of light. We know that sunlight is a powerful disinfectant—that it rapidly destroys microbes exposed to it. If sunlight could reach the cells of the body it would rapidly destroy them also. Where the sun is least strong, in northern latitudes we find the blonds of the human race; in the tropics, where the rays are the most direct, we find the dark races. When a light-skinned person is exposed to the sun, as all of us are or ought to be in summer, a deposit of pigment forms — we get a "coat of tan" — that filters out the injurious light rays.

The skin also supplements the kidneys as an excretory organ; the perspiration that it throws off contains more or less excrementitious matter. When the kidneys are diseased and their secretion diminishes, physicians stimulate the sweat glands in order to remove urea and other substances that the kidneys usually throw out, the retention of which in quantity would poison the system.

Another function of the skin is to regulate the heat of the body. When the air is warm the skin relaxes, and blood flowing freely into its minute veins or capillaries becomes air-cooled; when the air is cold the skin contracts, squeezes the blood away from the surface, and in that way prevents too great a radiation of heat. The surface is also water-cooled by the perspiration, which is secreted in enormous quantity in hot weather, especially during exercise. Perspiring goes on all the time, however, in cold weather as well as hot, and its evaporation keeps the body heat from mounting to a dangerous height—as it does sometimes during a fever when the secretion of perspiration virtually ceases.

The skin is also the seat of sensations by which it guards the body against many injuries that might be severe if they passed the skin and touched some vital organ beneath. Since this covering is such an important part of the body we should care for it with the utmost attention. Neglect of it is a fruitful cause of disease and distress.

Cerebrospinal Meningitis.

This disease is an inflammation of the membranes that cover the brain and spinal cord. Almost every case of meningitis, wherever it begins, eventually becomes cerebrospinal, but physicians generally use that term to denote an acute infectious disease, caused by a special germ, that occurs in epidemics as well as sporadically.

It is not highly contagious, although it is wise to keep other members of the family out of the room that the patient occupies, and to sterilize by boiling all the utensils and linen he uses. We do not know just how the disease spreads, although we believe that it is often disseminated by the secretions of the nose and throat that are thrown into the atmosphere by sneezing and coughing. As with most infectious diseases, mere exposure is not sufficient to bring on an attack. You must also be susceptible to the specific virus, and your power of resistance must be somewhat below par.

The symptoms of the disease vary in different cases, and there is no one symptom by which we can distinguish epidemic cerebrospinal meningitis from other forms of meningitis. During the course of an epidemic, however, the diagnosis is usually not difficult. The disease begins with headache, chill, fever (usually not very high), rapid pulse, vomiting, general aching, and a sensitiveness of the skin so great that a mere touch may cause the patient sharp pain. The neck is often rigid, and sometimes all the muscles of the body are stiff. There may be spasms of individual muscles and, more rarely, convulsions. Occassionally there is an eruption of small purplish spots, although not so common as physicians formerly supposed when they named the disease "spotted fever."

These symptoms may appear with great suddenness and violence, or they may be mild. In the severe forms death usually occurs in a day or two. but the milder cases may drag along for weeks, and even become chronic. Spontaneous recovery does occur, but an untreated case usually goes on to a fatal termination, and, even if the patient recovers, deafness, blindness, paralysis, or some form of mental trouble is likely to follow. Indeed, before the discovery of anti-meningitis serum a perfect recovery was rare.

That serum is now the mainstay of the treatment, combined with the usual measures to relieve pain, quiet the nerves, induce sleep and keep up the strength. The hopelessness with which doctors used to regard the disease has been much lightened by the discovery of the serum, yet there are cases that it fails to cure.

Epitheleioma of the Face.

AN epithelioma is a tumor or abnormal growth that springs from the outer layer of skin cells or appears on the mucous or serous membranes of the body. It is malignant, but its degree of malignancy varies with the situation.

One of the least serious of the forms of epithelioma is known as rodent ulcer—an epithelioma on the upper part of the face, usually on the side of the nose at the inner angle of the eye, although the cheek or other parts may also be attacked. The affection begins as a pearly, translucent nodule that looks like a grayish pimple, not inflamed and not painful. There may be only one of those nodules or several lying close together. Sometimes they remain with little or no change for a considerable length of time and finally disappear. More often, however, the nodule breaks down in the centre into a minute ulcer with raised edges, and this ulcer slowly spreads until, in neglected cases, it may involve a large part of one side of the face; it may also grow inward into the eye socket.

The disease is chronic in its course and sometimes lasts many years without seriously affecting the patient's health. In the early stages, when it is merely a nodule or a beginning ulcer, the growth, if cut out, will seldom return. After it has attained a large size, operation is less promising. In advanced cases physicians resort with some success to the X rays or radium.

When epithelioma attacks the lower part of the face, especially the lip, it is more serious; its growth is more rapid, it is more malignant, and is less amenable to operative measures. The lower lip, near the centre, is the part usually affected, although sometimes the growth begins at the angle of the mouth, or rarely on the upper lip. The growth here begins as a small, hard lump just beneath the surface, at the line of the union of the skin and the mucous membrane, and soon cracks open or ulcerates. More rarely a tumor grows from the lip and may reach a large size before it ulcerates. Epithelioma of the lip seems to be a smoker's malady; for it attacks men more often than women; almost all of the men and three quarters of the women attacked are smokers.

The treatment of epithelioma of the lip in the early stages is usually by complete excision. Success often follows the use of X rays or of radium, especially when the growth is not extensive; and when it is very large, that mode of treatment is almost the only one that holds out any hope of cure.

Literal Interpretation

One of the bosses at the Baldwin Locomotive Works had to lay off an argumentative Irishman named Pat, so he saved discussion by putting the discharge in writing. The next day Pat was missing, but a week later the boss was passing through the shop and he saw him again at his lathe. Going up to the Irishman, he demanded fiercely, "Didn't you get my letter?"

"Yis, sir, Oi did," said Pat.

"Did you read it?"

"Sure, sir, Oi read it inside and Oi read it outside," said Pat, "and on the inside yez said Oi was fired, and on the outside yez said, 'Return in five days to Baldwin Locomotive Works.'"

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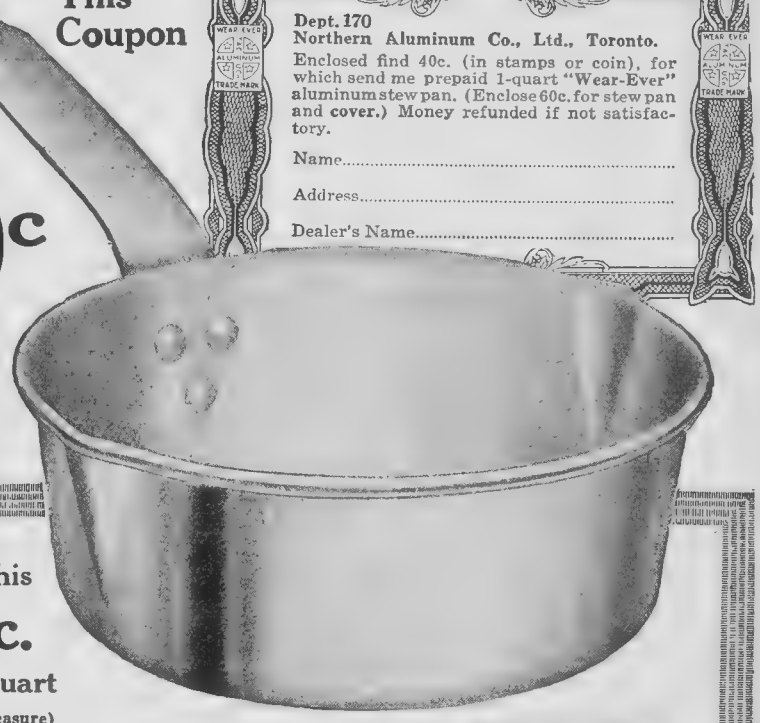

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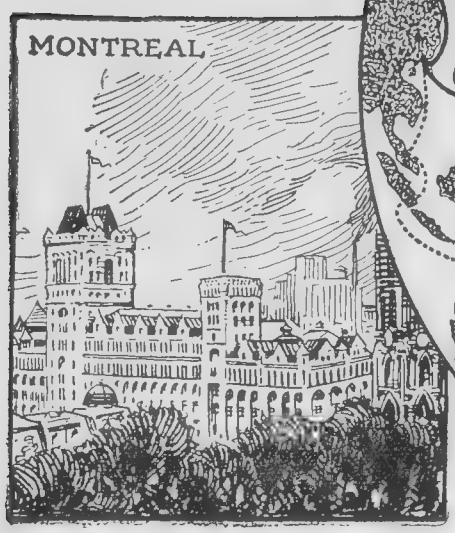

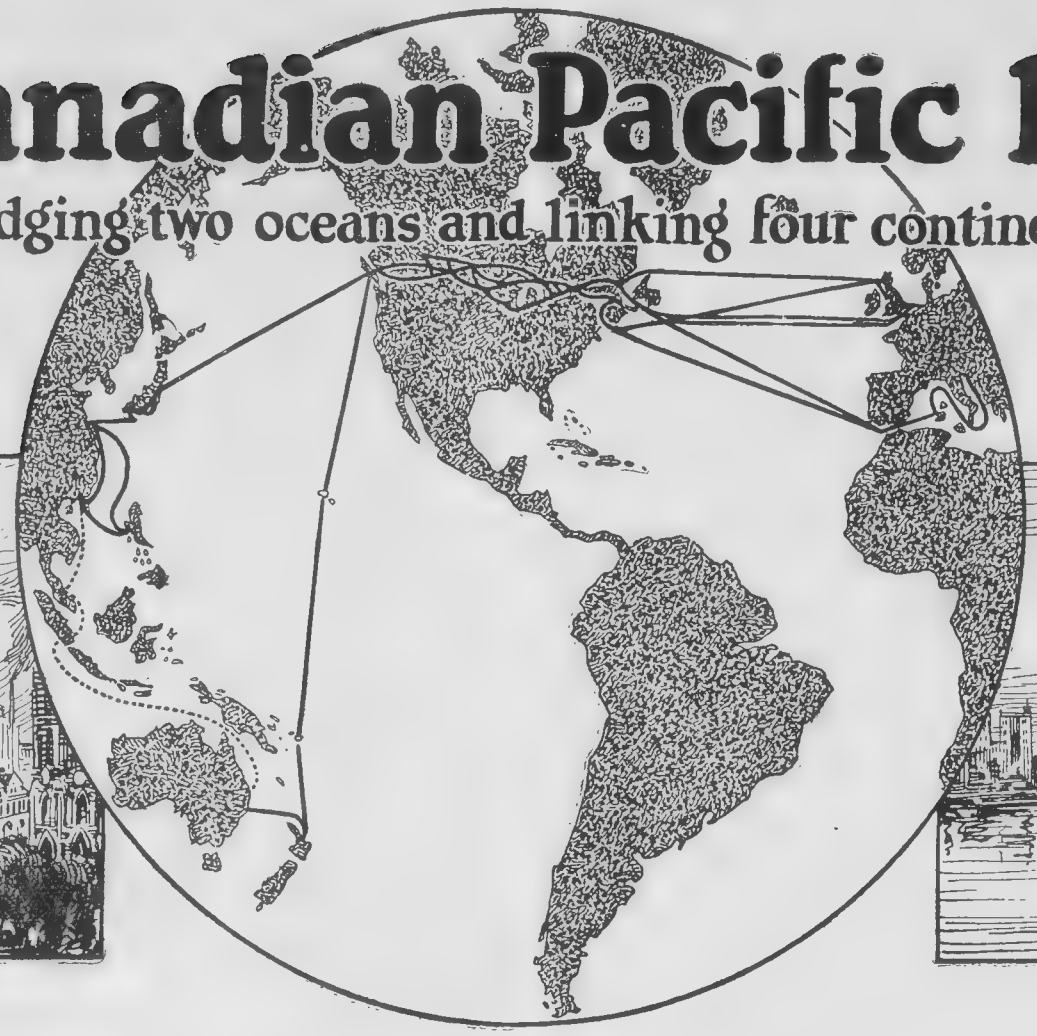

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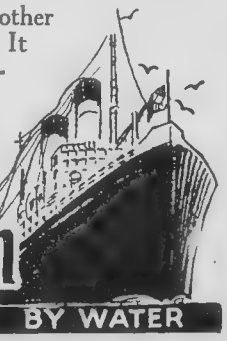

What is Education?

A YOUNG people's organization asked me to speak to them on an educational topic this week.

"What is education?" I asked a successful business man who is well known in the city—a man whose financial progress is recognized—one who is charitable—a type of the genuine good citizen.

"Education is the ability to apply one's self to a definite work and the power to develop a high grade of efficiency." he replied.

"What is Education?" I asked a teacher in the University.

"Education is the expansion of an individual into life, consciousness, ethical interpretation, social partic pation, and divine recognition," was the thoughtful answer.

"What is education?" I asked a girl who complained of her work and the injustice of everything in her life and environment.

"Education," she yawned, "is putting a lot of stuff into your head that doesn't get you anywhere."

"What is Education?" I asked a man seventy years young. His face reflected the joy of familiarity with the best in life.

"Education," he repeated with a kindly smile, "Education is the experience of living with beauty in life and nature. It is the process of developing strength of power to apply one's talents constructively."

My definition? "Education is the training that disciplines a personality for useful citizenship.

God has given us a mind to learn His plan and He has given everyone of us twenty four hours every day. If we abuse the mind by wasting time—if we allow our thoughts to drift in weak and poisonous channels, our minds will become diseased. We cannot become educated with a mind decaying. It must be clean and healthy.

As the light of new truths breaks upon it day by day it grows.

"As wider skies broke on his view
God greatened in his growing mind;
Each year he dreamed His God anew
And left his older God behind.
He saw the boundless scheme dilate
In star and blossom sky and cloud,
And as the universe grew great
He dreamed for it a greater God."

Thus in proportion to the growth of our mind do we understand the Great Teacher.

It **is** possible for every young man and woman to be educated. There is no excuse for ignorance. I know young women of sixty. I know old women of nineteen. Their minds are worn with decay from lack of mental exercise and from dissipation. Decay means age. How may we attain an education?

First—the mind and body must be clean.

This is why I believe one who desires an education should get in touch with The Great Teacher.

The Text book is the Bible.

A teacher who does not recognize the lessons of the Divine Instructor cannot inspire her students spiritually.

Some students recently praised a certain professor as the most popular instructor in the University of Manitoba. The character of the students manifested by their choice is most praiseworthy for they named a man who is a follower of the Great Teacher—a man whose lectures are so charged with spiritual beauty and strength—that the student's body is inspired with clean honest ideals.

All nature reflects God's thoughts and plans for humanity and a teacher guided by Divine influence can impart to his pupils the best lessons.

The other day I watched a dray man unload bundles of magazines at a corner drug store. They were the kind containing stories filled with poisonous suggestions as deadly as drugs. I would emphasize that they were **not** Canadian publications. No! Our publishers value too highly the importance of clean reading for our youth. They do not want to publish magazines containing stories that would weaken our future citizens.

The value of character building is a sacred trust that Canadian publishers consider seriously.

EDUCATION is not possible without work. The student who cheats may get a diploma but she will not be an educated woman. That crime syndicate of fifteen students in Toronto who recently stole examination papers are on the wrong road to constructive education. There is no short cut to education. Education does not mean cramming the mind with facts from books if it doesn't develop discipline, strength, honesty and sympathy with wholesome industry.

There are men and women with college degrees who are not educated. On the other hand some of our best educated people have never gone to college. We cannot educate ourselves without work. The very laws of nature emphasize The Great Teacher's plan of necessity of work.

He has placed the most precious metals in the most difficult places. That is why they are precious. Seed must be planted and cultivated to produce a harvest.

Beautiful views are seen from the most inaccessible heights.

Look through history. Whose names have rung through the ages—those who made the most money or those who contributed service to humanity? Who are the leaders of men?

Heroes, artists, inventors, adventurers have won their accomplishments through tremendous effort disciplining themselves in the use of time, food and money. The survival of the fittest will always go on. Lord Eldon, one of England's greatest Chief Justices, being too poor to buy books when a boy, borrowed and copied three folio volumes of precedents and the whole of Coke on Littleton.

Hugh Miller hammered an education from a stone quarry.

Euripides spent three days writing five lines and those lines have lived centuries.

Carlyle loaned the manuscript of the French Revolution, a servant used it for kindling and Carlyle had to rewrite the whole history.

Men scoffed at Field for his attempt to lay the Atlantic Cable.

People stood on the bank of the Hudson and laughed at Fulton's foolish trial of running a boat with steam. They said it could not be done.

Does Edison, the greatest inventor of the age, work? Read stories of his life.

The world's Greatest Teacher emphasized the necessity of work.

Does anyone know of a passage in the Great Text Book of life that encourages laziness? After God created man He gave him work to do and a promise of help through difficulties. "Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work."

Does that person not break a Divine law when he declares "I will not work?" God worked and He made His work beautiful.

"The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Our work will be beautiful if we put an educated personality into it. We transgress a law of nature when we do not do our work well.

"Let her own work praise her."

"God shall bring every work into judgment."

If any one believes she can be successful without work let her look up the passages of scripture containing the word "work."

Difficulties call out our best qualities. Success cannot come without difficulties. The spark of flint would never blaze without antagonism.

The moment a young girl is relieved of difficulties and her path is made too easy with money or other aids the moment she ceases to struggle she ceases to develop mentally. The real difference between us is energy. Let us not plead for an easier life but for more strength.

A STRONG WILL, determination with Divine Guidance can accomplish anything. Grace, charm are necessary to the

The Diary of a Lonesome Girl

Dear Diary:

September 12

I promised to tell you everything, Dear Diary, and I'm going to keep my promise. But it's awfully hard sometimes to write down just how I feel. For I am so discouraged. Met Edith Williams today on the car. She was going somewhere with Jimmy. And her clothes were so becoming that I envied her. My hair is prettier than Edith's, isn't it? And my eyes—and my complexion? Then why am I always so lonesome—so much alone? Can't you help me, Diary? Bobbie's better today.

September 15.

More trouble, Diary. Mother said today that the money she'd saved for my new dress would have to go to pay Bobbie's doctor bill. I'm trying to be brave, Diary, but I'm so disappointed. I wanted to go to a dance on the 26th. Shall I go, Diary? I wonder if I can fix up that white organdie from last season?

September 18

Went to church this morning. Walked home with Alice Browning. Saw Jimmy. He's always with Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some pretty clothes—just a few of them, Diary, how happy I would be! Mother tries so hard to save, but Dad never earned a large salary. And everything I earn goes toward keeping house. But I can still smile, can't I, Diary?

September 23

I've decided to wear my organdie to the dance. I do hope none of the girls remember it from last year. That new sash may help. Do men ever remember dresses, Diary? Jimmy will be there with Edith. Always Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some becoming clothes!

September 27

I couldn't write to you last night, Diary—I just couldn't. I cried myself to sleep when I got home from the dance. Every girl had a new dress but me. I think Edith Williams' was best of all. Do you think Jimmy will marry her? He hardly looked at me last night. Isn't there something I can do to get pretty clothes?

October 15

Met Mrs. Peters today, with her two children. Poor woman—she hasn't had a new dress in years. She can't afford those in the shops and she can scarcely sew at all. I wish I could sew, Diary—then I could make my own clothes. Saw Jimmy walking down the street today while I was buying a magazine, but he didn't see me. I guess he was thinking of Edith Williams.

October 16

Remember that magazine I bought yesterday? Well, I sat up late last night reading it. I just couldn't put it down. For in it I found the story of a girl just like myself. She couldn't afford pretty clothes, either, and she was, oh, so discouraged. And then she learned of a school that teaches you, right at home, to make your own clothes for a half or a third of what you would pay in the shops. Do you think I could learn, too, Diary? I'm going to find out, anyway.

October 19

Early today the postman brought me a good, thick letter from the Woman's Institute. I fairly snatched it from his hand. Guess he thought it was a love-letter. Why, Diary, do you know the Institute is the most wonderful school I ever heard of? Think of it! While I've been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning right at home to make just the kind of pretty clothes they've always wanted. If they can do it, why can't I? I can, Diary, and I'm going to!

November 16

I know I've forgotten you for some time, Diary, but I've been awfully busy since I enrolled with the Woman's Institute. Diary, I'm actually learning how to make the pretty clothes I have always wanted. I've finished the first three lessons, and already I've made the prettiest blouse. Just think of being able to have pretty things for just the cost of materials!

January 30

Well, it's happened, Diary. There was another dance last night and I wore my new dress. You should have seen the girls. They were so surprised. They all wanted to know where I bought it. And when I told them I had made it myself they would hardly believe me. And the men! Don't tell me they don't notice pretty things. My dance card was filled in five minutes. Jimmy and Edith aren't engaged yet, Diary. Jimmy's coming to see me on Wednesday night.

April 15

Here it is only the middle of April and already I have more pretty spring clothes than I ever had in my life. And altogether they have cost me no more than one really good dress or suit would have cost ready made. Oh, there's a world of difference in the cost of things, Diary, when you make them yourself and pay only for the materials. Besides, I've made over all my last year's clothes—they look as pretty as the new ones and the expense of new trimmings and findings was almost nothing at all.

y 8

Awfully busy, Diary. I've started to sew for other people. I made a silk dress for Mrs. Scott and a blouse for Mrs. Perry last week. Mrs. Scott paid me $10 and Mrs. Perry $3.25. Think of it, Diary—little me who couldn't sew a stitch a few months ago, making clothes for other people! Mother says I'm going to earn $30 a week soon.

May 20

The most wonderful, wonderful thing has happened, Diary. Jimmy has asked me to marry him. It's to be in the fall. And my trousseau will be the finest that any girl ever had, because I'm going to make it myself. Jimmy wanted to know what had caused the change in me, and I told him all about the Woman's Institute. He wouldn't believe it until I showed him my lessons. He looked them over and then said they were so easy that he thought he would take up dressmaking himself. Imagine Jimmy sewing, Diary!

May 26

Gladys Graham came in to see me today. I think she had been crying. Said she was discouraged because she didn't have pretty clothes. Then I told her all about the Woman's Institute. I think she's going to find out about it. I hope so. Think where I would be if I hadn't seen that magazine. Good-bye, Diary—Jimmy's here and I can't neglect him even for you.

What this "Lonesome Girl" has done you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt of it. More than 140,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, that you can easily learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

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1½ cups flour
¼ cup Cowan's Cocoa
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1/3 teaspoon nutmeg
1/3 teaspoon cinnamon
1/3 cup finely chopped suet
1/3 cup raisins, seeded and cut in pieces
1/3 cup currants
1/3 cup milk
3 tablespoons molasses
½ teaspoon vanilla

Method:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add suet and fruit, mix thoroughly. Mix molasses and milk, add flavoring, add to dry ingredients. Turn into a greased mould, cover tightly. Steam 1¼ hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Cocoa Toast

6 slices stale bread
2 teaspoons Cowan's Cocoa
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup pulverized sugar.

Method:—Toast bread, hold some distance from fire, turning constantly. Hold nearer heat to brown. Butter. Spread with above mixture. Serve at once.

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educated personality—a charming woman must have a charming personality to be really educated.

There are four important quotations from The Great Text Book that convince me of the necessity of recognition of spiritual guidance in an education: "In God are held all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." "With God nothing shall be impossible." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," and "Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

Little minds exalt self as superior to God. Great minds realize they are small indeed in the presence of the bigness of life.

They have grown out of the shell of self and see the world's work as God meant them to see it. England's story is full of the actions of great men—heroes with big minds who have led our race up the steep grades of progress with honest ideals—men who ignored the desire for comfort but acknowledged the necessity of conscience.

The lack of discipline when we give way to worry, anger, unkind criticism and gossip, waste of energy in unnecessary emotion—all these indicate loss of self control.

Temperament alone never gets one anywhere. Go down the streets and watch it pass in painted faces that restlessly chase thrills—thrill chasers they are with their pin head vision of life. Temperament educated makes personality. Do I go out in the morning of this promising spring season, out of tune with life in general—saying "I'm discouraged"? Do I lack the education that makes one appreciate beauty and hope? From a Canadian poet I hear these lines on you and today.

"With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun;
The past has cancelled and buried deep
All yesterdays—then let them sleep.
Concern yourself with but today.
Grasp it and teach it to obey
Your will and plan. Since time began
Today has been the friend of man.
You and today—a soul sublime
And the quiet heritage of time;
With God Himself to bind the twain
Go forth, brave heart, attain!attain!"

Education is the solution of the present unrest. Crime is the feverish pulse-beat of a body and mind sick mentally and physically—ignorance. The highest degree of education that can be attained is Love. Love is God's seal on the diploma of life.

TWO women's clubs met in our part of the city last week. One was a bridge club.

The program? And the atmosphere?

Several tables—more cards—packages of expensive cigarettes—drink containing the sting of poison—air full of smoke—ashes everywhere.

The personnel? Fashionably dressed women whose faces were covered with creams and rouge, arched plucked eyebrows—carmine lips—blank bored expression—heavy eyes—intellects too artificially excited or too drug-deadened to discuss anything intelligently—so they gossiped about little affairs—little people—little adventures—little ambitions—little accomplishments and big scandals. Some of them staggered to their limousines. They could not have walked home. And these women are classed among "the upper strata."

THE other club? I carried away from it a memory that increases with admiration every time I think of it.

The program? And the atmosphere?

A home with furnishings reflecting refinement of intellect and personality—pictures suggesting the spiritual in art and gems of nature, books representing the inheritance of the world's best minds, comfortable chairs and hangings conforming to the law of harmony—a clean clear atmosphere charged with mental strength and inspiration to which every member appeared to contribute her share.

The personnel? Beautiful women with intelligence and character legibly written upon their faces. Beautiful women for "heart qualities are artists that work behind the screen until they strike through the canvass and become manifest in facial illumination."

Beautiful women whose eyes sparkled with optimistic faith as they looked into the long avenue of the future and realized the blessing of work and love and happiness—and they appreciated their part in the path of progress.

Their program? One of their members read a paper on Ruskin and so vivid was her word picture of this master of art and literature that we felt we were in his presence. Her address was clear and convincing—an evidence of thoughtful study. Her quotations from his writings were tactfully selected for he gave the members the privilege of forming their own conclusions—an unusual consideration for the ability of others on the part of a speaker.

After the paper the women discussed vital topics of the day with broad vision, deep sympathy and keen imagination as "Friends in Council." Among the members are women whose names are well known in our city and province—women with records of courage, service and splendid achievement—women who are helping to make the history of Canada—who feel they need to know the best contribution of the past as well as the present. This little group expressing the best in womanhood as they work for the highest ideals, represent the type that will inspire a nation through any crisis.

The Joys of Spring-time!

A Prodigal.

WHILE looking through some of Pauline Johnson's poems I found the following. There is a message in it for many a troubled girl.

"My heart forgot its God for love of you,
And you forget me, other loves to learn;
Now through a wilderness of thorn and rue
Back to my God I turn.

And just because my God forgets the past,
And in forgetting does not ask to know
Why I once left His arms for yours, at last
Back to my God I go."

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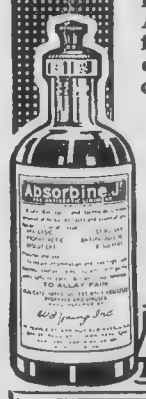

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Mother's Section

THE BABY.

When baby is born,

his stomach can only hold one ounce of food—that is, two teaspoonfuls. Increase this each week by one tablespoonful, but do it by teaspoonfuls. For instance, if baby at three days old up to a week old is taking two tablespoonfuls, start the second week by giving the child a tablespoonful and a teaspoonful on Monday, on Wednesday a tablespoonful and two teaspoonfuls, on Friday two tablespoonfuls and three teaspoonfuls, and on Sunday three tablespoonfuls. Then you start again giving the four extra teaspoonfuls during the week which makes up the tablespoonful when you get to Sunday. By this method, when baby gets to two months old, the child is taking nine tablespoonfuls, that is 4½ ounces. Then the increase must start to be more gradual, and only two teaspoonfuls of extra food must be added during the week. So that each month eight teaspoonfuls of food added, is an extra ounce a month.

This is a general rule.

How Often Should Baby be Fed?

A baby should be fed every three hours, and not at all in the night. In all the large maternity hospitals the healthy babies are fed about 10:30 to 11 o'clock, and then wait until 6 or 6:30 the next morning.

If baby is not thriving very vigorously, it would be wiser to give him one feed at 2 a.m. But as soon as you find him gaining weight (half a pound regularly every week is enough if a baby is fed on "set" milk), then, instead of giving him a feed at 2 a.m., give four ounces of boiled water in a feeding bottle.

I wish every mother in the land would do this from birth with her baby. For one thing it is excellent for the child's digestion. Secondly, it means

weaning is an easy matter

later on. I speak now of breast-fed babies. Tiny babies learn anything new with ease; sucking a bottle is no trouble, but there are few mothers who have not had a lot of trouble when weaning a nine months baby from the breast to the bottle, a contest of will, tiring to both mother and baby. Then, thirdly, many a mother who has to give up feeding her baby at three months could have carried on to nine months if she had given this feed of warm water in the night, saving herself trouble and also the strain of breast feeding. If you know any mother who worries because she finds her milk is failing, tell her to try this simple method, as well as taking plenty of liquids during the day.

What Strength Should Baby's Food be

Weak to start with, and gradually increased in the first week. With "set" milk, baby ought to take one part milk to four parts water; the second week, one part milk to three parts water. Gradually increase the milk and decrease the water by teaspoonfuls until you get to one part milk and two parts water, then to half and half, then to more milk than water, gradually increased, as I say, by teaspoonfuls. I have found the most simple method as follows: Make enough food for twenty-four hours. Calculate how much baby will require, and make up that amount. A teaspoonful of lime-water is needed in each bottle at first, and this is increased to one tablespoonful. It must take the place of some of the boiled water, that is to say, measure out the water you require, then take away one tablespoonful and add a tablespoonful of lime-water. A teaspoonful of sugar-of-milk is needed in each bottle. It should be dissolved in a spoonful of boiling water, and then added to the bottle. Citrate of soda suits some babies better than lime-water. It is sold by chemists in two-grain tablets. You allow one tablet for every two tablespoonfuls (one ounce) of milk in the bottle. For babies a week old, you need only use a quarter of a tablet. As a rule,

babies with poor digestions

need this citrate of soda for the first three months, but afterwards can do without it.

Whenever you are starting a baby on new food, give it the strength for a month younger than he is; then during the first ten days gradually increase to the right strength and amount.

THE EASTER EGG

(By Max McD.)

THE easter egg is the acceptance by a modern festival of an emblem that is older than any human history. In the early systems of philosophy the egg was already well established as the symbol of life. When spring returned after the winter's death—precisely the import of the Ishtar Festival—the oldest of nations used the egg to typify the new life, just as the newest nations do without knowing why. Thus the association of eggs with Easter, like many other customs among Christians, is of pagan origin, and began far back in the mists of antiquity, when superstition ruled.

The ancient Persians, centuries before the Christian era, celebrated festivals marked by the presentation of colored or painted eggs. There is a Persian legend which relates that the universe was hatched from an egg at the time of the vernal equinox, and today in Persia at the spring festival of Noron, eggs are given as gifts. In accordance with this tradition, the Persian year began at the vernal equinox. The custom of giving eggs at this time has come down through the ages practically unaltered in idea, although the doctrines taught by the Magi or priests of creation exemplified by the egg have long since passed away.

In Germany, the Easter egg plays a part in a story told children to the effect that, if they are good, a white hare will creep into the house on Easter eve and hide eggs for them in nests which they prepare. In America the rabbit replaces the hares owing to the scarcity of the latter in this country.

Mohammedan domes are said to be a relic of early egg worship. The roc's egg in the Arabian Nights was the master of the Genii which explains the horror of one of the genii when Aladdin asked him to get it for him. The Hindus abstain from eggs as food because they believe them to be the origin of everything. Grecian philosophers also tried to inculcate some such notion. On the other hand eggs have been a favorite food because they did contain all the elements of life.

Everywhere, in all ages, there has been a spring festival and it has been celebrated with eggs, because they are a symbol of life and resurrection. Some Christians of the present time, not knowing the early traditions, suppose that the use of eggs at Easter originated with those of the Catholic faith; who, returing at the close of the Lenten season to meat as food, expressed their joy by coloring and giving away eggs on which they had lived during the season of Lent.

Empty egg shells are believed to be witches goblets and may be used to the harm of him who ate the egg. Breaking the egg shells after eating was a preventative of evil practiced by the old Romans before the Christian era. Irish and English children are taught to put the spoon through the egg; while in Italy, not only must the egg shell be crushed, but it must be dropped into a stream of water. This is a double protection for witches abhor the spell of running water. Many today have formed the habit of crushing the empty egg shells. In so doing they are preserving an old superstitious practice but they know not why.

It is so little trouble that every child should have colored eggs at Easter. If one cannot obtain dyes, there is still the chance to please the child. Boiling an egg in a cup of coffee gives a pretty brown, while hot eggs rolled in beet vinegar or boiled in beet juice will give pink and magenta. The skins of onions rolled around the egg and both boiled together will give shades of yellow.

Plain white eggs can be decorated by painting bands, stars, crescents, etc., cut from colored paper on them or tiny pictures can be pasted on them. If one is handy with pen and ink, short sketches or verses can be made on them.

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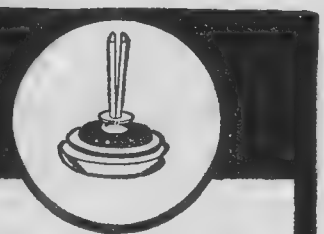

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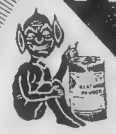

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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Fashion is meeting the approaching Spring season, with most inviting styles, new materials, and attractive trimmings.

There is nothing in the way of a decided change in the new modes. The slim line silhouette continues. Skirts are long or short as the wearer pleases, and as the occasion of the wearing demands.

Crepe is the leading material for Spring dresses that require soft weaves.

For suits, tweed is much favored, but many smart styles in twill, broad cloth and the ever popular serge are shown. Homespuns too as well as tricotine are used. In cheviots and sports materials such colors as orchid, rose, light blue and blue and gray are shown. The new suits show the comfortable box styles, and belted models, as well as ripple effects, peplums and blouse lines.

Sleeves are in comfortable bell shapes, raglan styles or in one and two piece close fitting coat models.

Three piece suits are shown in "dressy" and in sports types, with the latter short capes are more prevalent.

Knickers with adjustable knee bands are worn with a coat somewhat longer than the ordinary coat, and fastened in single breasted style with three or four buttons.

Satin stitch embroidery is shown on dressy tailored suits.

Some very attractive one piece dresses are shown in ratine, with waist length capes trimmed in two toned check material, or bound with contrasting braid.

There is also a new one piece scarf dress in tweeds, with the scarf lined with a bright color.

Dresses of Canton crepe lend themselves well to side draperies and to cascades.

Taffeta is among the interesting Spring materials. Cording and tucks form a likeable trimming for taffeta dresses, which are at their best, when made with a semi fitted youthful basque bodice and full skirt.

Overskirts and aprons of dyed lace are always pleasing on dresses of taffeta.

Tweed dresses are trimmed with braid or with pipings of flannel. Tan may be piped with brown, and navy with tan.

A smart trimming for a dress of georgette is varying bands of taffeta, or velvet ribbon of varying widths.

Touches of paisley are seen on a number of dresses in Canton or cloth. The prettiest paisleys are in rose or orange shades.

Stitching forms a very effective decoration on Krepe knit.

On cotton dresses, ruffles with picot edge or plaited plains are used for trimming side seams.

A cloth dress will be smart with the sides banded in wide and narrow braid.

Loops of material outlining a simulated apron effect on a skirt and neck and sleeve edges on the waist, are shown on taffeta dresses.

Scallops seem popular as ever for trimming. Edges of sleeves, yokes, tiers and skirts are finished with scalloped bindings, in contrasting color, embroidery or ribbon edge.

On dark Cantons, cross stitching in a subdued color will be attractive.

The tiered skirts are again with us as are also ruffled skirts for youthful figures.

Fagotting and lattice work appears to replace the drawn work and hem stitching of last season.

The house dress is no longer reviled as one for wear in the kitchen alone. Its presence is now an honor to any porch and it often poses as a charming "tea" or afternoon frock, so that a house dress is really an "all day" dress.

Gingham is an ever popular material for this style of dress with trimming of organdy or pique.

A black and white check gingham may be smartly trimmed with self ruffles finished with black picot.

White organdy ruffled, picoted with the color of the gingham on such dresses is very pleasing.

Sleeveless jackets and smocks will be popular.

The straight silhouette, with extremely long waist effect, is shown for the small girl and junior as well as for the miss and mother.

For tiny tots there are lovely little simple frocks, shirred at the neck and unconfined at the waist line.

Pinafore frocks are shown with sleeves or sleeveless and tied with a sash of the material at side or back.

Soft clinging materials such as crepe and crepe de chine are used for party frocks, and are simply made and trimmed with ribbon or French flowers.

For little children "sports" dresses are much favored.

The "just over the skirt" blouse is probably the one most popular this season.

There are some new smart "tie back" blouses and attractive costume blouses, and for sports and for business wear, neat "tuck in" blouses.

A touch of color marks many of the new blouses, it may be in piping or bands, or in large covered buttons.

Collars follow a variety of shapes; the round, or one with square ends, and placed at high neck, and also the tuxedo.

Pockets are plentiful on sports waists, sports dresses and also on skirts and coats that are not intended for dressy wear.

Pretty blouses made of pin checked taffeta in colors to blend with tweed suits, will be popular. Some smart crepe de chine blouses are shown trimmed with this material.

A Dainty Party Frock—Pattern 3918. Very girish and pleasing is this charming frock. It will lend itself nicely to a development in crepe de chine, with batiste or organdy. If desired the skirt may be made with a single tier and the sleeve finished without the ruffles.

The pattern is cut in four Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 4⅜ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

An Ever Youthful Design—Pattern 3919. Charmingly simple with just the right lines for youthful figures. This dress is pretty in taffeta or crepe with trimming of ribbon arranged in lattice effect, and tiny roses for a finish. Embroidery or braid too, is effective. The sleeve may be finished without the puffs.

This Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 3¾ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

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A Charming New Gown with Youthful Lines—Pattern 3910. This style will readily appeal to the woman of slender lines. It is simple in construtction and altogether comfortable. This is a good style for plain and figured foulard, for the new Paisley material combined with satin or pongee, also gingham and linen. The Bolero is worn over a camisole slip. It features the new full skirt.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, and 44 inches bust measure. The 38 inch size requires 3¼ yards for the slip of 44 inch material and 2¼ yards of 40 inch material for the Bolero. The width at the foot is 2½ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Distinctive Frock for Afternoon Wear—Pattern 3904-3513. The ever popular tunic is smartly developed in this garment, as is also the basque effect. This is a style that will suit both slim and mature figures. The tunic may be in round or pointed outline. Fuschia perlaine with chenille embroidery is here shown. Beige taffeta, with piping of Paisley silk, or Canton crepe, finished with picot would be attractive.

The Waist Pattern 3904 is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 3513 is cut in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The width at the foot is 1¾ yards. To make the dress as illustratetd, will require 6⅛ yards of 40 inch material.

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One of Fashions Favorites—Pattern 3926. The smart but simple lines of this coat dress will appeal at once to the Woman or Miss of conservative taste, who likes good style. This is a mode good for all seasons. It develops equally well in taffeta, velvet or linen.

The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16,18 and 20 years. The width at the foot is about 2⅛ yards. As here portrayed kasha cloth was used with bands of wool embroidery for trimming. To make the dress for an 18 year size requires 4 yards of 44 inch material.

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A Popular Model—Pattern 3921. Every "small" person likes comfort, and never more than at playtime. In this neat and simple play suit "fashion" has contrived to develop a practical garment. The smock and knickers are cut in one so the garment stays "together," and is easy to adjust.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2 year size will require 2⅜ yards of 36 inch material. Pongee, crash, linen, gingham, chintz and cretonne are nice for this style.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3920. A charming copy of the popular "over blouse" dress is here portrayed, just as neat and pretty as can be for the little girl, and such a comfort for mother because easy to make and launder. Voile or pongee could be used with embroidery, or gingham with wash braid or cross stitching.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material for the Dress, and 1⅜ yards for the Guimpe.

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A Popular House Dress—Pattern 3705 was used to make this design. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6¾ yards of 27 inch material. This model has good lines and practical style features. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The width at the foot is 2¼ yards.

Gingham, percale, flannelette, challie, lawn, dimity, calico and chambrey are good for this design.

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A Pleasing Apron Model—Pattern 3448 was used to make this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. To make the design for a Medium size will require 4½ yards of 36 inch material.

Gingham seersucker, chambrey, lawn, alpaca, sateen and drill are attractive for this style.

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A Pleasing Dress Style for School or "Best Wear"—Pattern 3563 was used to make this attractive model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 5 yards of 27 inch material.

Serge and satin, could be here combined, or plaid suiting and serge, checked gingham and chambrey. Embroidery, braid, bands and piping, simple outline stitching and applique would be effective for decoration.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on eipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Sports Costume—Pattern 3304-3294-3759. Black taffeta was selected for the Bolero 3304, white crepe for the Vest 3294, and white flannel for the Skirt 3759. Black pass stitching in chen ille ornaments the skirt very effectively. All of the designs comprising this costume may be employed separately. The Vest is fine under a jacket or coat. The Skirt is good in wash goods or cloth and the Jacket is fine for any of this season's materials.

The Skirt is cut in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 2½ yards of 54 inch material for a medium size. The Bolero and Vest are cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. The Bolero requires 3 yards of 30 inch material. The Vest requires 1⅝ yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2⅝ yards

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A Pleasing Model for the Little Miss—Pattern 3931. The dress with a convenient closing is the one that will best please the little girl who "helps" to get ready for school or play. This model has attractive lines. It lends itself especially well to crepe, linen or repp.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 years size requires 2⅜ yards of 36 inch material. Blue chambrey with motifs in a contrasting color would be good for this design.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dressy Costume—Pattern 3518-3908. Just to prove that fashion is not all a thing of straight lines and "slip on" styles comes this attractive gown, with its broad vest and "apron" drapery. This is a very unique model and one that may be developed in any of the materials now in vogue. Foulard in one of the new patterns is here combined with crepe. One could have this design in gingham and organdy, or in plain and figured voile.

The Waist Pattern 3518 is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern 3908 is cut in 6 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches waist measure. To make this style for a medium size and of one material will require 6⅜ yards 40 inches wide as illustrated. Vest, collar, cuffs and drapery will require 2⅛ yards. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2¼ yards.

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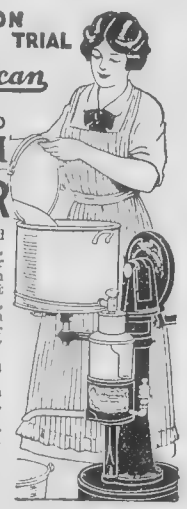

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Correspondence

No—Ye Artist Objects.

Dear Editor and Readers,—After reading the editor's short epistle in the February Issue assuring us that more letters would be welcome, I am taking this privilege of drifting back to the Correspondence Page, and the first thing I am going to do is to enlighten "Sunshine" of the fact that a bachelor's experiences are not always comical. At least they did not seem humorous to me, quite the contrary, I assure you. It would not do for me to attempt to enlighten any of the lady members regarding bachelor routine on a farm, as bachelors have many fancy free ideas of their own with regard to the way a house should be looked after, and if I were to give you my ideas regarding same, I would in all probability leave myself open to criticism, and many of the "Knights of Bachelor Hall" would consider me a cheerful fibber, so amen to that subject.

Mr. Editor, you are truly a busy man judging from the looks of that pyramid of letters near your desk or else ye staff artist had more than his share of that fickle beverage known as homebrew.

Greetings—"Star" old timer. I note you are from the open plains of Alberta. I have visited your sunny clime and agree that it is a fine place. I have ridden the ranges in Southern Saskatchewan, and my choice lies there. No doubt we all consider our part of the country the best, yet on the whole, I believe this grand country Canada has many minor lands of paradise enclosed in its huge boundaries, and were we privileged to visit them all, we would no doubt find them equal to our own choice western plains.

"Slim"—you shorely am taking a heap big chance on telling the girls not to be bashful. I hope you receive dozens of letters.

There is also a letter from V. A. McL., who says he is fifteen years old, and wants a girl correspondent. Ladies please write to this youthful Knight, as some day he too may be a member of "Bachelor Hall," and that privilege lasts but a short time seeing the ladies are using their votes to good advantage.

Hoping I have given no offence in my sayings and for the present, I will bid one and each of the members a cheerful adieu. Remaining as before,

Cayuse Mac, alias Sod Buster

An Eskimo archer whose aim is said to be deadly even with this crude appliance.

Many Qualifications.

Dear Editor and Readers,—For a number of years I have enjoyed your letters and items and now consider it is time I was waking up and doing my part.

I was born in Eastern Canada and moved to Sunny Alberta ten years ago and have not been out of the fair province since, but have covered a fair part of it in that time. I have been a stenographer and bookkeeper for the past five years and am still carrying on the good work in Sunshine Flour Mills. During this time I have worked in several kinds of offices both in cities and towns. I became very much interested in the letters written by F. W. L. and Slim in the February Issue and would be delighted to hear from either of them or both, for I take great joy out of my correspondence.

I dance, play cards and skate and am fond of social life. I prefer city or country life, but do not care for small towns although I am living in one at present. I make friends no matter where I go in a very short time. I have four sisters but no brothers. I note that F. W. L. in his letter says that the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. referred him to your paper. I stayed at the Y. for nearly a year in Edmonton and cannot speak too highly of that institution.

It may be of some interest to the girl readers to know that I do all my own dressmaking and think it is one of the things that every girl should have some knowledge of. I am very fond of all kinds of fancy needle work and do a lot of it.

Trusting that I may get some nice letters through your column, I will close under the pet name I received from the company I last worked for,

The Jewel.

Oh! Ye Poor Editor.

Dear Editor and Readers,—It is nearly a year ago since I last wrote to your page. I saw what is supposed to be the Editor's picture in the February Issue and he sure must be a fine looking man. I guess the readers are satisfied now.

We have taken the W.H.M. for years and I don't see how we could do without it as there are such helpful articles in it.

I am just learning to skate and I am afraid I could not count the bumps. It is not very lonesome around here as there is always some entertainment in our small village. I am very fond of dancing. I also like fancy work especially embroidery.

If "Night Hawk" keeps on he will be a good cook yet. I don't believe he follows the recipes well enough.

I would like some of the readers to send me the words and music of a song. I don't remember the name but one of the lines runs like this, "The dew was fastly falling." It is about a soldier boy at the war and he was dying. I have been trying to secure this song for quite a while, but have never been able to get it.

I think I will close now as I don't wish to bore you too much. Hoping to get some correspondence I will sign myself—

Sail Ho.

The Grandest of Them All.

Dear Editor and Members,—It is quite a while since I dropped in and had a chat with you, but here I am at last. Your inglenook looks cosy to me, so I trust you will allow me to bide a wee.

I have been reading with much interest and pleasure the letters of the "W.H.M." family and think you are all a bright and happy lot. Each letter is full of the optimism of the West and love for our "ain Countree"—which I think is the grandest in the world.

Some of you like one thing—others another. Well I too have my likes and dislikes and one of the former is reading. Give me a bock (that is an interesting one) and I will feel that I am with friends, for the characters portrayed therein become in a very large measure real. Lately I have been reading "Purple Springs" by Nellie McClung; "Rilla of Ingleside" by Montgomery, as well as those written by other Canadian authors. "To Him that Hath" by Connor seems to me to have direct bearing on the times of the day and I can see in it the happenings and conditions through which our dear land is passing now.

I am also keenly interested in the "Tally Ho!" My, what sport one does get out of these vehicles. I also like the toboggan slide, etc., but of all joys—that is in the summer time—a trip in a small craft or pleasure boat on a good stretch of water is about the best one can have. And those living at the Coast, in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces are particularly bless-

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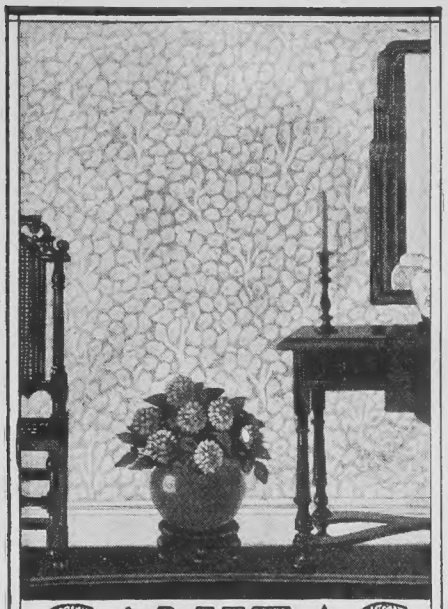

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ed in this connection, as I well know, although the Prairie Provinces can boast of some fairly good streams.

Well, I have had my say and it is about time I was going, so "au revoir" and the best of luck for 1922.

The Rolling Stone.

A City Booster.

Dear Editor,—Have just been reading some of the letters on your page and wish to add my humble opinion. As I live in the city I think I will try to answer Aloha Oe. She speaks of the healthfulness of country life, but physical culture is taken up much more in the city. City children are taught the importance of health as your country children are not. Aloha Oe also spoke much of country scenery. But what one may admire in scenery may not appeal to another. It depends on one's taste. To my eyes the beautiful smoke arising from our factories on a frosty morning is prettier than any old hay-seed sunset. And when I ascend to the top of our highest sky-scraper and view our impressive manufacturing plants with all their marvellous machinery and when I consider the amount of gray matter utilized in their construction, then I can conceive of nothing more wonderful in your unimproved country. So, Aloha Oe, if you would wash some of that country dust out of your eyes, come to the city and see something, I'll guarantee that when you go home you won't be such a sentimental young thing as to moon over ripening grain and sunsets.

Percival.

A Breeze from the Ould Sod

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I hope you can make room for a lonely Irishman. It is not so long since I left the ould green Isle to come to this new country and, faith, but its a foine land. They told me it was the home of opportunity, and so I came to try me luck.

I have been reading your letters for —oh quite a while now—and its me that has enjoyed them. Can anyone tell me why the people of the West are so optimistic? Everyone I happen to meet seems to be taking the optimistic tonic three times a day and appears to thrive on it. They contend that if it is wet and disagreeable today it is sure to be fine to-morrow and their thoughts rest on the sunny day ahead. This optimism sure is a great thing.

How are the prairies looking these days? My only acquaintance with them has been that secured from the windows of a passing train. I have never yet got, what you would call "initmate with them" (do they let you do that), but I hope to see more of them soon.

I have also had a peep at your Rockies and, man, but they are great. Killarney's Lakes are lovely, but so is your Lake Louise and the waterways around Banff. You Canadians surely have a heritage to be proud of.

Now I must not trespass on the patience of the readers, nor use up too much valuable space, so I'll say—"the top of the morning to ye"—and be going.

Micky Mack.

"Hoar-Frost"

Isobel Wilson

1. When falls the even, the trees so bare and brown
Seem to be bending earthwards, with a frown
Of cold and dreary scorn,
And all around in drab monotony,
Lifeless and dull far as the eye can see
Stretches a scene forlorn.

2. At break of day, behold a beauteous sight,
The world transformed within a single night
As by a touch divine.
On every side a glimmering fairy glade,
While clustered thickly on each twig and blade
A myriad brilliants shine.

3. As brighter in the East the sun's rays gleam
Spreading o'er all the earth their gladdening beam,
To every bush and tree
Corral and fence, down to the tinest things,
A white enshrouding, sparkling radiance clings
That's wonderful to see.

4. What magic is it that this change has wrought
Such wealth of splendour to the landscape brought
In the dim hush of night.
It is the hoar-frost, white as angel's wings,
Glistening and lovely, which thus softly brings
Treasure for our delight.

Members of the R.N.W.M.P. enjoying themselves at an Eskimo pic-nic in the Arctic Circle.

I Shall Grow Old

I shall grow old and all this summer bloom
Will wither from me as an elm in the Fall
That pales beneath inevitable doom—
The sorry end eventual.
And all life's singing flame will dwindle cold—
I shall grow old!

I shall grow old; and all my heart's glad fire
Will ebb away as sun-tipped waves at sea.
Oh, there will be an end of all desire
Of song and ecstasy—
My beauty but a bell no longer tolled,
I shall grow old.

Oh, must it be—this sad, embittering end,
This dimming of life's shining wondering light?
Or will age come to me as gentle friend
To fold me in the night....
I wonder will the hours fall still and cold
When I am old

Mrs. Blanche Wagstaff.

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A VERY efficient antiseptic when used as a first-aid dressing for cuts, scratches, bruises, insect bites, etc. Keep a tube in the house for emergencies.

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I will not accept a single penny of your money until you are satisfied and tell me so. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below giving me the simple easy information I ask for and I will send you a pair of my Extra Large Tortoise Shell Spectacles, for you to wear, examine and inspect, for ten days, in your own home. The glasses I send are not to be compared with any you have ever seen advertised. They are equal to spectacles being sold at retail at from $12.00 to $15.00 a pair. You will find them so scientifically ground as to enable you to see far or near, do the finest kind of work or read the very smallest print. These Extra Large Size Lenses, with Tortise Shell Rims, are very becoming and your friends are sure to compliment you on your improved appearance. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about my liberal offer. I trust you absolutely. You are the sole judge. If they do not give you more real satisfaction than any glasses you have ever worn, you are not out a single penny. I ask you, could any offer be fairer?

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

If you send your order at once I will make you a present of a handsome Velveteen Lined, Spring Back, Pocket Book Spectacle Case which you will be proud to own. Sign and mail the coupon NOW. Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts., Station C, Chicago, Ill., Doctor of Optics, Member American Optical Association, Illinois State Society of Optometrists, Graduate Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology, Famous Eye Strain Specialist.

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You may send me by prepaid parcel post a pair of your Extra Large Tortoise Shell Gold Filled Spectacles. I will wear them 10 days and if convinced that they are equal to any glasses selling at $15.00, I will send you $4.49. Otherwise, I will return them and there will be no charge.

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How many years have you used glasses (If any).....

Name.....

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Name the Four Cities

1st prize, $75.00; 2nd prize, $50.00; 3rd prize, $40.00; 4th prize, $30.00; 5th prize, $25.00. Ten prizes of $5.00 each. Thirty prizes of $1.00 each, and many beautiful merchandise prizes. Rearrange the jumbled letters above so that they will spell the names of 4 Canadian cities. It may be hard but it's worth while to win $75. We are giving these splendid prizes to advertise our artistic PEARL GOLD NAME PINS. The regular price of these pins is $1.00, but if you will name the 4 cities and send us 25c. (no stamps) we will make your name, or initials, SOLID GOLD FILLED, mounted on a lovely IRIDESCENT PEARL PIN, and you also have the privilege of winning FREE one of the splendid CASH PRIZES mentioned above. Send your answer at once with 25c, and win a lovely Name Pin and a BIG CASH PRIZE.

The Pearl Gold Pin Co., Dept. A. Toronto, Ont.

Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN

An April Morning

Once more in misted April,
The world is growing green,
Along the winding river
The plumey willows lean.
Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.
In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.
The golden-wings and bluebirds,
Call to their heavenly choirs,
The pines all blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.
And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

—Bliss Carman.

SOMETHING TO READ

A Spring Fable

IN a sunny spot on a green lawn stood a little group of fairies. They were all sisters and every one of them had beautiful golden hair.

Their yellow heads were all that could be seen of these fairies, for their feet were hidden in the soft green grass.

When bed time came they did not lie down in the cool grass at their feet; but just closed their sleepy eyes, gathered their golden hair snugly about their heads, and slept all night standing straight in their grassy spot.

When the sun arose in the morning the fairies were wide awake, carefully arranging their yellow locks in a pretty crown about their heads.

Days passed, but the golden haired elves were not there. In their places were little old ladies with snowy hair.

They bowed and nodded to each other but they dared not bend very low for their pretty hair would blow away. Some were growing very bald.

One more day and no little grandmas were seen on the pretty green lawn.

A little band of straight, tall monks, with gray hoods drawn closely over their heads stood waiting for Mother Nature to put them to sleep for another whole year.

JAPANESE HOUSE INSCRIPTIONS

IN Japan you can learn a good many things about the resident of a house merely by looking at his door. According to police regulations, says a writer in Chamber's Journal, the entrance to every residence must have a small wooden tablet affixed to it. This tablet has the name and the number of the house on it, and on another tablet is the name of the responsible householder, who in many cases is an infant, a younger brother or a relative.

Sometimes, though rarely, the names of other inmates are placed over the door, but there is no police regulation that requires it, except in the case of boarding houses, which have to place their boarders' names outside for all to see. A person fortunate enough to possess a telephone always has the number proudly displayed over his entrance. Near it you will often see a quaint enameled or tin disk. That is the fire-insurance mark. Every fire-insurance company has its own special metal plate, which it nails to the lintel when it insures a house.

There are always several small pieces of paper pasted over the door, placed there by the police. One is to certify that the periodical oshoji, or great cleaning, has taken place. Another paper tells us, perhaps, that the sanitary conditions are satisfactory. What others stand for is known only to the police themselves; that they give secret information about the inmates is certain.

Formerly it was the rule that, if there was a well upon the premises, the fact had to be proclaimed by a square board marked with the character well—ido. This was to show where people could obtain water in case of fire in the neighborhood. The regulation may still be in force in country places, but, owing to water now being laid in pipes, it is no longer enforced in the cities.

AN EXAMPLE IN KINDNESS

THE far reaching effects of kind teratment are well illustrated by a story of a man and a tired horse, which is told in the Buffalo Commercial. Down the street came a wagon loaded with meat and drawn by a well-fed little mare. Her steps became slower and slower, and finally in the middle of the car tracks she stopped.

"Git up!" said the driver; "git up, Jenny!"

Jenny only turned appealing eyes toward the man on the seat. Behind him came the shouts and oaths of other drivers.

"Poor Jenny, poor little horse!" said the big, dirty man. "Is she all tired out?" At the sound of his voice the little horse sighed a sigh of tired appreciation.

"Never mind," he went on soothingly as he scrambled down off the seat and took her by the bridle. "We'll go right out to the side here and rest a bit." He led her away from the crowd and stood patting her well-curried sides, while she rubbed her nose against his face.

The other drivers moved on, then turned and looked at the man and the horse. Some of them smiled—in sympathy. Others quietly replaced the whips that they had taken from the sockets.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

There was a lad
Whose name was Chad,
He had a brother
Whose name was Bother
He had a sister
Whose name was Twister,
He had an uncle
Whose name was Buncle,
He had an aunt—
Tell her name I shant!

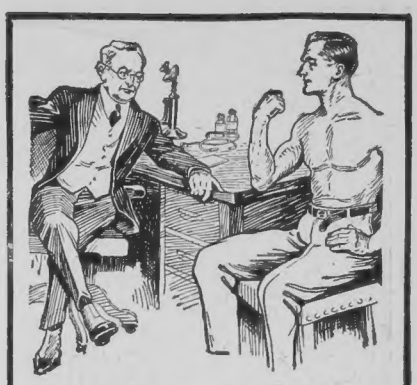
There was an old Person of Spain
Who hated all trouble and pain,
So he sat on a chair with his feet in the air
That outrageous Old Person of Spain.

There was an old man with a beard.
Who said, "It is just as I feared—
Two owls and a Hen four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

A GOOD JOKE

Verse and Drawing by L. J. Bridgman

Peter Possum picked a peck of pert young parrots;
A peck of pert young parrots Peter Possum picked.
They changed into a peck of peppery parrots
That Peter Possum wished he'd never picked—
And Peter Possum saw he had been tricked!



Strength

Strength of muscle does not indicate strength of nerves. On this account many people who look healthy enough suffer from nervous troubles and cannot understand what is ailing them. Sleeplessness and irritability are among the early symptoms. Indigestion and tired feelings soon follow.

Read this letter from an Ontario man:

Mr. W. L. Gregory, Charles St. E., Ingersoll, Ont., writes:

"I had been troubled for quite a while with indigestion. At times there would be a twitching of the nerves of my stomach; and I also found it difficult to get a good night's sleep. I am a moulder, and owing to the nature of my work my system became run-down. I took a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found great benefit from this medicine. They did me a great deal of good. I have not been bothered at all with indigestion since, and can sleep much better. I have recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to many of my friends, as I think it splendid for anyone run-down and needing a tonic."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto

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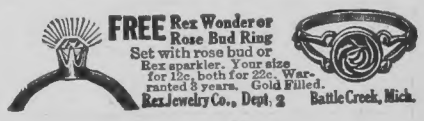
Lift Off with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.



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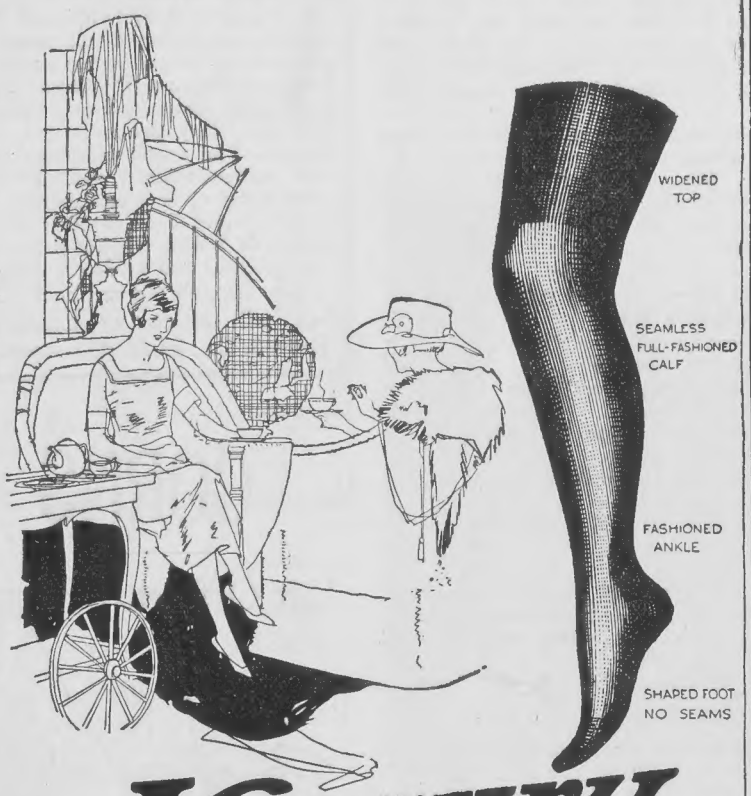

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Calendar Sent on Application — Headmaster

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SOMETHING SENT IN

(Continued)

My Favorite Winter Sport

WE ONLY received a few letters in this competition before we had to go to press. They were interesting letters but unfortunately so badly written that we could not award any of them a button. Neatness and correct spelling must be attended to in this competition as well as in all others, and the Cosy Corner wouldn't be a very good place for any boy or girl to play in if it encouraged poor, untidy work. When we get our motto, if we ever do, I hope that it will be something to encourage you to do your best work only. I am giving you a copy of one of the letters. Next time I am sure that Clarence will remember that it is not only what he says in a letter but the way he writes it that counts towards winning and wearing the handsome W. H. M. C. C. button. Try again Clarence and win next time!

Dear Editor of the W. H. M. C .C.

I saw in the Western Home Monthly a prize for the best description of our favorite winter outdoor game and I am going to try.

We skate, toboggan, and go skiing and jump on bob sleighs. Sometimes we get shoved off into the snow or get our toes run over.

Hockey is my favorite game and we play it every Saturday. Three of the rules in hockey are, no kicking the puck when you are playing. When the puck is raised you can stop it with your hands but you can't hold it for any length of time. I like hockey because you can have fun trying to check your opponents, passing the puck to your own players, dodging your opponents, and last but not least scoring goals. We have great fun riding on bob sleighs and getting our toes run over. But hockey is the game for me. I guess that is all for now.

Yours sincerely,

Clarence J. Honsinger,
Durban, Man.

Letter and list of words from Ida McNabb, Picture Butte, Alta. too late for competition. There were 2,098 words on Ida's list, but I am afraid very many of them were wrong as she did as many others used letters which were not in the word, such as two "r's" or two "s's" when there was only one of each in the word. Some of her mottoes were good—for example:

"After all the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient working."—Evans.

"Only those who work to attain great things will receive them."—Ida McNabb.

A list of words from Violet E. Patnoe, Kitscoty, Alta. with 252 words in it.

Lebret, Sask., Dec. 26-21.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

Only a few lines to tell you how I spent my Christmas.

I had the most fun at a Christmas tree we had at Balcarres, and also a fishing pond. We fished one by one and I got a box of chocolates. After we had a concert and next we went sliding down the hills. We had supper and then went skating til nine 9 o'clock. I was tired out after and was glad to get into bed.

I am your sister in Club,
Caroline Agathe Laroque.

A Battle Of Wits

The following police-court story, which concerns a chauffeur who was arrested after running down a man, appeared in the Los Angeles Times: "Didn't you know that if you struck this pedestrain he would be seriously injured?" the judge asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the chauffeur.

"Then why didn't you zigzag your car and miss him?"

"He was zigzagging himself and outguessed me. Your Honor," was the answer.

SOMETHING TO DO

Write a letter to Bobby Burke with not more than 50 words in it (not counting the opening and closing and the address) telling in this short space one interesting thing. There will be a gold button for the best and most interesting letter.

Kreet

Continued from page 9

to see, to try to comprehend, heedless of self in his striving to know what little there was to be known. A mere pulp of shattered feathers, useless to man, heedlessly taken from the retriever's gentle jaws and dropped into the game bag—that was all!

And far into the hours of that night I heard the calling of partridges, flying, alighting, calling, calling, till their haunding notes rang through my dreams, ant I awoke to find that they were in my garden now, searching the very lily bed where they had lived and loved!

New Radium Bearing Fields Discovered

Continued from page 15

Becqueral in 1886, through a photographic plate accidently being fogged by radio-active rays, which led to its finally being found out.

At once scientists set to work to liberate the unknown element from the pitch blende. This was finally accomplished two years later by the famous French couple, the Curies. It was Madame Curie who invented the electroscope for detecting the presence of radium and proving its action. Manufactured luminous paint is formed by combining an extremely small amount of radium with zinc sulphide. Crystals of the latter light up under the effect of radium particles, thus giving an illumination. Watch faces have thus been made visible by night. Over four million such watches were put out last year. Danger signs in mines, numbers on houses, hospitals, and theatre seats have also had luminous paint successfully applied to them. Even fish hooks, baited with it, have been offered to lure fish by night.

Indeed, so great has been its demand for commercial use that surgeons have issued a warning as to the necessity of saving the present supply until such time as new fields have brought forth a fresh supply.

With the mines of England, the United States and Europe producing so scantily, the discovery of the field at Open Bay, Valdez Island, and up Tahsish Inlet on Vancouver Island, will probably result in early activities toward developing these fields, one of which, at Open Bay is so easy to access to steamer.

HIS FOOTSTEPS

Oh Lord, let my sins be just things that are past;
My future a highway of snow
Whereon Thou hast traced in Thy footsteps of blood
The way upon which I should go.

And when round me broodeth the darkness of night
That hideth Thy footsteps of blood,
Be Thou at my side that Thy presence may shine
Around me in glorious flood.

And when I at last reach the river of Death,
Oh, pilot me over the tide,
And welcome me in through the Gateway of Gold,
Forever with Thee to abide.

—Maude E. Pielou.

No Comparison

"Describe the man you saw talking to the prisoner," said the judge to the witness.

"I don't know how to, sir."

"Did he look like any of these lawyers?" insisted the judge. "Did he look like me?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said the witness. "He looked like an intelligent gentleman."